32 PAGES

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SECTION 1. PAGES 1 TO 16

VOL. 23, No. 22. Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West TORONTO, CANADA, MARCH 12, 1910. TERMS—Single Copies, 10c. Per Annum (in advance), $3. Whole No. 1162.

THE FRONT PAGE

A BANK manager who presides over an office on the fringe of the Ontario mining belt writes me a letter protesting against SATURDAY NIGHT's attitude toward Cobalt mines and mining. He states that we are tearing down in place of building up, and that our attitude is generally at fault.

The difficulty appears to be that we, here in Canada, have so long operated a plunderbund in mining propositions that the jovial occupation of mining the public has become a sort of second nature. There were and still are those who protest that we did the country serious harm in driving out George H. Munroe, and I presume there will be still others to protest against putting Athol George Robertson and Milton Worth de Lhorbe in jail. And it is quite probable that there will be still others who think that Henshaw Maddock and J. C. Davis are much abused men and that the Chicago Alberta Oil Company and the California-Alberta Oil Company should still be doing business at the old stands, with display advertisements and readers running regularly in the daily press.

After all there is much in the point of view. The chief difficulty appears to be that in Cobalt as in British Columbia some years ago we started in wrong, and we will begin again (mining the public) in Porcupine when the flowers begin to bloom. In fact we have begun there already.

If the public are to be mined two dollars for every dollar taken out of Ontario's mining fields, and this would be a most conservative estimate at the moment, where does the dear public come in? If a manufacturing plant was obliged to put into every hundred dollar's worth of finished product two hundred dollars worth of material and labor, I will venture to state that the head office officials of my correspondent's bank would not step lively when the manufacturer wanted a big line of credit.

Canada wants mines, but it wants them honestly administered. Canada wants mines but it does not want every hole in the ground capitalized at hundreds of times its value and the dear public milked in the process of finding out whether it is just a common hole or a real mine.

Cobalt mining wrecks strew the wayside in all directions. Literally, hundreds of them have come and gone, taking with them the hard earned dollars of the public, the net result being that the few millions paid in dividends are as nothing in comparison with the many millions that have been lost.

Like my correspondent, the average Cobalter looks upon mining as a sort of a game, and as the cards are marked the public is bound to lose in the long run. In South Africa and even in the United States (a country which we do not usually look to for business precepts) gold and silver mining is a business; a good strong, legitimate business.

This is the sort of mining that Canada wants and it is, moreover, the only kind that will, in the long run, pay the country and the people.

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ABOUT the last link connecting up the United States politicians of two generations snapped the other day when the death of Thomas Collier Platt was announced. Tom Platt, in spite of his being a political boss, in spite of his representing the State of New York in the United States Senate for many years, was by no means a great man in his own right. He was, as a matter of fact, the personification of business and business methods, coupled with political leanings and a tendency to hang to the skirts of really great men like a burdock to a woollen shirt.

Tom Platt's statesmanship was of the counting house order, but it so happened that throughout a long career it was his kind fate to intermingle with some of the greatest men that ever entered public life in the American Republic. He was a figure in the United States Senate with such men as James G. Blaine of Maine, and Roscoe Conkling of New York. When Conkling resigned from the Senate as a protest against appointments made by President James A. Garfield, who was shot at the railway station at Washington early in his term of office, Tom Platt resigned also, and thereupon took upon himself the name of "Me-Too-Platt," which followed him to the day he died.

After the taking away of Conkling, whose death was due to a great snowstorm which swept over New York State, Tom Platt managed to ingratiate himself with the powers that be, and again went into office. First he trailed to the skirts of Governor Cornell, then to Levi P. Morton, next to Roosevelt, and finally to Governor Odell. His political undoing came, however, with the advent of the doughty Theodore. As Governor of New York State, Roosevelt interfered strenuously with some of Tom Platt's favorite legislation, so the latter evolved the scheme of burying Roosevelt in the chair of the Vice-President at Washington. In place of a burial, however, Platt had taken hold of a live wire, and this was the beginning of the end of New York's Republican boss.

It was the reflected light from the great and the near great that fell across the pathway of Tom Platt. Of personality he had but little. He was a political anti-climax.

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WESTERN Members of Parliament with visions of spring plowing in the near future, circulated a "round robin" recently suggesting that Parliament should prorogue at Easter. One of their number got up in the House and protested against the dilatory manner in which proceedings are allowed to drag along. The protest was well-timed. As stated on this page a few months ago, such a thing as businesslike despatch of public affairs is rapidly falling into desuetude. It takes nine or ten months to pass the current estimates and a few Government and private bills. The House has now been in session four months, and the Government programme remains practically untouched. All the important ministerial measures are hanging fire. Even the Insurance Bill, which has been before the House for three years, is a long way from becoming law. At its present rate of progress it will receive the Governor-General's sanction about the year 1912.

One of the chief causes of the delay, which is both costly and useless, is the interminable talk which passes current for statesmanlike discussion. The Naval Bill debate affords a good example of the many words and few ideas evil. Another reason for the slow progress of the legislative mill is that the Government has almost degenerated into a one-man show, and that man is Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Every Government move, from the appointment of hog reeves up, has to have his approval; every Government measure is drafted under his eye; most of the ministers do their thinking after they have learned his views; scarcely a delegation goes to Ottawa but he receives personally. When he is away, the House beats time until his return. All this takes time. The same tendency to centralization is apparent in the Ontario Legislature, where Sir James Whitney is It with a capital I. Perhaps the ultimate solution will be a dictatorship.

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ACCORDING to the Pall Mall Gazette Britain has handed Canada a lemon. In other words we have added to our ancient and honorable navy a war vessel which is neither fish, flesh nor good red herring. The war ship in question is the Niobe, which vessel has been purchased from the Admiralty by the Canadian Government. According to the Pall Mall Gazette the Niobe is suffering from boileritis, a species of mechanical bronchitis. The paper further states that as a fighting ship the Niobe is useless, as she is inadequately armed and armoured.

The Niobe belongs to the Diadem class of protected cruisers. They carry what is called the Belleville boiler, which for some reason or other has never given satisfaction. The Niobe is now doing duty as the flag ship of the home fleet at Devonport, it not being thought quite the proper thing to allow her far away from home. Under the circumstances it seems eminently fitting that she should, boileritis and all, become the flagship of the Canadian squadron.

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ANNA HELD, who this week posed for the inspection of the elect in one of Toronto's theatres was featured some weeks ago in an interview in which she condemned the morality of the stage. If I remember rightly, Miss Held talked about the bad influence upon chorus girls and others connected with the theatre. Anna Held should be in a position to know whereof she speaks, for I know of no stage productions more entitled to the attention of the Morality Department. To attach to Miss Held the title of "artiste" is a bit of sarcastic pleasantry. She is not an actress, nor yet a singer; nor is she a dancer. She poses. That's it. She just poses. And for whom, and why? I'll tell you. But no. I can't. The Morality Department would be after me, and SATURDAY NIGHT would be refused the mails on the grounds of disseminating immoral literature.

Mrs. Fiske played Toronto in "Salvation Nell" and the standing room sign was never taken from the rack. "Standing Room Only" was dusted off on Monday evening last at the Princess and has been utilized largely since. Why? Is it the play? No, that is quite ordinary. What is it then that attracts the long line of autos and carriages and the hundreds upon hundreds that turn out nightly? Just the idea, the hope, the wish, that something will take place on the stage bad enough to cause the Morality Inspector to stop the production. This is what Miss Held has long held out to the public as a drawing card, as a magnet to fill the theatres and reap the benefit in box-office receipts.

Has she been successful? Unquestionably. Anna Held has grown wealthy by pandering to the very tastes that befoul our civilization. Stage sensuality is a drawing card, as magnetic as it is dangerous, when placed in the hands of a past master.

Surely the stage has fallen upon evil days, when in a city like Toronto, which prides itself on its morals, people are turned away from a "Held Show" because there is no room for them within. A fine commentary on our modern civilization! Are we any better than the old Romans? We have, in truth, not gone far in spite of our striving and our pretences.

AN AFTERNOON AT THE "O. S. A."

FOLLOWING the story of the Ups and Downs of Canadian Eatables, Limited, published in the last issue of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, the arrest followed of Milton Worth de Lhorbe, president of that corporation, Athol George Robertson, broker, trustee, transfer agent, liquidator, guardian, registrar, accountant, financial agent, etc., etc., and Joseph W. Gurofsky, secretary-treasurer of the company.

All three men are held on the charge of conspiracy to defraud, and as the case is pending we are naturally constrained from commenting upon the same.

Milton Worth de Lhorbe, the artist who journeyed to Manitoulin Island some time ago, the headquarters of Canadian Eatables having been removed from Toronto to that somewhat remote spot, was arrested at Little Current. The case was adjourned for a week from the day of arraignment, chiefly in order that de Lhorbe may have the opportunity of arriving in the custody of an officer to answer to the charge against him.

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JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER has given away $113,000,000, according to newspaper accounts, and now he proposes to organize the Rockefeller Foundation, the object of which is to distribute the remainder of his fortune. One cannot help but feel sorry for this miserable old man. Here he is surrounded with beggars all the livelong day. This should be bad enough in itself, but add to it the fact that the old money grubber has a bad conscience as well as a bad digestion. Honest, who would trade places with John D. Rockefeller? Who would take his conscience, not to speak of his indigestion, along with his wealth? Not many I hope.

There is a law of compensation in this world, and who knows it better than John D. Rockefeller. Don't imagine, gentle reader, that old Baptist John is not as well aware as is the rest of the world, that in accumulating this vast wealth he has usurped functions which belonged to no honest, upright man; that he has robbed the poor, beggared the well-to-do and wrecked the almost rich.

It is said that the Rockefeller Foundation Fund will eventually deal with $500,000,000. Well, let it. If it was ten times half a billion, John D. Rockefeller could never win back the most estimable thing that we have to live for in this world—the love and respect of our fellow men.

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TO those who believed that newspapers and periodicals dealt harshly with the late King Leopold it might be stated that the Belgian Chamber of Deputies is seriously considering the advisability of seizing upon Leopold's ill-gotten gains, and returning the same to the people of the Congo from whom the money was wrenched. Members of the Chamber of Deputies made the further statement that the late King had appropriated funds which rightly belonged to the Congo treasury and even the Belgian Minister of Commerce admitted the truth of the charge. It seems that Leopold appropriated for his own uses no less than 25,000,000 francs which properly belonged to the Congo, and further it was shown that the major portion of this sum went to furnish the necessary luxuries for his former mistress, the Baroness Vaughan. That the Socialists have a strong following in the Belgian Chamber of Deputies is under the circumstances, not to be wondered at.

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THE Supreme Court of Georgia has, by a recent decision, set a standard of ethics which, if adhered to by the high courts on the continent, will make the profession of medicine one of some difficulty for the practitioner.

The case in question arose over a Dr. Stahl suing one Jordan for the sum of $200, the medical practitioner having performed an operation on Jordan's eleven-year-old daughter for tuberculosis of the knee. The evidence went on to prove that Dr. Stahl declared the operation successful, whereas as a matter of fact the child shortly afterward died.

The verdict of the Court was that as the child had died, Jordan owed the doctor nothing. The verdict coincides with the ideas of some of the Eastern nations who pay the doctors when well and nothing when they are ill. After all there is a good deal of common sense in the idea, though it is doubtful, however, if the medical men would fare sumptuously under these conditions.

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ACCORDING to A. H. MacGowan, member of the British Columbia Legislature, the Supreme Bench of that Province is a sink hole of iniquity. In the forceful language of Mr. MacGowan the Supreme Court Bench of British Columbia is composed of "two lunatics, one fool and one fugitive from justice." He then proceeded upon the floor of the House to relieve his mind in the following manner concerning one of these judges:

"The perquisite of a judge is to protect those unable to protect themselves. The man of whom I speak is better fitted for the penitentiary than to hold any position in the Courts of the land. He is worse than a beachcomber, awaiting the incoming tide to rob its human jetsam, worse than the ghouls prowling around the morgue to wrest the rings from the fingers of the dead.

"What is the history of this man? Years ago, a miner died in the Yukon. His widow came forward and claimed her inheritance of gold, only to find it had been taken by another man. There were delays, unintentional or otherwise, before the wheels of justice commenced to revolve. The culprit escaped, for a couple of years he rusticated, then turned up again in this Province. He was promoted to the Courts.

"A good political tool, his promotion was rapid. He reached the Supreme Court bench. The methods of the Yukon had followed this man to British Columbia. Justice was being bought and sold. Here it is only necessary to make it right with the 'powers that be,' and justice is meted out accordingly."

Mr. MacGowan moved that a new section be added to the Act amending the Supreme Court Act, reading: "Provided, however, that no person shall be eligible for the position of judge of the said Court, or sit in judgment on any case, who has been tried and convicted of crime, or who has been charged, and not absolutely exonerated, of such charge, or against whom the slightest suspicion of wrong-doing remains."

In the course of the debate, Attorney-General Bowser pointed out that the province had no power to deal with the constitution of the Supreme Court bench in British Columbia, and pressure of MacGowan's motion was withdrawn.

It would seem that the time has arrived for the Province of British Columbia to clear its skirts of charges so serious. The judiciary of a country must be above suspicion, else the whole fabric of popular Government will fall to pieces of its own weight. If the charges preferred by Mr. MacGowan, delivered as they were on the floor of the British Columbia House, are untrue, then the country should be informed.

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IF anything were needed to bring further disrepute on Parliamentary investigations at Ottawa, it was provided by the fiasco which took place the other day at the meeting of the special committee appointed to inquire into the Lumsden charges. As everyone knows, those charges accuse the engineers on the Government section of the National Transcontinental railway of grave irregularities in the construction of the line. The three Conservative members of the committee had demanded that counsel for Mr. Lumsden be appointed, and rather than accept Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, K.C., who was proposed by the Liberal members, resigned in a body. It has been plain ever since the committee first met that both sections of it have been chiefly concerned in manœuvring for party advantage, not for the general good. I hope even the most unsophisticated rural elector has recognized such a palpable fact. The loud protestations of anxiety to have the country's interests looked after should deceive nobody.

The inquiry to date has been a play to the gallery. Its importance has been mocked and its value nullified by a

pack of political gamesters, and one party is no better than the other. Considering this and other investigations of past sessions which have been rendered abortive by a well-trained Blockers Brigade, it is a reasonable imputation that under the present Parliamentary system a fair and impartial inquiry into any question where party interests are at stake is an impossibility.

It had been charged by ex-Chief Engineer Lumsden, and numerous other reputable authorities, that the paylists of the Transcontinental had been padded outrageously. The Government, or the taxpayers if you like, were charged at hard rock rates for long stretches of soft clay cuttings, and somebody divided the swag—the Government engineers and the contractors presumably. The robberies were so barefaced that Mr. Lumsden, the chief engineer of the Transcontinental Railway Commission, resigned in disgust. There has never been even a whisper of Chairman Parent and his colleagues on the Commission throwing up their fat jobs as a protest, although they are the men directly responsible for the losses to the country. They sit tight and draw the salaries for work badly done. Chairman Parent was president of the Quebec Bridge Company, an aggregation of gross incompetency and collossal nerve which would be hard to surpass. Mr. Parent bobbed up smilingly after the collapse of the bridge which carried down millions of the public's money (not the company's, for they provided against that), and seventy-five lives. The world has wagged on since that disaster, and nobody has gone to the penitentiary for it. Neither has anyone gone to jail for the Transcontinental classification robberies, nor is there any likelihood of it as long as E. M. MacDonald and other party hacks of the same calibre can render inquiry abortive.

The whole affair will be let drop out of sight after a while, and the thieves can enjoy their plunder in peace. It is for this reason that the Conservative members of the investigating committee deserve the severest censure. It was their bounden duty to stay with the inquiry and bring out as much evidence of wrongdoing as possible. It would not have taken a great deal more to convince the country, for Mr. Lumsden had already convinced many by his statements at the time of his resignation. These have never been authoritatively denied. Instead, Messrs. Barker, Lennox and Crothers played into the hands of their opponents in the manner of spoiled schoolboys.

As a result of the happy consummation, the Government will no doubt hand out a few senatorships and judgeships as a reward.

The Colonel

Ideas of a Real Reformer.

Editor Toronto Saturday Night:

Sir,—On reading the first article upon the Front Page of your issue of the 27th February, regarding recent proceedings in the great palaver upon the proposed Canadian Navy, I was stricken, with an idea. This is an age of ideas, most of which are like aged hens, all cackle and no egg. But here is an idea which has the minimum of cackle with the maximum of egg. 'Tis an egg which, if hatched out by the genial warmth of general public approval, will give to this country a bird of such efficiency as will turn another bird, living to the south of us, positively green with envy and cause the whole constitutional world most emphatically to sit up and take notice.

It is said that "there is nothing new under the sun;" therefore I quite expect to learn from some diligent digger into the dim and dusty past, that this idea of mine simmered in the brain of some defunct demagogue, in ever so many years B.C. However, on the chance that it may pass for new with the unlearned, I lay it, with as much modesty as I am capable of, before a patient public, which I think need it badly.

The germ which has fertilized the ova is your remark anent our legislators that "many are called but few are chosen" to be of any "light or leading" in the legislative halls of this country of the twentieth century.

As I remarked before, the cackle is out of all proportion to the egg production, which is the reason for my offering here the following great money-saving, time-saving, bribery-preventing and labor-saving grand constitutional reform, to which all the foregoing has been a most inadequate introduction.

The plan, like all really great inventions, is characterized by simplicity.

According to our constitution, at certain periods there is a general election. Conventions are held by the parties and individuals are selected, more or less unanimously, to be the "standard bearers." Pledges are given by these selected persons to faithfully stand by the "party," which being interpreted, means that they vote upon all questions exactly as a little clique of influential men (say some half dozen or so) direct them to do. Then comes the election, and the chosen men presently present themselves as the representatives of the people in the House of Parliament. Parliament opens, debate commences; the half-dozen of men upon each side who are the "leaders" give their views at greater or less length and the ordinary (generally very ordinary) members say ditto, ditto, at greater or less length (mostly greater) and time is consumed as though it were an unlimited quantity. Presently comes the division, and of course every man practically votes as he is told by the party leaders; for he has pledged himself to do so to the convention which has selected him in the first place. Now all these gentlemen draw very comfortable salaries, whilst as a simple fact they are nothing but fifth wheels to the coach of state. They prate their prosy, prolix pieces and then vote as the omnipotent "leaders" direct them to do. When the end of the session is reached they pocket their indemnities (nice refined sound, this) and go about their private affairs until called upon once more to "legislate" for their country.

This is, I think, a pretty fair and impartial statement of how this most enlightened country is governed at present.

Now, instead of sending these impotent individuals to say ditto, ditto to what their leaders say, and to vote as they are told, why not take a vote in each constituency, and if the majority is Liberal, send a proxy to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and if Conservative give the proxy to Mr. Boredom (not being a party man, am not quite sure of their names) These two gentlemen can gather an equal number of assistants (say half a dozen); these twelve men can do all the talking required and when the vote is called, out comes the proxies and the matter is settled in a tenth of the time it would take under the present system and the result would be the same.

Beside the saving of time effected by this simple arrangement, which I offer "pro bono publico," there are the following advantages apparent: First, a large number of gentlemen, who under our present system are giving up their valuable time and wasting their talents, will be able to devote their energies entirely to their private business and local matters.

Again, by this proposed change, elections will be robbed of narrow personal feeling, petty jealousy and disappointment. It will be a case of "measures not men." The railway companies will be relieved from carrying a number of passengers free, and would probably be willing to do a quid pro quo in some shape to the national exchequer. And the hotels and boarding houses of the Capital would have room to accept a higher class of boarders. Further, the large chamber devoted at present to the use of the Commons in the Parliament Buildings might be rented to some enterprising firm of manufacturers (they would find a lot of natural gas for use, left by the previous tenants). Finally, the members of Parliament, as at present elected, find it absolutely necessary, with the view of justifying their political existence to their constituents, to obtain from time to time some favor from the Government, some little provender from the national granary. A post office here, an armory there, a dock or a pier somewhere else. The vast majority of these "gifts" being of as little use as the members who beg for them. There are armories so big that all the military within a day's march of them could play hide and seek in their vast spaces. Yet the members must pester the powers at be for these things, or their constituents will declare them "no good" and put better beggars in their places at the next election. Beyond all this, look at the saving to the national purse of all these "sessional indemnities," which might be applied to the expenses of the new navy.

One, could add many other most cogent reasons in favor of this reform; respect for your space, rather than an exhausted catalogue bids me halt. Will you immortalize your valuable journal by being the first to offer this excellent reform to the Canadian public? Will you help this great and growing country by championing such a perfectly new constitutional principle? Will you aid this grand, simple, unique and common sense plan? Will you assist in placing the name of this country upon history's recording page, as the country which was the first to cut away from the musty traditions of effete, ineffective and cumbersome representation?

I am neither a Liberal Conservative nor a Conservative Liberal, but your obedient servant,

A REAL REFORMER.

Harriston, Ont., March 7th, 1910.

Hens lay eggs, but, as The Washington Post observes, cold storage de-lays them.

COMMENT ON COBALTS

NOT long ago the Canadian press very generally published a cable from Paris announcing the discovery of a Canadian girl with a double voice. The Ottawa Citizen refused to allow the isolation of this case, and remarked that Ottawa had any number of young ladies with double voices, the voice they use in society and the voice they use at home. Now, the writer, with what he hopes will be recognized as true loyalty, claims even a greater distinction for Toronto. The press of this city has two voices, the voice that deals with that avenue of gambling furnished by the race track and the voice that handles the mining market. To the unprejudiced the virtues and the iniquities of the one are as great as that of the other, but while for the race track gambler there is Hell dished up good and hot with lots of brimstone and Beelzebub and his lieutenants toasting critters, for the other there is never a care. As we know that the mining promoter is a great source of revenue to the said press, we will submit the fact as suggesting something to the not too slow mind.

The Monetary Times has assimilated Mr. Lorne McGibbin's statement as to pending negotiations looking to the amalgamation of the Nipissing, LaRose, Kerr Lake and Crown Reserve. As stated in a recent issue of this paper, Mr. McGibbin must surely be jesting, and in support of this I would point out that the president of the Crown Reserve flatly denies it, and the recognized agents of the control of the Kerr Lake do the same. Surely Col. Carson must be recognized as speaking with authority for the Crown Reserve.

From first to last there has been about fifty separate rumors of pending amalgamations in Cobalt. Why it should be conceived any great saving would result from the merger suggested I do not know. I do fancy that the expenses of one man would be eliminated, while the expense of different reports, etc., from engineers upon which an equitable basis of union could be arrived at would be very great. If I may venture a guess, the last thing some of the four want published is a technical valuation of their holdings. The writer therefore goes on record against the probability of a big Cobalt merger.

The Crown Reserve report is out, and here follows that part bearing upon the potentialities of the mine over the signature of Mr. Sam Cohen:

Carson Vein.—On the Carson vein the east and west winzes were sunk to the 200-foot level, and then connected by a drift. This vein did not have any particular change until the 165-foot point in the west winze and 175-foot pole in the east winze were reached, when the Keewatin was encountered and the vein became smaller and more shattered, and the values decreased somewhat; the vein, however, still shows good values at the 200-foot level, and in one place it is about 9 inches in width and assays 4,700 ounces. Besides this there is good milling ore for about 4 feet adjoining the rich ore. However, it cannot be said that the vein at this level is as phenomenal as it was in the conglomerates above, although it is better than the average high-grade vein in the Cobalt District. The east winze at the present time is being sunk from the 200-foot level to the 300-foot level, and shows the vein strong at the bottom at a depth of 225 feet. In the development work on this vein about 800,000 ounces were obtained, and stoping on this vein during the year produced 2,750,000 ounces.

No. 2 Vein.—The No. 2 vein runs about east and west, and is about 25 feet north of the Carson vein. It averages about 3 inches in width of heavy smaltite ore assaying about 3,000 ounces. This vein has been stoped for a length of 115 feet and a height of 15 feet at the 100-foot level, the stope producing approximately 70,000 ounces.

No. 14 Vein.—The No. 14 vein when cut was about 3 inches in width, and assayed about 6,000 ounces, but the shoot of this ore was only about 20 feet in length and then ran into smaltite ore assaying about 200 ounces. This vein has been drifted on for 300 feet, but only stoped for a length of 90 feet and a height of 10 feet, the ore in the stope being quite spotty. About 30,000 ounces has been taken from this stope.

No. 17 Vein.—The No. 17 vein when cut was about 4 inches in width, and assayed about 4,000 ounces. The vein was drifted on in a northwesterly direction for 80 feet, showing continuous rich ore, which then split up into two stringers running parallel to each other, one being 2 inches and the other 1 inch in width, and each assaying about 3,000 ounces. A winze was sunk to the 200-foot level, and shows continuous ore for the whole depth, averaging 4 inches in width, and assaying 4,000 ounces. At the 200-foot level this vein was drifted on for 150 feet, and shows rich ore from 1 to 6 inches in width. With the exception of the Carson vein, this is the most important vein at present discovered. In the development work alone it has produced 250,000 ounces, and no stoping has been done at the 200-foot level. There is ore blocked out on three sides 100 feet nigh and 150 feet long. The most significant fact that the development work on this vein has proved is that the ore and values at the 200-foot level are better on this vein at least than on the 100-foot level.

No. 24 Vein.—Vein 24 is 60 feet east of vein No. 17, and runs almost parallel to it. The ore is from 2 to 4 inches in width, and averages over 4,000 ounces. A drift was run at the 100-foot level for 120 feet in continuous rich ore and a stope about 3 feet high was taken out above it. At present a winze is being sunk from the 100-foot level to the 200-foot level, and it is now down 15 feet, and shows about 4 inches of rich ore at the bottom. This vein has produced about 150,000 ounces, practically all taken from the 130-foot drift and the small stope.

Besides these veins, there are others that are still undeveloped and that will more than pay for the cost of developing them, and some will undoubtedly show very substantial profits.

Re vein No. 2. The statement is made that a stope was taken out 115 feet by 15 feet on the hundred foot level, also that this ore assays 3,000 ounces, and is 3 inches wide. 115 x 15 x ¼ gives the cubic contents of vein matter taken out, which is 431.25 cubic feet. This, divided by 7, which is the rule, gives the number of tons extracted, which is 61.61, which multiplied by 3,000, should give the silver content, 134,830. Mr. Cohen says this stope produced only 70,000 ounces, so it is a safe guess that this vein is either not 3 inches wide or does not run 3 000 ounces to the ton.

Re vein No. 17. Taking the basis of 250,000 ounces having been produced, the development of this vein is 80 feet on the first level, 100 feet of winze connecting, and 150 feet on the 200 feet level, and reckoning the drifts to be 7 feet high and the winze to take out 7 feet along the vein, we find that the 250,000 ounces were produced from 2,310 square feet of vein area. Now, it is very easy to figure out the contents of the block 100 x 150, which is 3,354,978.61 ounces, which equals $1,677,489.31, less 10 per cent. royalty and 15 per cent. for mining, freight and treatment, etc., a total of 25 per cent, or $419,872.33, leaving $1,257,616.98, which is about the value net of the ore developed. Vein No. 14 does not seem to be very important, and vein 24 does not give very much information on which to work.

As the fate of Crown Reserve seems to hang on the Carson vein, it is a pity that more figures were not given concerning it, particularly as to the values below the 100-foot level. For instance, had we the figures pertaining to the yield from sinking the two shafts between the two levels, together with the returns from the drift connecting the said shafts on the 200-foot level, a pretty satisfactory average could be arrived at. This is particularly to be regretted in view of the number of reports coming from Cobalt saying that the lower levels of the Carson vein are not satisfactory. As it is evidently the management's policy to keep such records, as we have them for vein No. 2, etc., we remain at a loss to understand the stockholders not being furnished with them. In fact, the reader must concede that the report on the Carson vein deals mostly with the past, while the value of the stock depends upon the future of this vein.

The plans accompanying the report show the Carson vein more than half worked out above the 100-foot level, and as the big values did not come in till a depth of 20 or 30 feet were reached on the east end of the open cut, it leaves very little remaining. It should be remembered in connection with this report that all the veins enumerated outside the Carson are decidely under the lake, which very greatly lessens their value. The writer several months ago stated that he thought there would be difficulty met with in the mining of the Carson vein to the surface, but Col. Carson assured the public I was wrong. As we have shown that the ore in sight on vein 17 is $1,257,616, and as the mine should have $7,000,000 net in sight to justify the present price of the stock, and whereas the other veins so far developed in the mine are unimportant, except the Carson vein, it is demonstrated that the burden of producing some $5,750,000 will fall upon the Carson vein, and in default of the said Carson being able to produce the said amount, the stock is not worth the money.

Should the Crown Reserve care to give me the figures showing the amount produced in running the drift on the 100-foot level and on the 200-foot level between the two winzes mentioned in the report and the amount extracted in sinking these two winzes, so that a fair estimate may be made of the ore blocked out on the 200-foot level of the Carson vein, this paper will gladly publish them so all may know. These figures must be obtainable, and I cannot understand their not being included in the report.

Speaking of the high rate at which Cobalt mines are held, the following advertisement from a local paper is interesting:

Gold and silver mine for sale. We have a shipping mine in this district for sale. The ore has averaged $55.00 per ton smelter returns on the last two years' shipments. Over half a million of ore in sight and blocked out. Railway crosses property, no hauling, contract price for freight and smelting, only $9.00 per ton. Price—$75,000.00, on terms. This is a real mine. For further particulars write, etc.

A mine with $500,000 in sight advertised at $75,000. This is worth pondering over by the holders of Cobalt mining stocks.

Shepherd

NOVA SCOTIA STEEL AND COAL COMPANY.

The past few months have certainly been marked by announcements that must have brought satisfaction to the shareholders of our large iron and steel corporations. Only a short time ago the directors of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co. made the payment of a stock bonus of 20 per cent., and now the directors of the Dominion Iron & Steel Co. have been able to announce to the preferred shareholders that the company would, on April 1, pay all the preferred cumulative dividends on this stock, amounting to 31½ per cent. Following on this, the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co. issued an annual statement, which shows that the company is by far in a stronger position to-day than perhaps at any time in its history.

The statement which appears elsewhere in this issue, shows that the financing carried out during the course of the year by Mr. R. E. Harris and his associates has in addition to reducing the fixed charges of the company, left it well supplied with ample working capital to provide for important improvements and extensions which will enable the company to greatly increase its earning power.

Equally important, from the shareholders' standpoint, is the progress that has been made in the submarine iron ore areas at Wabana. The development work carried on has, it is stated, confirmed the estimates previously made as to the quantity of ore contained in them, and the great value of the areas. The plant for the operation of the submarine areas is now being installed, so it will not be long now before the company is deriving the full benefit of the larger earnings that will be rendered possible through their operation.

The benefits which were sure to be derived from the careful manner in which the coal areas have been worked out, were clearly shown by the results obtained during the past year, and even with a much larger output, the company should not have difficulty in disposing of its product.

There has recently been a good deal of talk regarding the operations of the Montreal pool, who have been accumulating a large block of Scotia stock with the evident intention of securing the controlling interest if they possibly could, but the opinion held by leading banking interests in Toronto and Montreal is, that after the annual meeting of the company, which will be held on March 30, that it will be found that the same interests are in control as have been for a great many years past.

The fifty-ninth annual statement of the Western Assurance Company has just been issued to the shareholders of the company. The fire insurance premiums, less re-insurances, for the year ending Dec. 31st last amount to $2,111,879.94, and the losses for the year, after deducting recoveries for re-insurances, are $1,006,875.89, being a ratio of 47.68 per cent., which is the lowest loss ratio of any year in this department since 1860. In the Marine department the premiums, less re-insurances, amount to $698,426.61, an increase of $94,394.12 on the previous year. This department gives a profit for the year of $51,835.90. The net profits for the year after full allowance for possible losses are placed at $383,596.27. The total assets of the company amount to $3,267,082.55, and the total liabilities of all classifications $1,735,711.13, leaving a surplus to policy holders of $1,531,371.42.

WALL PAPER

The attractiveness of your home depends on the effect of tasteful decorations. Appropriate Wall Paper is the first important consideration—yet only too often is it overlooked or neglected. No Room can be really inviting with the wall paper faded, soiled or inharmonious.

Come to our Store and let us suggest a decorative scheme within the limits of your appropriation.

Estimates submitted at short notice.
We are Experts in Home Decoration.

The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited
245 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Just a Step Aside

from Toronto's busiest street to a cosy, quiet room where an old Flemish interior, shaded candles, and snowy linen make a restful and cheery place to partake of the appetizing and well-cooked meal which is served. (Tables reserved on request.)

St. Charles Grill
60-70 Yonge St., Toronto.

The Investment Trust Company
Limited

Trust Department
Acts as
Trustee, Transfer Agent, Registrar

Bond Department
All
Municipal and Corporation

Bonds offered for sale by us have been purchased outright after being passed upon by our Directors, and are consequently recommended by us as safe investments.

OFFICERS:
K. W. Blackwell, President. A. J. Nesbitt, Managing Director.
J. P. Black, Vice-President. N. B. Stark, Secretary-Treasurer.

DIRECTORS:
K. W. Blackwell, Director Merchants Bank of Canada; President Montreal Steel Works.
J. P. Black, Director Dominion Textile Co.; Director Dominion Cotton Co.
Jas. B. Wilson, Director Dominion Coal Co.
R. MacD. Paterson, Director Montreal Steel Works.
W. M. Dobell, of Dobell, Beckett & Co., Quebec.
A. S. Nesbitt.

84 Notre Dame St. West, - MONTREAL

BRITISH AMERICA
Assurance Company

Incorporated A.D. 1833.

HEAD OFFICE - - - TORONTO

STATEMENT FOR YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31st, 1909.

Assets		$2,022,170 18
Unearned Premiums and other Liabilities		1,106,306 63
Surplus to Policyholders		915,863 55
Losses paid since incorporation in 1833		$33,620,764 61
Fire Premiums		$1,658,239 65
Fire Losses	$839,004 26	
Expenses	660,847 04	1,499,851 30
		$ 158,388 35
Interest and other Receipts		54,723 15
Profits on Year's Trading		$ 213,111 50

DIRECTORS.

President ..... Hon. Geo. A. Cox
Vice-Presidents ..... W. R. Brock; John Hoskin, K.C., LL.D.

Directors—Robt. Bickerdike, M.P., B. W. Cox, D. B. Hanna, Alex. Laird, Z. A. Lash, K.C., LL.D., W. B. Meikle, Geo. A. Morrow, Augustus Myers, Frederic Nicholls, James Kerr Osborne, Sir Henry M. Pellatt, E. R. Wood.

W. B. MEIKLE, General Manager. P. H. SIMS, Secretary.

STOCK ORDERS

We execute orders to buy or sell on commission.

We shall be pleased, upon request, to furnish holders or prospective purchasers with full reports on the position of the various companies.

A. E. AMES & CO., LIMITED
Investment Bankers
7 and 9 King St. East
TORONTO

"SPECIAL INVESTMENT POLICY"

Assuring the sum of $1,000 in event of death, or a cash return of $1,000 at end of 20 years.

Age	20	25	30	35	40
Premium,	$38.85	$39.50	$40.35	$41.60	$43.45

LIFE DEPARTMENT
ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED
27-29 Wellington St. East.
Phone M. 6000. Toronto.

Chief Office for Canada, Toronto.
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager

LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

IRISH & MAULSON, LIMITED.
Chief Toronto Agents.

CENTRAL CANADA LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY TORONTO

BOND INVESTMENT OFFERINGS

Canadian Northern Railway Equipment...4½'s
To yield 5%.

Toronto & York Radial Railway Company...5's
101.50 and interest.
To yield 4.80%.

Hamilton Cataract, Power, Light & Traction Co. 5's
100 and interest.

Electrical Development Company of Ontario. 5's
At Market.
To yield about 6½%.

Dominion Iron & Steel Co. Consolidated....5's
96 and interest.
To yield over 5¼%.

Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited...6's
105 and interest.
To yield 5.55%.

P. Burns & Company, Limited .....6's
To yield about 5¾%.
104 and interest.

Canada Cement Company, Limited .....6's
100 and interest.

Canadian Car & Foundry Company, Limited...6's
105 and interest.
To yield 5.65%.

May we hear from you should you desire fully descriptive circular on any specific issue.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION, LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE TORONTO 26 KING ST. EAST
BRANCHES
MONTREAL — LONDON, ENG.

FINANCIAL

TORONTO — MONTREAL

MONTREAL, March 10, 1910.

W. M. AITKEN is going to risk his job and take a holiday. He is bound for Europe, shortly, I am told—more especially England—where, unless he is careful he will meet a lot of people to whom he has sold whole rafts of Canadian securities during the past year. Pretty good securities, some of them were, too, so far as we can see at present. The Englishmen may be over fond of composing eulogies to roast beef and plum pudding and may lack the appreciation of the fine Italian hand, and all that kind of thing, but when it comes to locating a good thing in securities he can pick the deck with his eyes closed. In fact, sympathy with him is entirely out of place, for the slices he selects are usually the choicest. To the Canadian he abandons the bone or the slice between the horns. So if there were any such slices on Aitken's flocks and herds, he runs more risk here than on the other side of the water.

∴

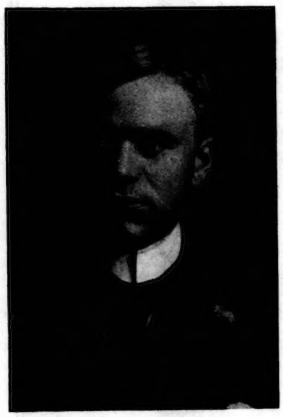
Wise Men from The East.

The few readers of this column who in their youth graced the Bible class of a Sunday school may recall a reference to the wise men who came from the east. Now what is the association between wise men and the east, and what the significance of the passage? This is the sweetly solemn thought that breaks in upon our reverie. Does it mean that in the matter of wise men the east is prolific; or does it mean that if peradventure a wise man be born in the east, he comes from, that is, gets out of it as quickly as he finds himself wise? These columns have told of many such who came from the east—that is, Nova Scotia—and who jumped quickly to the front here. If W. F. Aitken is the last he certainly is not the least. Blue noses, I think they are called.

∴

A Keen Sense of Smell.

By the way, there must be some connection between the color of a man's nose and his olfactory nerve; otherwise how is it that these Blue noses smell out so many good propositions which noses of other hues never detect. W. M. Aitken has one of the keenest noses of them all. He located so many good things in the year of grace, 1909, that it is almost a shame to recount them. There was the Canada Cement merger and the Rhodes-Curry Co. with its sequel, the Canadian Car and Foundry, one of the nicest mergers ever pulled off in Canada. There was that "melon" in the Steel-Coal syndicate, too—was it water or musk? At any rate, is reputed to have been of a very satisfactory, greenback type. He was also concerned in the organization of the Western Power Co., and very much concerned in that of the Commercial Trust Co., and the Royal Securities Corporation, of which latter he is also president. From its bastions he looks out smilingly o'er these fair fields and flourishing orchards in order that the fruit—meaning the "melons" (if melons be fruit) and the "lemons" (which, being properly manipulated, have their uses)—shall be plucked in due season and by the proper party. He also promoted the Porto Rico Railways and financed it and—well, there are many other companies of which the same could be said, but memory falters at the task, and one can only put a certain number of words into a column, anyway. Suffice it to say that he is ever ready to turn an honest penny—and if, perchance, it be dollars or more, he is none the less ready. Here is where that one touch of nature makes all mankind akin.



W. M. Aitken, Canada's youngest financier.

∴

50,000,000 Pennies A-rolling.

Talking of pennies, rumor has it that he has turned at least 50,000,000 of them—turned them into his pockets where they contentedly repose. That doesn't mean that you can't pry any of them off him. In fact, save on a straight business deal, he has the reputation of not driving a hard bargain. This makes friends and becomes an asset in a world where pennies are round and numerous and more or less ready to roll in any direction they are sent. Fifty million pennies means one million dollars. It isn't so hard to be a millionaire. Cunnin,' little three-month old infants are sometimes millionaires. They get it "easy." Some old men in Canada have scraped together a million or so and think no end of themselves. But no one presented Aitken with his million and, up to date, he isn't very much in his dotage either. He is absurdly young for a man who started with nothing and is now numbered as a millionaire—only thirty years of age. A man can't do that by sitting down and biting his nails. It's too bad he didn't turn his talents to something useful—something like writing for the newspapers, for instance. He'd never get a million out of that, though.

∴

A Man of Destiny.

After all, there's nothing so wonderful in his success. Wasn't he born in the Presbyterian faith at Newcastle, N.B., where his father, a retired clergyman, still resides? At that time—thirty years ago—High Heaven had not yet commuted the doctrine of predestination. So Aitken, jr., was simply predestined to butt into a million before he was thirty, and he couldn't have got away from the money had he tried. Of course, he didn't try. Someone detected something fatalistic about his initials, too, last summer, it being claimed that W. M. stood for W. Merger, the "Max" being a mere subterfuge. For a man of destiny, however, he has done a powerful lot of hustling. Life hasn't been a bed of roses for him. Even to-day there are few men in Montreal who work harder and probably none who work longer hours. And everyone around him has to work hard too. Don't go to him looking for a soft job. But if you feel yourself just bursting with energy it might do to join his staff for a while. He favors Marathons, so you'll need all your wind. He reaches the office from ten to eleven in the morning, having done half a day's work already. He goes home at six or seven and like as not will keep stenographers going for hours after he gets there. He probably does more work at his house than at his office, even.

∴

Is it a 7¼?

It is difficult to say to what special characteristic is due W. M. Aitken's rapid advance. For one thing, I don't think I ever saw a man concentrate on his talk and throw such force into it as can Aitken when he is trying to convince you. He may be in deadly earnest or he may be only playing the game; what's the difference so long as he persuades you? A merger-man must be persuasive or nothing. A man must have his nerve with him, too, to swing big deals and he mustn't let things stand in his way too much. He can't always make the wheels go round by lisping "please." One has to be ready to hit in the clinches and administer swift upper-cuts or he had better keep out of the prize ring. It's not unlike that in the merger business.

This merger-maker is a capital man to meet, affable and with a moment to spare you. In stature he is, if anything, below the medium rather than above, and he has the most remarkable head. It is massive. That broad, high forehead wasn't given him for nothing When the Creator was making these Maritime Province men he stacked them up against the fence to dry while he moulded a set of heads. After he got the heads ready, he fitted them in alphabetical order. Aitken being well up in the "A's", looked the heap over and took his pick. He got nothing less than a No. 7¼, or I'm no judge. I have 7¼ myself, but it doesn't seem to have the bumps in the right place. T. C. A.

∴

TORONTO, MARCH 10 1910.

THE lot of the public service corporation is not by any means invariably a pleasant one. It is proverbially a difficult thing to please all the people all the time, and happy is the institution that is able to please some of its patrons a portion of the time. But if it is essential that the public service corporation should ever strive after an unattainable result, even that effort, like everything else in life, has its compensations. Particularly is this the case with the Bell Telephone Company, which has perhaps induced more profanity than any other organization in existence, and is perhaps more maligned than any. It would, of course, take a Chief Justice of the Superior Court to sift out the evidence and tell whether the public or the company are most in the right. But on the face of it, viewing the subject merely in a casual manner, it would seem that the Bell Telephone Company has one at least of those attributes which cling to all great corporations; that, possibly on account of the inherent perversity of human nature, it is unwilling to make any proper appeal to the good-will of the people at large. Always there appears to be in evidence the idea that might may be made to take the place of right. But there comes a time when even the strongest aggregations of capital are disposed to view things in a more conciliatory attitude. The Toronto Railway Company is a shining example, and it is now paying high rates in the newspapers to have its side of the question placed before the public. Well written advertisements have been published to show that the company has much to urge in its favor. But the change of heart has come only after everything has been done that humanly could be done to render the public incapable of judging the case dispassionately.

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Some Omissions in Telephone Directory.

It is not the intention to intimate that the Bell Telephone Company is disposed to go to similar lengths in its efforts to thwart the will of the public before coming around to the point where it will be content to afford its patrons a reasonable degree of consideration. But undoubtedly there have been given in the past, wittingly or unwittingly, just cause for criticism. As in most cases where the public interests are served, it is the minor things that have occasioned the most irritation. Take so small a matter as the preparation of the telephone directory. No end of inconvenience has been occasioned the public by reason of the rearranged make-up. Formerly there was incorporated an index of all the numbers in use, so that if any given number were mentioned it was an easy matter to ascertain to whom it belonged. Now all this has been swept away, and if a man in an office hears that some number has been calling him, unless he is thoroughly conversant with it, no end of time is consumed before he gets into communication with the proper party. But an even greater hardship has been entailed by the withdrawal of the rates charged for the long-distance service. Formerly merchants were able to check up this account as they went along. Now they are quite at sea, for not only is no public schedule of rates readily accessible, but the rates in many instances have been boosted up twenty or thirty per cent. Such a method of doing business indicates no proper appreciation of the view-point of the public. Not only that, but it shows a callous disregard of the people which is sure to meet with

Bank of Montreal
(Established 1817.)
INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

CAPITAL (all paid up)	$14,400,000.00
REST	12,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS	359,311.06

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

Board of Directors:
RIGHT HON. LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., Hon. Pres.
HON. SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., PRESIDENT.
SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART., VICE-PRESIDENT.
E. B. GREENSHIELDS. SIR WILLIAM MACDONALD. R. B. ANGUS.
JAMES ROSS. HON. ROBT. MACKAY. SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, K.C.V.O.
DAVID MORRICE. C. R. HOSMER.
SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART., GENERAL MANAGER.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT—Connected with each Canadian Branch, and Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.
COLLECTIONS—At all points in the Dominion of Canada and the United States undertaken at most favorable rates.
TRAVELLERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT—Issued negotiable in all parts of the World.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.
Money can be remitted to any part of the world by **Draft** or **Telegraphic Transfer**
TORONTO OFFICES:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape.

To Travellers and Tourists
Letters of Credit and Travellers' Cheques issued payable in any part of the world.
If you contemplate a long trip abroad, the cheapest, safest and most convenient method of providing yourself with funds is by the purchase of either a Letter of Credit or Travellers' Cheques.
NORTHERN CROWN BANK
Toronto Office - - 34 King St. West
BRANCHES:
Agnes St. Spadina Ave.

IF YOU WANT TO SEND
MONEY
ANYWHERE—AT ANY TIME
PURCHASE A
Dominion Express Money Order or Foreign Draft
and rest content that if lost or delayed in the mails a refund will be promptly arranged or a new order issued without further charge.
TRAVELLERS CHEQUES ISSUED
MONEY SENT BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE
Toronto Offices: 48 Yonge St. and 1330 Queen West

$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00
THE METROPOLITAN BANK
No delay in withdrawal
Capital Paid-up - - - - - $1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - - - - $1,307,809.25

HEAD OFFICE: 8 King Street West TORONTO

The Home Bank of Canada
Six Branches in Toronto.
Twenty Seven Branches in Ontario and the West.
British and Foreign Correspondents in all parts of the World.
General banking business transacted.
Original Charter 1854
JAMES MASON, General Manager

Canadian Corporation Bonds
Yielding from 4½ to 6%

Montreal Light, Heat and Power	4½'s
Toronto and York Radial Railway	5's
Nova Scotia Steel and Coal	5's
Winnipeg Electric Railway	5's
Dominion Coal Company	5's
Canadian Car and Foundry	6's

SEND FOR FULL LIST AND PRICES
The Investment Trust Company, Limited
84 Notre Dame St. West - MONTREAL

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY.

The 76th annual meeting of the shareholders of the above corporation was held on Feb. 21st, and the statement presented showed that for the year ending Dec. 31st last the fire premiums, less re-insurances, amounted to $1,658,239.65. The fire losses, after deducting recoveries under re-insurances, were $839,004.26, being 50.59 per cent. on the premiums. This is the most favorable experience of the company since 1874. The net profits were the highest ever realized by the company since its incorporation in 1833. The liability for unearned premiums stood at the close of the year, $775,555.91, a reduction of $14,350.65 on the previous year. The total assets are shown to be $2,022,170.18, with liabilities all told of $1,106,306.63, making the surplus to policy-holders, $915,863.55.

Imperial Bank of Canada
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Capital Authorized...$10,000,000.00
Capital Paid Up 5,000,000.00
Reserve Fund 5,000,000.00

Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit Issued
Available in any part of the World.
Special Attention Given to Collections.

Savings Department
Interest allowed on deposits from date of deposit at all Branches of the Bank throughout the Dominion of Canada.

THE BONDS WE OFFER

When considering Bonds offered for sale by us, there are several factors to be borne in mind by the investing public.

Primarily, our practice is to deal only in bonds of the higher grades.

Our extensive connections keep us constantly conversant with the leading features—both favorable and otherwise—of all securities and give us facilities for gaining information which is out of the reach of the ordinary investor.

Our invariable rule is to make a searching investigation into the nature of each issue, and, if perfectly satisfied, we invest our own money.

It is only subsequent to this that we come before the public and offer the several bonds for sale.

Our recommendation of any issue always implies that we have an investment in these Bonds ourselves.

Royal Securities Corporation, Limited
164 St. James St. - - Montreal
Toronto —— Quebec —— Halifax

W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO.
Dealers in Bonds
222 St. James St., MONTREAL

THE Ætna Life Ins. Co.
(Founded 1820)
The Premium on $10,000 of insurance at age 30 on the 5 year Convertible Term Policy is only $29.00 quarterly. Ask for particulars. Other plans equally favorable.
Central Canada Branch Office:
59 Victoria St., Toronto

H. H. Nightingale
STOCK BROKER
Member Standard Stock Mining Exchange.
33 Melinda St., Toronto

G. Tower Fergusson
Member Toronto Stock Exchange
Investment Securities
Commission orders executed in all the principal markets.
Conservative accounts solicited.
23 Toronto St. Tel. M. 1352

Halifax Shredded CODFISH
(NOT A BONE IN IT.)
Makes delicious Fish Patties, Creamed Cod and dozens of other dainty dishes.
IN TEN CENT PACKAGES AT YOUR GROCERS

EUROPE 19th WITHROW Tour
Comprehensive British Isles. Extensive Continental. Passion Play. Brussels Exposition. Illustrated Programme.
244 JARVIS STREET TORONTO

retribution sooner or later. For though a powerful corporation may ride rough-shod over the feelings of its patrons for a certain length of time, there is always a day of reckoning.

⁂

The Telephone Business Prolific in Profits.

But at the moment the Bell Telephone Company is not worrying about what its subscribers may think. One or two of the Western provinces, where the distances were long and the population was small, have been permitted to operate their own telephone system, but if in Eastern Canada a similar proposition were put forth, quite another story might be told. So much would seem to be apparent from the annual statement just made by the company. During the past year no less than fourteen thousand subscribers were added, and the total number of instruments now earning rental aggregates considerably over one hundred thousand. And here again is seen the perfection to which the Bell Telephone Company has carried its organization. In other days you could go into your druggist's or your grocer's and carry on a conversation, but those halcyon days are past, and past forever if the Bell Telephone management know anything about the business. Now the public is merely a by-product of the company; every time you talk you pay, provided you are not a subscriber, and then you pay anyhow in bulk at the end of a six-months. Meanwhile, the company goes ahead and waxes affluent. So much money has been found in the treasury that in the past year almost three thousand miles of wire have been added to the long-distance system, which in the aggregate now comprises close to fifty thousand miles of wire on over eight thousand miles of poles. That it pays to run a telephone company, provided the public interests are not unduly considered, is apparent from the fact that the net earnings last year were over half a million dollars. And the shareholders of the Bell Telephone Company may wish to cogitate the fact that in the "suspense account" at the present time is no less a sum than three-quarters of a million dollars upon which they may not lay their fingers until the management is good and ready to make a wider distribution.

⁂

Ottawa Power Earned Twice Its Dividend.

Ottawa has always been known as one of the great electrical centres of the country, and it is not surprising, therefore, that the Ottawa Light, Heat and Power Company, as is indicated by the statement that it made for the operations of the past year, should have produced exceptionally favorable results. Mr. Thomas Ahearn, who is at the head of this concern, in conjunction with Mr. Warren Y. Soper, one of his associates in this as in other enterprises, typifies all that is best in electrical development at the Capital. These are the gentlemen who introduced an electric street railway system at Ottawa before it had even been tried out in Toronto, and they were certainly the first to show what could be done by such a system in the face of the very severe winters that constantly recur in that section of the country. Both Mr. Ahearn and Mr. Soper were originally connected with telegraph companies before they turned their attentions to wider fields of exploitation. They have always taken a greater interest in the Ottawa Street Railway Company than in any of the other enterprises with which they are identified, but even the Ottawa Power Company is no mean organization, earning, as it did, thirteen per cent. on its capital. The gross earning were very much over half a million dollars, and the net exceeded a quarter of a million. During the year a dividend of six per cent. was paid to the shareholders. It has now been decided to maintain a similar distribution permanently. The prospects certainly look good when the company even now is earning twice that amount.

⁂

Burt Co.'s Report Augurs Success.

The F. N. Burt Company, Limited, appeals to one as a concern that is likely to go a long way along the road that leads to permanent success. As at present constituted, the company has been in existence little more than six months, manufacturing small paper boxes and counter check-books. The firms embraced in this merger formerly controlled practically the entire trade in this line in the Dominion. That quite an expansion has already occurred in their operation as now united is seen from the fact that the net profits to the present management, after deducting the $79,500 which it was agreed should be paid to the owners of the component companies, was no less a sum than $92,000. The present company has carried out the suggestion that was made in the prospectus, and an initial dividend of four per cent. on the common stock for the first quarter of the current year has already been declared. Not only is an additional building to be erected in connection with the company's establishment in Buffalo, but arrangements are now being perfected to equip a factory in Canada. So that the company in the near future will be in a position to appeal more strongly than ever to the sympathy and support of the Canadian people. Numbered among the directorate are such men as Robert Kilgour and James Ryrie, men both who stand for everything that is best in the business life of this community. Mr. Kilgour in particular should be in a position to estimate accurately the chances of an organization of this kind, for his own fortune in the first instance was based mainly upon an enterprise of a like nature.

⁂

Inland Water Merger.

The report that the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company contemplated securing control of the Niagara Navigation Company in an effort to command most of the traffic between Niagara and the sea has been circulated so often that as a usual thing it now passes unheeded. But just now it looks as though there were more than a foundation for the most recent rumors in this connection. At all events, a good start in the direction mentioned has been made in the effort that is under way to acquire the Turbinia, the Modjeska and the Macassa, all of which are owned by Mr. John C. Eaton, of this city, and are valued at $400,000. Mr. Rodolphe Forget, the president of the Montreal company, has confirmed the report that negotiations are in progress in this latter regard, and it is not at all beyond the realm of possibility that when that arrangement has been concluded a step further might be taken in the direction of bringing the Niagara Company into this inland water merger. Between Toronto and Montreal the Richelieu is supreme, and, should the Hamilton boats be acquired, as is altogether likely, it would only require the addition of the Niagara vessels to make its position practically unassailable in this region and on the St. Lawrence. The combination would certainly be a very strong one in its shipping facilities. The combined value of its fleet at the present moment would run to five and a half million dollars, over four millions of which has already been invested by the Richelieu in steamers and wharves, almost a million by the Niagara Company, and over four hundred thousand dollars by the Hamilton Company.

⁂

Judge Osler Enters the Business Field.

The appointment of Mr. Justice Osler to the presidency of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation is one that will be greeted with favor not only by the shareholders, but by the community at large. In this case one distinguished jurist will succeed another, Dr. John Hoskin being the retiring incumbent of the position—one that he held for over a quarter of a century. Judge Osler comes of a family three of whose members earned the highest reputation in the efforts to which they devoted their lives. The late B. B. Osler was the greatest criminal counsel of his time; more than that, he was one of Canada's ablest and most conscientious lawyers. Dr. William Osler is a world-renowned surgeon, and some of his operations have been declared to be little short of marvellous. Mr. E. B. Osler, Parliamentarian and finacier, is the dean of the Toronto Stock Exchange, and in him fine business insight and the most scrupulous probity are nicely blended. Strange, indeed, would it have been if Mr. Justice Osler, possessing three such brothers, had not gone far in his own calling, and the Toronto General Trusts Corporation is to be congratulated on securing the services of a man who leaves an honored place on the Bench to devote his matured energies to the direction of its affairs.

INVESTOR.

Bring Farmer and City Man Together.

Editor Toronto Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—In a recent issue, in discussing the high prices of foods, you say that the farmer has not been as busy as he should, giving as a specific instance figures showing relative decrease in production of eggs—excusing the hen but blaming the farmer. Speaking from several years' experience in actual farming operations both in Canada and in the United States, and with all due allowance for ignorance and shiftlessness in the farming profession, I would like to say that lack of capital is as great a need with many (if not with the majority) of farmers as lack of technical knowledge and ambition. We are told by presidents of railway corporations, by officials of endowed colleges, and by editors of city papers that we should practice rotation of crops, thereby doubling and trebling the yield; that we should keep improved stock and more of it; that we should adopt more businesslike methods of selling and buying, etc. All this may be good advice, but it means an outlay of capital which the average farmer does not possess. I visit an agricultural college in June and see magnificent crops, and in a talk with the foreman discover how these crops are produced: First, by an extensive system of tile drainage, which the president of the institution himself told me was utterly beyond the means of ordinary farmers; secondly, by the purchase of immense amounts of manure from an adjacent city; and thirdly, by intelligent and thorough management and manipulation of the soil. Knowledge, certainly, is of extreme importance and may be had cheaply, but what about the other two factors in the production of these fine crops, isn't it clear that both of these depend upon a large outlay of capital? Rotation of crops, for instance, seems a simple matter to the city man, but comparatively few farms are in such good physical condition that a definite rotation can be practiced. Many fields are too rocky or too stony for anything but permanent pasture or timber, and a large percentage of our cleared land in this country is badly in need of drainage. A systematic rotation of crops under these conditions is a physical impossibility.

Give the farmer his fair share of the consumer's dollar and there will be no lack of food either in this country or in the United States. Put enough capital into his hands, so that he may develop the resources of his land, and he will feed double, yes treble the population that now inhabits this continent. Our lands are not exhausted; they await intelligent outlay of capital, as well as labor. Let farming once pay as other professions pay, and intelligent, ambitious young men will not hesitate to go into it equipped with knowledge and capital equivalent to other lines of business. Let them feel that it is possible to fit their homes with modern conveniences, to buy automobiles or pleasure yachts with the fruits from their acres, then, and not until then, will the country boy stay on the farm, and become the envy of his city cousin. Dairymen in Orange County, N.Y., only a few miles from the metropolis, have been forced out of business by high prices of labor and feed and low prices (relatively) of milk. The consumer in New York City pays from nine to twelve cents per quart for his milk, which the producer is forced to sell for three or four cents, or quit business. Think of it! the man who owns and milks and feeds the cows receives less than thirty-five cents of the consumer's dollar. The resident of Montreal pays from forty to sixty cents per dozen for new laid eggs, which the farmer in the country store trades for groceries, receiving twenty-five or thirty cents per dozen. The farmer sells his pigs, which cost him from four to five cents per pound to produce, at eight dollars per hundred weight, for which the consumer pays from fifteen to twenty-five cents per pound. Let me say just here, for the benefit of some of the uninitiated, that horses, cows, pigs and poultry all have to be fed. Some months ago I was forced to listen to a missionary address by a city layman to a country congregation in which he ridiculed the donations of country parishes—proving our great prosperity (and therefore ability to give) by quoting figures showing total annual crops of this country, to which he added the value of all farm animals and their products; forgetting that a very large proportion of the annual crops must be consumed by animals in order to have animals or their products.

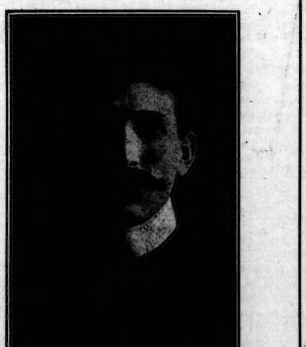
Evidently something is wrong. The consumer says he pays too much, and the farmer knows he receives too little. Not that farmers are not more prosperous now, probably, than ever before, but they are not as prosperous as they should be. Of course I am speaking of the average; there are exceptions to all rules. The farmer, in common with every one else, demands a better standard of living. Things which were unknown to his parents have become his necessities. Gradually he is improving his conditions in many ways. New and better buildings are put up; many acres are being cleared and drained, and farmers as a class are becoming alert to business methods, so the outlook is hopeful. Co-operation could work great benefits both to the producer and consumer, but co-operation is a much more serious problem where tens of thousands of individuals are concerned than where perhaps a dozen manufacturers, who are turning out the same line of goods, come together for mutual benefit.

Let the farmer and the city man draw more closely together as individuals. Let the farmer deal directly with as many private customers as possible, and let the city man seek to deal directly with the farmer. Surely both parties will benefit thereby. A parcels post system, similar to that in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe, would be of great value in this connection, enabling farmers and merchants to reach their customers, and, indirectly, by compelling railway and express companies to come down to a fair price.

Farmers may sometimes be justly accused of ignorance and unbusinesslike methods, but "the men who work all day and do chores all night," as David Harem described them, should not be told to 'get busy."

QUEBEC FARMER.

Stanbridge East, Que., Feb. 23, 1910.



JAMES G. MERRICK,
Candidate for the Presidency of the University of Toronto Literary Society.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby iven that a dividend on the Capital Stock of the Bank of two and one-half per cent. (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum) for the quarter ending 28th February, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after 1st of March next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 21st to the 28th February, both inclusive.

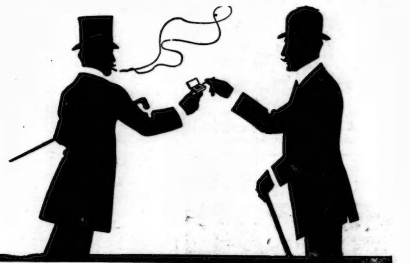
By order of the Board.

J. TURNBULL,
Gen. Mgr.

Hamilton, 17th January, 1910.

RODOLPHE FORGET
Member Montreal Stock Exchange

88 Notre Dame West MONTREAL
60 rue de Provence PARIS, FRANCE



"You'll Like This Cigarette"

Most men like to feel that the cigarettes they smoke are not only good enough for their own taste—but also worthy of the appreciation of their most fastidious friends.

Tuckett's CIGARETTES

For fifty years the Tuckett cigar and tobacco brands have held their position as leaders in quality.

Now that the Tuckett factories are producing cigarettes, is it not reasonable to suppose that, in these goods also, the name "Tuckett" may be accepted as the smoker's guarantee of complete satisfaction?

TUCKETT'S "CLUB" CIGARETTES—made from an exquisite blend of Virginia leaf. 15c. a package of 10.
TUCKETT'S "SPECIALS"—made from a mild Turkish leaf, rich in flavor and aroma. 15c. a package of 10.
TUCKETT'S "T & B" CIGARETTES—for the man who likes a full-flavored Virginia. 10c. a package of 10.

SHREDDED WHEAT

Good "cold day" news from the sunlight bakery

A delicious warm breakfast, prepared in a jiffy. Strengthens the whole system. Simply heat biscuit in oven, pour hot milk over it and salt to taste.

Sold by all grocers, 13c. a carton, two for 25c. 2094

Stout Is Extra Mild

Those who prefer English Porter to Ale, will find O'Keefe's Stout uncommonly delicious.

It has the rich flavor of the finest imported porter—but, being extra mild, will not make you bilious.

All bottles sealed with Crown stoppers to prevent cork and tinfoil getting in your glass. Sold everywhere.

"The Stout That Is Always O.K."

THE O'KEEFE'S BREWERY CO. Limited, TORONTO. 151

C. B., Charlottetown, P.E.I., writes:—In June, 1909, I invested $500.00 in D'Israeli Asbestos stock at $4.00 per share. The promoter that sold me the stock stated that the plant would be working (turning out asbestos) last fall, but so far it has failed to do so. (1) Kindly give me any information you can through your Gold and Dross columns about this company, (2) also please let me know through same columns if you know anything about the Maritime Oil and Gas Co.

(1) The D'Israeli Asbestos Company has issued a statement for the eighteen months from June 1st, 1908, to December 31st, 1909, in which among the assets are placed the property at D'Israeli, Que., valued at $350,000, and a construction account of $28,396.21. Balances due on stock subscriptions: open accounts, $22,065.02; notes, $16,523.64; making $38,523.64. Added to these amounts is $2,234.40 on account of sundry accounts receivable, making a total of $40,758.04. The cash in hand and in the bank was $2,195.45. Out of a total capital stock of $900,000, the sum of $200,000 was reserved in the treasury for working capital. Of the $700,000 that was to be placed on the market, stock having a value of $215,600 remains unsold. (2) We cannot place the Maritime Oil and Gas Company. It is one of those flaspe concerns which were floated some years ago all over the continent and in Europe; the sooner you devote your attention to something else the better.

Z. A. K., of Brantford, asks:—Can you give any information through your "G. and D. columns" re Wyoming Consolidated Asbestos Co. stock, which I believe was first put on the market in August last, or thereabouts through a Montreal broker? I have a chance to obtain some at a low price but don't want to buy anything on which there is not a chance to make something.

Of all the asbestos annually produced in North America, only 2 per cent. comes from the United States, so that you may draw your own conclusions as to the relative importance of the industry as we have it in Canada and as they have it across the line. In a report of the United States Government on "The Production of Asbestos in 1908," Mr. J. S. Diller points out that from the operations of the companies doing business in Wyoming in asbestos "a small production is reported, but the material was not in marketable form and there were no sales."

A. P. T., of London, Ont., says:—There are a number of agents selling stock in the Deferential Axle Co. and they have sold this stock to a number of our people through the country, mostly farmers. Their statements are that the stock is worth from $1.50 to $2.00 per share. Now, on the other side, they are selling this for $1.00 per share here to introduce this in Canada. Will you kindly let me know in your next issue if you know anything regarding this company?

Only the agents selling this stock are likely to know much about it. As for ourselves, we have no acquaintance with the concern. But it is pertinent to enquire why they should be so generous to Canadians. If their proposition is a good one, they ought to be able to secure money from their own banks on their stock and book accounts. On the surface, so far as Canadians are concerned, the proposition does not look to be a good one in which to invest money. Surely there are enough industrial concerns in Canada in which funds may be placed to advantage without going so far afield?

F. J., Toronto, writes:—Will you kindly, through your paper, give your opinion (for investment) of (1) the International Textbook Co., Scranton, Pa., proprietors International Correspondence Schools, (2) also of The Bawden Machine and Tool Co., of this city?

(1) At the present time this correspondence school apparently is doing an immense business, if one may judge by the large sums of money that they are putting into advertising. But a successful business does not necessarily imply a good investment. Learning all kinds of things by correspondence has grown in recent years into quite a fad, but one can never tell how long the fad is likely to last. People may grow to feel once more that the old methods are better. And then where would be the assets behind the stock you might have purchased in this concern. (2) We do not know the company and cannot find it in the 1910 directory. But, anyhow, we would not invest money in this, or any similar company, without first making the most exhaustive enquiries, preferably through a responsible brokerage house. Unless you take enough stock to give you a voice in the management it might very reasonably happen in such a case—though not necessarily in this case—that you would find yourself at the mercy of the controlling interests.

C. E. F., Orillia, wants to know our opinion (1) on the bond issue of the Mexican Northern Power Co., and (2) also the preferred stock of the International Tool Steel Co., Ltd.; as to whether they are genuine issues and might be considered to have good prospects.

(1) These securities were floated in the first instance some months ago, but barely had they been placed on the market when it became necessary to place another issue before the public. And the reason for this was that at the outset a power plant nearer to the scene of operations had been overlooked. In order to avoid competition control of the latter had also to be obtained. Additional funds were needed; hence the current issue. The securities in question are offered at the original prices without any immediate bid. The proposition, of course, reads well on paper, but it will require considerable time in which to work out its future. (2) The future of the company depends entirely upon its management and upon trade conditions. If you can satisfy yourself on these points the future may hold out some hope, but why not buy into some company that figures among the listed securities?

A Reader, Hagersville, asks (1) if the stock of the Holmes Safety Blasting Compound is listed and (2) if we would recommend it as an investment?

(1) It is not listed. (2) Our opinion is that you had better consult one of the houses trading on the Toronto Stock Exchange.

W. M., Stratford, Ont., writes:—Would you kindly give me your opinion of the Colonial Loan and Investment Co.? At one time they paid 6 per cent., but now only 5. List price 68c.

From what we can learn, the reduction in the dividend of this company was in the best interests of its shareholders. The stock is listed and is widely held. But stocks of this class are not viewed with the investment favor they once were.

M. McC., Toronto, asks:—Can you advise me if the Toronto Cuban Grape Fruit Company, Ltd., is a safe investment?

We know no more about the company than you have already learned through its glowing circulars. Why should Canadians invest in fruit farming in Cuba when they can go into fruit farming right at home, where they know all the conditions and can size up the advantages of any proposition that is brought to their notice. Canadians would be safer if they left these tropical fruit undertakings alone.

The following letter from a Toronto gentleman regarding that particularly mean brand of being commonly known as loan sharks scarcely requires any explanation, further than to state that I have in possession the document which goes to prove that this man paid at the rate of 380 per cent. per annum for a loan.

Saturday Night:

Gentlemen,—Here's a note a poor fellow brought me. He is hard up and wanted me to loan him money to buy a horse, as one of his team had died. I lent him the money at a reasonable rate (6 per cent.) just to help him, as he once worked for me and I felt he deserved the help.

In conversation he told me he did not want "to go and borrow from the fellows over in the —— building, as they had robbed him before," and then he showed me this note, which he said I could have (on my request). He got $48 and paid as endorsed on back of note, average time 6 weeks, for $18, or about 380 per cent. per annum.

Note the clause, "On default, etc." There are thousands in this city being used the same way, and even worse.

Your articles on promoters of the bad type are saving moderately well-to-do people large sums, and a whack at these thieves who rob the poorer people would perhaps do good.

Sincerely yours, J. H.

"Enquiry" wants to know some regarding Fort George, B.C., which has been so largely advertised in the newspapers as an attractive real estate proposition.

It is the intention of the Grand Trunk Pacific to pass through Fort George. A Grand Trunk Pacific official written to regarding the statement in the advertisement that the G.T.P. would locate shops there, was unable to inform me. He stated, however, that he would write the Western officials and endeavor to extract some information. Said information has not arrived as yet.

A Fort William gentleman sends along a circular of the B.C. Oil and Coal Development Company, the officers of which are all Western men. The stock is now being sold in the province of Ontario.

From the meagre information contained in the prospectus (why is it that a prospectus should not fully inform the intending purchaser?) it is evident that the project is as yet a prospect. In other words it is a long chance, like an undeveloped Cobalt property, or a bet on the ponies. The company has, according to its prospectus, 1,920 acres under lease in the Flat Head Valley, B.C., and the officers of the company are out after funds to prove it up. On the last page of the prospectus is the following: "The man who earns one dollar per day and saves fifty cents of it may in the course of a long life of toil acquire sufficient means to live in some small comfort, but had that same man invested some small portion of his savings in one of many good things of the great America he could have spent his declining years free from thought or care—financially. The moral is plain."

This is the sort of thing which should not be allowed to appear in any prospectus. Just because Rockefeller made a fortune out of oil and a good deal more by skinning the public, there is no good reason to believe that you or your neighbor are going to do the same thing. This is the sort of an appeal that strikes home to the average Canadian, the man who is earning just enough to keep his family and a few dollars over each year. He is the fellow who furnishes the funds for promoters, and as a matter of fact he is just the man who should never indulge in this sort of gambling. On the bare chance of striking it rich he is pawning the future of his wife and children.

Many inquiries have come to SATURDAY NIGHT regarding the Hamilton-Fabre Mining Company, the owners of seven mining claims on Lake Temiskaming.

This company, which is capitalized for $2,000,000, is marketing a small amount of stock for development purposes. The property is as yet a prospect, organized and under the direction of high class men. The directors have put in a good deal of their own money into the property and the corporation is well administered.

I bought Gifford at 32 and Maple Mountain at 8. What do you think of my chances of getting my money back?

A. G. C.

Your chance is mighty slender.

Midland, Ont., March 7, 1910.

Can you give me any information re the Silver Age Mining Co., also Maple Mountain Co.? A fellow named Clarke was chief promoter and managing director of the former, and sold considerable stock of latter here in Midland. I understand he used to be connected with a brokerage firm at 25 Toronto street, Toronto.

Has Silver Age done any development work yet, and how much has been done?

E. H.

P.S.—People in this section are beginning to get their eyes opened to the fakes and swindles, thanks to SATURDAY NIGHT.

Maple Mountain in this section has not been a success. I never before heard of Silver Age.

Hamilton.

As a reader of your paper, I would be very much obliged to you for any information concerning the Floyd Cobalt Mining Company. The stock is sold on the Montreal Exchange. Kindly let me know whether you think this stock worth holding, and oblige,

G. H. R.

Floyd is a wild-cat promoted from Montreal. I do not think the stock worth holding.

Will you kindly, through your valuable columns, give information regarding the "Cavalier Group of Mines" on Lake Winnipeg, Man., owned by the Great Northern Gold Mine Co.? Stock is offered, I believe, at 1c. a share.

C. L.

I would not pay one cent a share for the stuff.

Niagara Falls Centre, Ont.

Would you kindly give me some information through your valuable paper of the Doyle Consolidated Mining Co. of Colorado? I have been asked to buy stock in these mines, which they claim to be good. Now, I do not want to spend my money in some wild-cat scheme. They claim to have one of the best gold and copper mines in the State. I would not mind buying some stock if I knew they were good.

D. J. B.

If the Doyle Consolidated Mining Co. stock is so good, why do the promoters have to come so far afield to market their stock. Good things in Colorado do not go begging.

Enquirer, Peterboro, wants to know whether he should invest his money in an oil company (not the California-Alberta, which is now trying to "con" the public through circulars and reprints from the B.C. Saturday Sunset).

An advertised oil company is always a gamble. A horse race will give you a run for your money, and so will a crap game, but oil company promoters do not always do this. For one successful oil promotion there are easily ten unsuccessful ones, eliminating all the crooked games which pass as legitimate. The "oily" promoter has found by experience that the public fail to promotions of this character faster and harder than to any other. Our advice would be go into no oil company in which you are not dead sure of the integrity and reliability of the promoters, and think twice about it even then. Canvas among your friends. Enquirer and find out from them what proportion of real oil wells and what proportion of lemons they have picked upon.

Toronto, March 7, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Dear Sir,—Kindly give your opinion of enclosed advertisement. Of course, it is speculation, but is it reasonable to expect this firm to do what they advertise?—W.

With the above was enclosed one of the old familiar come-on advertisements of stock gambling syndicates or pools. In other words, it is an invitation to put your money in the hands of a broker or a bucket shop keeper as it may happen, and allow him to gamble for you. As a matter of fact this sort of dealing should be stopped by the criminal code, but unfortunately it is not. In the first place it is an invitation for young clerks and others who have no business dabbling in stocks, to come on in, the water's fine. Secondly, it may be put down as a fixed principle that the broker or bucket shop keeper who goes into such a game does not intend to get any the worst of it, while in the long run the client is sure to.

Brantford, March 4, 1910.

Editor Gold and Dross:

Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find a card with a good (?) proposition offered. Do you consider it in the Munroe class.

C. S.

The postcard reads as follows:

Dear Sir,—If I can secure you one or two building lots, value two hundred and fifty dollars each, in the suburbs of one of the best cities of Ontario, will you allow us to use your name in connection with a high class advertising proposition?

The above offer will not require you to build or buy any more lots.

As the number of lots to be disposed of in this manner is limited, we cannot say how long the offer will hold good, but, the old saying of, "first come, first served" will apply.

The proposition does not look good to us. "Come on" literature of this character should be looked after by the Post Office Department. In other words, they should be prohibited from using the mails.

Windsor, 3rd March, 1910.

Dear Sir,—Will you please state your opinion of (1) Travellers Life Assurance Co. of Canada shares at the subscription price as an investment, also (2) what is the outlook for holders of shares in Lucky Boys?

Yours truly, W. T.

(1) The Travellers' Life Assurance Co. of Canada is a new concern, starting on a very good basis, with good men back of it. The stock is hardly an investment security as yet, as it takes such a company from three to five years to get on a dividend paying basis. Thus at the moment it cannot be expected to give a return. The past history of Canadian and American insurance companies is that if well managed they eventually give large returns to the stockholders. (2) Lucky Boys has no outlook.

Toronto Saturday Night:

Gentlemen,—In your issue dated March 5th you give answer to question asked by Hamilton ladies re investment in the Sun and Hastings Savings and Loan Company. Your statement as to the standing of the company we do not object to, but you are scarcely fair in saying this stock can be purchased at $75 a share. It is true some has been sold at $85, perhaps some less, but not to our knowledge—this by parties who were forced to sell quickly. Dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, has been paid on this stock for many years, and it is well worth par.

W. P. PAGE,
Manager and Secretary, Sun and Hastings Savings and Loan Co.

The price we quoted for this stock was from a brokerage house dealing in this class of securities.

Our old and esteemed subscriber, Henshaw Maddock, has, it appears, lost his job with the California-Alberta Oil Company. An interesting statement pertaining to Maddock and other matters connected with the California-Alberta Oil Company is published in a recent issue of the Saturday Sunset, Vancouver, the home of this crowd of oil well promoters. Amongst other things it appears that while Vancouver people were buying their stock at 10 cents per share Torontonians and others in the east were paying 15 and 25 cents per share for theirs. Wasn't it nice of them to give their fellow townsmen the benefit of the extra money?

I quote from the Sunset, which shows itself friendly to this oil company, as follows:—

In Vancouver 423,885 treasury shares were sold, mostly at 10 cents. In Toronto 286,218 treasury shares were sold for 15 cents on the usual four-payment plan.

Maddock's arrangement with the company was for a salary of $150 a month and 10 per cent. commission on sales made by himself. He was authorized to engage any sub-agents 30 per cent. On two occasions Maddock took advantage of the 30 per cent. clause and obtained drawbacks from his sub-agents which he was compelled to refund to the company. The total expense for selling the stock, including advertising, as shown by the company's books, was 4 cents per share.

In regard to Maddock, he is no longer with the company and his whereabouts is unknown to any of the directors. The directors admit it was an error of judgment upon their part that they kept Maddock in their employ as long as they did. However, Maddock did not get away with any of the company's funds. He made his returns every week and his accounts are all straight.

Under the laws of Washington all the shares of a company must be subscribed for by the incorporators. This being done, a pool was formed of the capital stock and 1,050,000 shares were donated back to the treasury, leaving now in the pool 1,450,000, which is divided in various amounts among the directors. For the purposes of the company any or all of this pool stock may be required of the directors for the treasury. An agreement not to sell any of this stock was executed by the directors. Henshaw Maddock so far has been the only one to violate the agreement. This was the first trouble the directors had with Maddock. Even at that Maddock only sold a portion of his interest in the pool subject to the conditions of the pool.

The company's organization is no better nor worse than many others which have turned out successful. Objectors may contend that the capitalization is absurdly high. That is true, but it must be remembered that the shares are absurdly cheap. Investors cannot expect shares to have a par value which they buy for a tenth of par. In company shares you get what you pay for as in most other things and very little that you don't.

It may also be objected that the directors hold too large a block of stock for what they have given the company. Their pool now represents considerably over half the capitalization of the company, but it is liable to be levied upon for treasury purposes. For what the directors may eventually receive they have turned into the company leases on 1,920 acres of land. These leases are registered in Edmonton. As the shares of the company were selling at 10 cents when the pool was formed the cash value consideration received by the directors for the leases was just $14,500, surely not an exorbitant price for the oil rights in 1,920 acres.

It is cheering news to be told that the California-Alberta Oil Company is no better and no worse than many others; it is also cheering to be told that the directors have received the sum of $14,500 in good coin of the realm for the oil rights on 1,920 acres. Particularly cheering is this statement in view of the fact that up to the moment when oil is discovered on the property (if it ever is) all they are required to pay is the sum of $100 for each allotment of 640 acres, a grand total of $300 for their entire acreage. After these wells are sunk and the property proven to have oil under it in paying quantities the first allotment of 640 acres may be purchased through the Department of the Interior for the sum of $640, and the remaining two allotments may be purchased at $3 per acre. In other words all that these 1,920 acres can cost the company, provided that they eventually purchase the land, would be a trifle over $5,000. Was it not kind of them to charge the stockholders only $14,500 for all this?

The California-Alberta Oil Company now makes it plain through the columns of the Sunset that the whole thing is a gamble. If they had come out in Toronto with a plain statement of this sort there would have been no complaint, though the morality department might have taken them in hand. In place of this, however, they did through their agents persistently misrepresent facts. Their "come-on" literature was so worded that men and women throughout the province were under the impression that the stock of this "oily" company was an investment and not a gamble. In the meantime it would be well to remember that the Geological Survey condemns the project out of hand.

On February 26th this paper made reference to Athol George Robertson and his connection with the Severn River and Lake Couchiching Navigation Company. A victim had been touched by Athol for the sum of $50, and this financial "artist" had offered in return some of the stock in the aforesaid navigation company. Our advice was that the victim should get his money back if he could. Perhaps he had better consult a lawyer. There was also a reference to the Severn as a problem in navigation.

This reply has, it seems, raised the ire of Thomas W. Wood, manager of the Severn River and Lake Couchiching Navigation Company, and also of J. P. Secord, of Orillia, and J. W. Clipsham, of Sparrow Lake. Mr. Secord states that he has bought a block of stock in the Navigation Company because it is a good thing, but that he does not know anything about Robertson to whom we referred. I will enlighten him to the extent of stating that the aforesaid Robertson, while as crooked as a dog's hind leg, (he was jailed again on Saturday morning last for numerous offenses) has been promoting the Severn River and Lake Couchiching Navigation Company. In the advertisements published Athol George Robertson is called trustee and transfer agent of this corporation, and moreover subscriptions for stock are to be made payable to him at his offices, Manning Chambers, Toronto. (Mail sent to Toronto Jail would probably reach him more promptly.) I may venture to state that the officers and directors of the Severn River and Lake Couchiching Navigation Company have been most unfortunate in their choice of a business associate. For particulars see SATURDAY NIGHT of last week.

Following is one of the three letters received:

Severn River and Lake Couchiching Navigation Company, Ltd.
Orillia, Feb. 28th, 1910.

Editor Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—In your last issue of the Saturday Night, I see that you make some very untruthful remarks as to the navigation of the Severn River, and incidentally you take it upon yourself to injure the company of which I am manager, known as the "Severn River and Lake Couchiching Navigation Co."

Now, sir, I wish to inform you that we have been doing business on this river for upwards of ten years, sailing two boats, drawing upwards of 5 feet of water. These boats have a capacity of 200 passengers with freight, and through the busy season are daily loaded to their capacity. I may also say that there is another firm on the Severn River operating a boat, "Sparrow Lake Steamer Co.," and they also have similar boats with similar capacity. Just why you take it upon yourself to injure my company I am at a loss to know. And, when you say that the Severn River will only carry flat-bottom boats, small gasoline launches and canoes, you are either saying what you know is absolutely untrue, or you know nothing whatever about the facts.

Now, sir, from you I require an apology through your paper, and unless it is given, I will take action against you for dispensing wrongful information to the public.

In closing, I may say that this is the route that the Government will select for the northern outlet of the Trent Valley Canal, and the water is anywhere from 10 feet to 100 feet deep in the Severn River, with the exception of one or two places where the rocks project out. This recently has been improved to the satisfaction of the steamboat companies.

Yours truly, THOS. W. WOOD.

Port Hope, March 5, 1910.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT:

Dear Sir,—Your "Gold and Dross page is decidedly interesting. Your correspondent "Nixie" writes that he was among the unfortunates who paid 46c. for Otisse shares. Me, too. Let me give my experience of this company. Last June I received a wire from a Toronto Stock Exchange house—a firm of brokers with whom I had had no dealing whatever—as follows: "Advise purchase 'Otisse' for good advance, now selling 39." I acted on this advice, however, though I have since learned that there was a lawsuit hanging over the company, and that they were rapidly running out of working capital—facts of which they should have been well aware. Needless to add, the shares have been steadily declining ever since, though they won their lawsuit, and nothing untoward has developed at the property. Is not this a flagrant case of insiders using their private knowledge of the financial condition of their company to unload on the public, as doubtless these telegrams were sent out to others, and likely "Nixie" received one, too? Yours truly, T.

THE SATURDAY NIGHT has been favored with a copy of the prospectus of the Swastika Mining Co., and we have had several enquiries concerning this proposition.

The company is incorporated for 750,000 $1 shares, of which 450,000 went for the purchase of the property. The discovery lies half a mile from the T. & N. O. Ry. The out-cropping of quartz are very large, which have returned values by assay from 90 cents to $23.20.

The most important feature showing in the prospectus is the general moderation of the statements therein contained, and the fact that there have been no bull tips handed out in regard to it by the press, would show a lack of any tendency on the part of the promoters to mine the public. If the writer might offer any criticism, it would be that the purchase price is too large in view of the unsatisfactory history of quartz mining the world over. The stock was put on the market at 20 cents, which would represent $90,000 for the prospect, which is away ahead too much. However, it is infinitely ahead of the usual mining promotion, and since recent reports are to the effect that the values are holding at depth, we will all hope for the benefit of the stockholders and the country that Swastika will make good. As the mill on the property is reported to now be running, this paper will be glad to receive and publish a report of progress.

Markham, March 1, 1910.

Dear Sir,—If you had bought Chambers Ferland at 80, would you sell or hold?

R. A. M.

I would sell.

Thirty-Eighth Annual Exhibition of the O. S. A.

"A Fisherman's Home." W. St. Thomas Smith, A.R.C.A.

"The Evening Cloud of the North Land." J. W. Beatty, A.R.C.A.

"Gethsemane." F. S. Challener, R.C.A.

"Nightfall." M. H. Reid, A.R.C.A.

IT is not an uncommon thing to hear said, even among people who know and love good painting, and especially among people who think they do, that there is little art worth while being produced here in Canada. These amateurs are always ready to worship at the altars of foreign idols, but for the work of the native artist they have little more than a somewhat amused tolerance. And it is no use to tell them of the necessity of encouraging Canadian art if it is ever to realize its possibilities, for they will probably answer—and with a certain show of reason—that poor painting is poor painting, and that they cannot be expected to spend either time or money on bad canvases, just because they happen to be made in Canada. The only way to convince them is to give them good work. And then it will be for them to prove the sincerity of their protestations, by going to see the pictures, and by buying such as suit their taste and their purse.

Fortunately, this is a time when it is easy to make the carping critics the retort courteous and conclusive by pointing out a considerable quantity of excellent work, done by Canadian artists, and dealing largely with Canadian material. For the thirty-eighth annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists is now in progress, and it contains many paintings which would afford pleasure to even the most exacting judge of art. There are present works by Florence Carlyle, A. Suzor Cote, Clarence Gagnon, J. W. Beatty and others, which would be a credit to any collection in this country; and it is to be hoped that a substantial recognition of their worth will soon be given. There is also a small but extremely interesting and valuable display of sculpture by such men as Hebert and Laliberte.

Of course, it would be too much to say that all the paintings on exhibition, or even a large proportion of them, were of this high character. On the contrary, a great many of the canvases are entirely mediocre, and quite a few are frankly bad. On looking at certain of the pictures one cannot help wondering how in the world they ever managed to get past the Hanging Committee. There are others which are given places of prominence to which they have no claim. This is true of a very large picture by one of the most distinguished members of the Society, who had the courage to make a daring experiment on a large scale, but whose courage in hanging it in one of the most conspicuous spots in the gallery is less commendable.

There is always a temptation to compare one exhibition with another, and especially with previous exhibitions by the same Society. In the latter case comparisons are less apt to follow the ancient law which declares such things odious. And in the present instance, they redound very much to the credit of the Ontario Society of Artists. In the opinion of nearly all those who have seen this year's exhibition, it marks a distinct advance over the one held last year. The exhibits, both in painting and sculpture, are more numerous; and while it might be too much to say that the general average is much higher than last year, there are unquestionably a greater number of good pictures. Another interesting feature of this year's display, is the number of newcomers and the excellence of some of their work.

Among the first names on the list of contributors as given in the catalogue, is that of J. W. Beatty; and certainly this artist is entitled to rank among the first in order of merit as well as in that of the alphabet. He is well represented in this year's display, having five canvases on view. Two of them, which deal with much the same aspect of the scenery of northern Ontario, are quite large, while the rest are of less than average size. The smaller ones, however, are by far the most successful, especially the two Dutch views. The scene on the beach at Katwyke is a very charming little piece of work, full of life and restrained color. The same is true of the canal picture, with its fine handling of light and its subtle atmosphere.

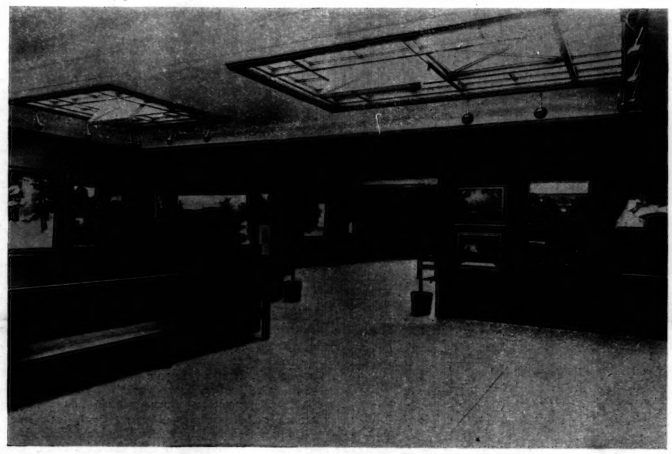
Of course, it is pleasant to see a painter of Mr. Beatty's great ability turn to Canadian scenery for his material. But it must be confessed that his efforts in this direction, however nobly inspired, have not been so successful as his treatment of European and especially Dutch subjects. His Dutch peasant girl with a large water-jug was one of the striking features of last year's exhibition, and this time his Dutch scenes are among the most interesting and pleasing works on view. But Mr. Beatty would probably be inclined to value more highly his two big scenes from the North Land. And certainly they possess an unusual interest, as such attempts to interpret the spirit of the North by a capable artist must always do. And they are nobly conceived. In both cases the view is across smooth water to low-lying land, over which arches the great northern sky—the dominating feature in the landscape of the far North as it is in the scenery of the far West. In one picture, however, the sky is gray, and the morning sun sheds a misty light through the veil. In the other the scene is of the sunset, and there is a splendid glowing quality about the evening clouds which fill the huge dome.

Of the two, the latter picture is the more successful, on account of its richer color. But they both err in the same way. They are too big for what they contain, and the lack of detail gives one a feeling of emptiness in looking at the big canvases. The conception is in both cases admirable, but it would have gained by expression in smaller pictures. As it is they contain a suggestion of having been "thrown up" on a screen. But they give great promise of what may be expected from Mr. Beatty when he will have "found himself" in Canadian scenery.

Two of the most striking pictures in the display are by A. Suzor Cote, whose pictures are familiar to Toronto art-lovers. But they are works which are bound to make an immediate impression. One cannot help taking them very much into account, even though one should finally make up one's mind not to like them. In the first place they are very brilliant pictures, and the paint is slapped on in masterly fashion. The result is a remarkably fine quality in the light effects. This is particularly true of his snow scene, in which he has given a masterly interpretation of the effect of sunlight on snow and water. And, however one might be inclined to question the authenticity of his interpretation, one would be forced, at least, to admit its daring and originality.

In his "Coureur de Bois," there is the same mastery of light and shade, though it might seem that the tones are a little too cold for sunlight filtering through the woods. It is a very brilliant picture, however, whose only serious fault is that the drawing of the central figure is not all that could be wished for. The woodman is somewhat out of proportion, and his pose is rather stiff.

Another very striking piece of Canadian scenery is "The Lumber Road," by F. H. Brigden. At last year's exhibition Mr. Brigden had a picture on a somewhat similar theme, but this year's work marks a great advance in his treatment of it. It is a very clever and very sincere performance, but it is somewhat too sharply definite in color. It lacks that elusive quality known as "atmosphere."



View of the Gallery in the Public Library Building, where the thirty-eighth annual exhibition of the Society is being held.

And talking of atmosphere, there is one large and well-placed painting which has atmosphere in tremendous quantities. The only trouble is that the atmosphere is a deep blue, where it isn't a livid green. The effect is therefore rather depressing, and while this may be a quite appropriate mood for the depiction of Gethsemane, the general impression is decidedly theatrical. Mr. Challoner is much better represented by the charming little decorative piece, "Sea Breezes," which depicts a girlish figure in graceful abandon—"only that and nothing more"—down by the sounding sea. It is all very prettily done, and shows that capable decorative artist at his best.

Brymner's portrait of Miss Buller is a clever piece of work, and the manner in which the gauzy fabric of the dress is suggested is extremely skilful. The background, however, with its pronounced pattern is rather too assertive, and the figure of the girl does not stand out as it should.

One of the most noticeable pictures in the exhibition is the splendid poster by C. W. Jefferys, "Linemen in New Ontario." A burly fellow clings to the top of a pole with both legs and one arm, while with the other he swings a heavy hammer. The thing is epic in its suggestiveness. Back of him rise rough slopes, while a little farther down in the valley stands a second pole, to the top of which another burly minion of the wire is clambering heavily with spiked feet. The drawing of the picture is excellent, and the raw color is admirably designed to heighten the effect of crude vigor. It would make a magnificent magazine-cover.

E. Wyly Grier has done a lot of excellent painting, as those who go out to exhibitions in Toronto have frequently had the opportunity of realizing. His "Children's Party," however, is not to be counted among his successes. He has tried many things in painting with very happy results, but this time his attempt has been singularly unfortunate for an artist of his undoubted ability. This big picture, showing a group of children about a table before a tremendously high window, is a striking instance of what a bad effect may be produced by a lot of good painting. Mr. Grier always lays on his color with fine technical efficiency, but in the present instance the color is raw and hard, the composition is confused, and the general result is strongly suggestive of the art features of certain Christmas supplements to newspapers. It is a very poor picture for so good a painter to father; and according to the catalogue, it is the highest-priced canvas in the exhibition.

A. M. Fleming has a couple of excellent pictures, dealing as usual with the sea and the fishing industry. One of these, "Salmon Fishing off the Banffshire Coast," is especially good. It shows a party of fishermen tugging at the nets in workmanlike fashion, while their schooner lies at the horizon line where cold grey sky meets cold grey water.

Clarence Gagnon has two charming pictures in the exhibition, one a picture of St. Malo across a stretch of water of that fine blue which is particularly his, and the other giving a golden autumn scene in a little town by the Seine. They are both beautifully painted, and are such pictures as one would covet for the walls of a home.

One of the prettiest pictures in the exhibition is by H. G. McNicoll, and is called "In a Surrey Orchard." A little girl is hanging out clothes to dry under the trees, through which the sun filters down in brilliant shafts of light. The whole thing is redolent of joyous and glowing life. A companion piece of similar character, though of slightly more restrained color and smoother workmanship, is Florence Carlyle's "Shadow and Sunlight." Here a woman sits in the chequered and luminous shade and watches a child at play. It is admirably done, as are all of the four canvases exhibited by this delightful artist, though "Pippa Passes" is hardly up to the standard of the rest of her work. "Mother and Child" shows a woman sitting with a baby in her arms in the warm glow of firelight. The modelling of the figures and the ruddy light of the fire are exquisitely rendered. Her "Book of Verse Beneath the Bough" is also a charming study of a graceful woman sitting under leafy branches with a book in her lap. Altogether, Miss Carlyle's work is among the most satisfying and most pleasing in the exhibition, and gives striking evidence of the development and achievement of this young Canadian artist who has attained success and recognition in New York.

W. St. Thomas Smith has four pictures in the exhibition, of which the best are the water-colors, "Evening, Firth of Forth," and "The Breaking Wave." The first-named is an especially fine piece of work, and it is cause for regret that it has not been given a better position.

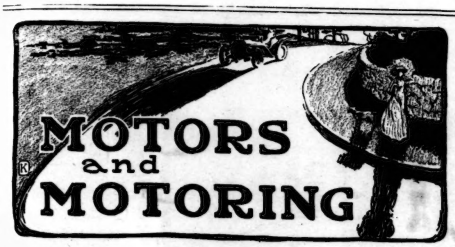
It is obviously impossible in this space to give anything like a detailed account of the pictures on display. Enough has been said, however, to show that there are on exhibition a number of paintings whose merit deserves at least the recognition of a visit. There are also a number of small pieces of sculpture by such men as Hebert and Laliberte, and these form one of the most attractive features of the exhibition. Hebert's "Springtime" is strongly suggestive of Rodin in its grace and exquisite finish, while "La Travailleuse" and "Le Mendiant" of Laliberte are splendid instances of strong and simple modeling.

"The Lumber Road." F. H. Brigden.

"Road through the Caledon Hills." Owen Staples.

"Linemen in New Ontario." Charles W. Jefferys.

"Wolfe's Cove, Quebec, in 1882." F. McG. Knowles, R.C.A.

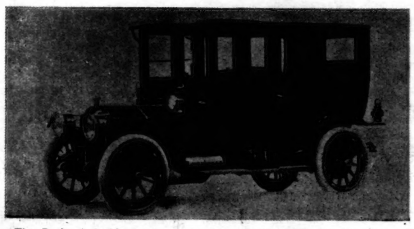


A WRITER in Motor Age, discussing the value of contests, says the information thus far obtained has been valuable alike to the car-builder and to the purchaser. He says:

"From year to year we have profited by our experience in contests in this country and each year have made them a little more rigid than the year previous. A still better guide would be furnished the buyer, and the information would be more accurate, were it possible to have all contests of a kind carried on under like rules, with a committee selected to govern the various contests, insuring like interpretation of the rules, and awards be made only after full consideration of all the entrants guided by the rules under which the contests were started and run. This would not only give the public the opportunity of judging the cars in each contest, but the various cars in the various contests. These results should be a telling criterion and of value, not only to the purchaser, but quite as much to the manufacturer who is earnestly endeavoring to produce the best car possible. They have the effect of demonstrating to each entrant if any competing car in the contest is better, and of showing to the world the best car.

"Speed contests are fascinating and instructive along certain lines. They may show the ability of the designer to produce a fast car, but this is sometimes done at the expense of durability. The history of the past shows that racing-cars have frequently differed even in the fundamentals from the stock product of the same make. In designing, speed can be taken into account as the main object and the results may be at the expense of long life and reliability. It is not always the snappy and fast motor which goes farthest. In speed contest, cars are as a rule entered with a view of covering the course in the shortest time, irrespective of cost, either as relates to the whole, or damage in the way of wear and tear, the question of the car at the finish in such even events being of secondary consideration, if considered at all.

"By following any of the large events it will be noted the amount of work in instances which is done on a racing-car to keep it going, and yet, if it crosses the tape first, it is heralded a winner, though other cars may have suffered less on account of the strain and hardship, and be capable of going much farther than the winning car. A most appropriate example is furnished by one important race this season where a certain car finished first and was pronounced the winner when it was known that, due to certain parts going out of commission, the car finished on three cylinders."



The Packard double coupe—a new type of automobile for town use. It affords protection to all the occupants of the car.

AMONG bodies the tonneau is the most popular, but it has been modified and changed from its general shape and appearance of a few years ago when it first became, as it now is, the typical motor car body. At first it was small and, if the truth be told, a most uncomfortable sort of thing in which to ride. It grew rapidly and beyond all reason both upward and outward toward the rear as the wheel-base was lengthened. Its back soon assumed the height of a chair of state and its spaciousness became so great that there was nothing for the poor little woman or the short-legged man to "hang on to." Foot rests then came into vogue and kept the hitherto unfortunate occupant from rattling around like a dried pea in a tin cup. It was soon seen that so much room in the tonneau, except in big seven-passenger cars, was not only unnecessary but, as we have tried to show, decidedly undesirable. Tonneaus began to shorten up and with this shortening came a lengthening of the motorists' vocabulary by the additions of such terms as tonneauette, baby tonneau, toy tonneau, close-coupled body, etc. There seems to be no need of such a great variety of terms, all covering practically the same thing and none expressing accurately what that thing is. To borrow a little from another writer, it can be said that the toy tonneau is not a plaything; the baby tonneau is not a perambulator. Both terms mean a tonneau with a tuck in it, as the modiste probably would say. There are lots of runabouts this year, cars built for two, with extra accommodations, possibly, on rumble seats for others. Runabouts have become a distinct breed as the special requirements of this class of cars make certain alterations in the chassis necessary.

Of closed cars there is a greater variety in type and finish than ever before. The limousine of days gone by, which was little else than a tonneau with a top built on it, is not so common as it once was. It was the original "closed car," and as such in its early days served all purposes, and was used as touring vehicle, town car and opera bus as well. The town car is now a definite type, like the runabout, and it has come to us not so much by way of the limousine as from the taxicab. It is an elaboration of the latter rather than a refinement of the former. It is the woman's shopping and calling vehicle, a comparatively small light weight, speedy car, capable of going quickly anywhere through city streets and city traffic that anyone can wish to go.

In interior decorations and elaborateness of fittings the closed cars of 1910 surpass anything before attempted in motor car luxury. From the deep cushions to the cut glass flower holder or the vanity box, the more extensively fitted out cars seem the last word in the carriage builder's book of knowledge. Nothing that could in any way add to the comfort or help to fill the requirements of those who use them is omitted. Specially built bodies are now frequently seen in which even writing desks are included among the "furnishings." The photographs which are reproduced herewith give a much better idea of the development along this line than we can hope to give in words.

The latest thing in bodies is the "torpedo" type. It is a modification of the tonneau and the objects of its design are chiefly to overcome the dust nuisance and to afford greater protection for those who ride. In the regular tonneau type the occupants of the front seat are freer from dust than those in the tonneau, but because of the open space between the dash and the front of the seat, they are subjected to greater draught and more dirt which blows in about the feet. The torpedo body overcomes both of these shortcomings of the tonneau in that the back (in the true torpedo) is so shaped that much less dust is drawn up from the road by the movement of the car and consequently the occupants of the rear seat are kept freer from it. The front seat is enclosed by doors on both sides or a door on one side and a panel on the other, so that those on the front seat are protected from draughts about the legs and the dirt is kept out.

CHAUFFEUR.

The proper study of mankind is a room where womankind can't get in. —Lippincott's.

Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"

DUNLOP TIRES

at the Toronto Automobile Show

The large tire shows the proportion of Automobiles fitted with Dunlop Tires as compared with the number fitted with any other make of tire.

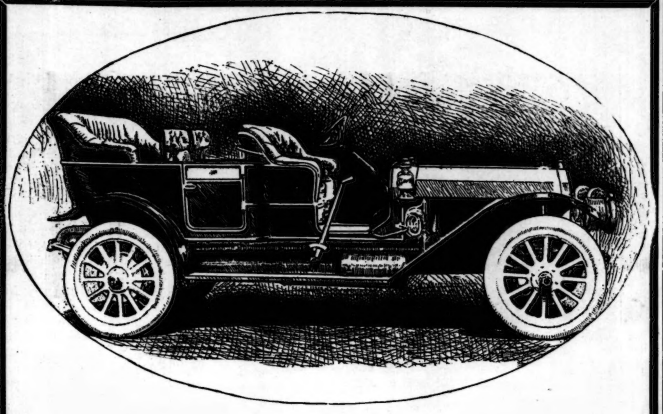
Number Two is the combined representation of all other "Made in Canada" tires as compared with Dunlop Tires.

No. 2 No. 3 No. 4

Number Three is the aggregate representation of the fourteen different makes of tires at the show, as compared with Dunlop Tires.

Number Four indicates the standing of the "Made in Canada" tire that made the best numerical showing against Dunlop Tires.

If Dunlop Tires Are Not Genuinely Good Why Are They Generally Popular?



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THE SYMBOL OF EXCELLENCE

IT would be positively impossible to find a greater amount of comfort, speed and elegance in any car, no matter what price, than is incorporated in the 1910 "WELCH."

These cars are the acme of motor car perfection, embodying many new and admirable features and at the same time retaining the old ones which have, in the past, caused the name "WELCH" to be the symbol of reliability and motor car excellence.

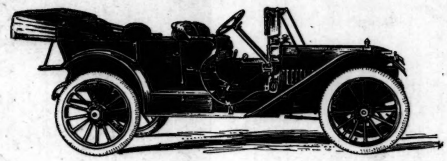
MODEL "S."	MODEL "R."	MODEL "6."
Touring Body.	Touring Body.	Touring Body.
7 Passenger.	7 Passenger.	7 Passenger.
4 Cylinder.	4 Cylinder.	4 Cylinder.
50 Horse Power.	70 Horse Power.	75 Horse Power.
Price, $4,500.	Price, $6,000.	Price, $8,000.

The McLaughlin Motor Car Co.

CANADIAN AGENTS FOR THE "WELCH"

Toronto Showrooms—Corner Church and Richmond Streets

Branches at Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, Calgary and St. John, N. B.



"THE OLDSMOBILE LIMITED"

THERE are no other cars on the market that show such good taste in finish and furnishing, or have such power and durability as the 1910 Oldsmobile cars—

The exquisite refinement of detail so noticeable in this remarkable line is the result of long experience and a determination in the great Oldsmobile factory to build the handsomest and most dependable cars in existence.

The cars are perfect mechanically because our exceptional force of mechanical experts make them so.

The "Limited" above pictured is one of the richest looking cars on the market to-day—it is the highest type of motor car building and represents what has been tried and found true.

If you would know more of these cars, visit our Showrooms—we find it a pleasure to give you any information, and a demonstration if you are interested.

IMPERIAL MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED

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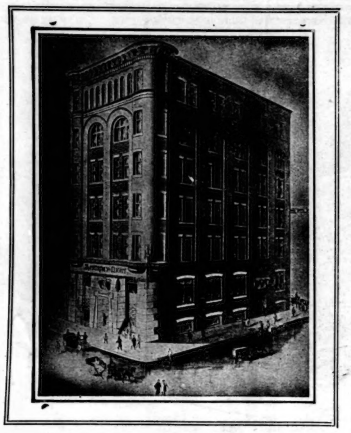


TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a thirty-two-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone {Private Branch Exchange connects with all Departments.} Main {6640 6641}

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:

Board of Trade Building, (Tel. Main 285) MONTREAL

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors.

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$3.00
Six Months	1.50
Three Months	.75

Postage to European and countries other than Great Britain and Colonies $1.50 per year extra.

Entered as second-class matter March 6th, 1908, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd 1879.

Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 23. TORONTO, CANADA, MARCH 12, 1910. No. 22.

!?. POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE .?!

A Great Newspaper Beat.

THE story was told in the last issue of SATURDAY NIGHT of the manner in which Charles Frederick Hamilton of The Toronto Globe "scooped" his rival, William Richmond Smith, of The Montreal Star, and managed to get through to his paper a list of those who were killed and wounded at Paardeberg.

This business of being a war correspondent has its ups and downs, and if Mr. Richmond Smith failed to win out on the above-mentioned occasion, he more than evened up matters by his great "beat" during the Japanese war, when he was able to tell the world the story of what was going on in front of Port Arthur four days ahead of any of the picked newspaper men who, like him, were attached to the 3rd Imperial Japanese Army under General Nogi.

Richmond Smith represented the Associated Press and Reuter's Telegram Company. For three long months the correspondents had every opportunity to witness the fighting in front of Port Arthur without the capture of a single important point in the Russian fortress belt, but were forbidden to send a line to the outside world where it was generally believed Port Arthur might fall any day. On November 2, 1904, the ban was lifted, and the correspondents were allowed to leave the army and take their dispatches to the nearest cable office. They were not allowed to use the army telegraph system in the field at all.

It was a great race with a wonderful chance for a world-beating scoop, and it was won by the Canadian, who succeeded in getting his five thousand word cable dispatch in the papers of New York and London four days ahead of any of his competitors. Deciding, unlike the other correspondents who preferred going by train to Yin-Kow, that the best way was to make the trip across the Gulf of Pe-Chi-Li, a distance of ninety miles, to Che-Foo, at which place was the terminus of the cable in North China, Mr. Richmond Smith had made his plans carefully, and weeks before had secured permission to charter a small steamship and had special night lights and day flags for her recognized by Admiral Togo in the navy orders, so that she might be able to go in and out of the naval cordon blocking the entrance to the harbor of Port Arthur. When permission to start was given, the Canadian had his message censored, and then set out on a ride of twenty-six miles to Shao-Ping-Tao over almost impassable mountainous roads. On reaching the port he found his steamer, the Genbu Maru, at anchor in the harbor. Receiving instructions to report to the naval officer in command of the harbor, he was notified that his despatch boat could not sail before daybreak. Realizing that this and other threatened delays would result in his being beaten, Richmond Smith held his message over the blazing fire in the cabin and threatened that if he was detained until daybreak he would burn the despatch, and thus the important objects which the Japanese War and Navy departments had sought to attain would not be accomplished.

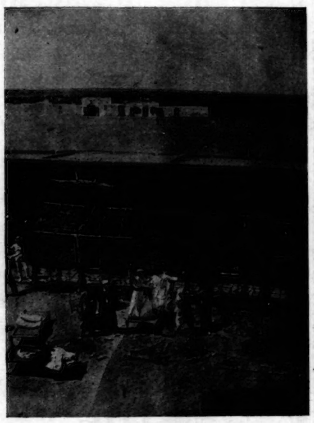
The officer relented and stipulated that the Genbu Maru might go as far as the guardship, and if the officer in command there would take the responsibility of passing her, she might sail for Che-Foo. Fortunately all went well, and the little craft was allowed to go on her way. Later it transpired that the harbor was full of mines which, being invisible at night, might have resulted in the destruction of the boat and all on board.

When the Genbu Maru arrived at Che-Foo on the morning of November 3 there was great excitement. The message was sent off after sime difficulty—once the Chinese port officials were satisfied, and the correspondent returned at once to Shao-Ping-Tao. This was the only instance during the war when the Japanese Army authorities placed such confidence in a foreign war correspondent for they merely censored his message and sent him alone to Che-Foo, accepting his word of honor that he would not change his despatch or disclose to anyone the disposition of their troops or their plan of campaign.

Had he broken faith he could have added a chapter to his message telling of the crushing repulse that befell General Nogi's troops, news which would have shown the world that Port Arthur was in no immediate danger of falling. He kept faith, however, and returned to the army where he remained until Port Arthur was given up to the Japanese, and he entered the captured stronghold with the victorious troops.

Justice Osler Leaves the Bench.

MR. JUSTICE OSLER, who has just left the bench of Appeal Judges, was elevated from a law office which has given many judges and statesmen to the service of the public of Ontario. He was once the law partner of Sir Charles Moss, chief justice of Ontario, and others who have been connected with the historic law firm with which the name Moss is still associated were the late Justice Thomas Moss, Chief Justice Sir Glenholme Falconbridge, Dr. N. W. Hoyles, head of the law school of the province of Ontario and Hon. Allan Aylsworth, Minister of Justice. Hon. Featherstone Osler practiced law in Toronto some years before his younger and justly celebrated brother, the late B. B. Osler, who originally practiced in Dundas and was Crown Attorney of Wentworth before he came to this city to win fame. He is the eldest of the celebrated family of that name and before he went on the bench was known as one of the staunchest and cleanest political workers in Toronto. Like his brother, Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., he was a Conservative, and at election time he was never ashamed to join hands with the electors at large to win a clean fight. While on the bench he was one of those judges who was not ashamed to lift his voice for electoral purity in this province at a time when the freedom of choice at the polls seemed to be menaced. Eight or nine years ago he was one of the Rota judges assigned to try the election petitions following a general election for the legislature and sat upon the West Elgin case when Mr. Donald McNish vacated the seat. In the same year he heard, with a brother judge, the South Ontario petition when it appeared that there had been widespread bribery. The judges reported several members of the famous "dark-lantern brigade" for bribery and their names were sent to the Crown authorities. Apparently they were promptly pigeon-holed. Justice Osler kept his eye on the newspapers and saw no signs that any proceedings were to be commenced against the corruptionists. He waited until patience was exhausted and then sat down and penned a communication to the Crown Attorney of Ontario county enquiring what had been done to prosecute the men whom he and his brother judge had reported. His letter which received publicity drew public attention to the manner in which election crooks were laughing at the law. The Government, however, reluctantly was compelled to take action and his epistle was an important contributary in the cleaning up in the affairs of Ontario that not long afterward ensued.



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The held where the military manœuvres and entertainment are to be held in honor of the ex-President at Khartoum, Egypt.

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HON. GIFFORD PINCHOT.

The former head of the United States Forest Service is now on the stand, testifying in the Ballinger-Pinchot feud, at Washington.

Fancy a butcher running for office nowadays, exclaims an exchange.

If the prodigal son should return to-day, remarks The Atlanta Journal, he would find the fatted calf boycotted.

TOLD IN THE LOBBY

OTTAWA, MARCH 9.

ANYONE who has visited the House of Commons when that body is in motion, and has gazed from the galleries on the legislators busily engaged at $2,500 per head, in escaping work, has noted with feelings of curiosity, not unmixed with awe, Mr. Speaker seated in his carved oak chair, with lions and unicorns rampant all over it. In his progress to and from his chambers to the House, Mr. Speaker wears a curiously shaped cocked hat, resembling nothing so much as those mysterious three-cornered pies which made Banbury famous. Every first Commoner has worn one, but the present occupant of the Chair, the Honorable Charles Marcil, when he came into office last year, ordered at vast expense a more rakish looking tile, with less severe lines, which he generally wears on his passage to and from the chamber with a distinct list to starboard. It is this hat which the other day was on the verge of precipitating a parliamentary crisis, compared to which the Canadian navy and the Lumsden charges are mere child's play.

The Honorable "Charlie" lost his hat, and he did not know it was missing until a few minutes before the House was due to meet at three o'clock. The peg on which it hung, with the equally famous silk gown, was empty. Colonel Smith, the genial Sergeant at Arms, bearing on his shoulders the mace, was waiting at the door to head the procession. But where in the world was that hat? A whole army of messengers started in to turn the apartments inside out. Cupboards were rifled, drawers were ransacked, but no sign of the hat. The very constitution was quivering, as there is no precedent on record of any Speaker opening the daily sittings of the Commons without his traditional headgear. The crisis was so grave that even the famous British North American Act on a dusty shelf in the library stirred uneasily inside its vellum bindings.

Up in the clock tower, Big Ben boomed the hour of three. Members gathered in the chamber for their daily religious exercises—which exercises, by the way, are carefully hidden from the view of ordinary plebians. Still the procession was delayed. The Sergeant at Arms got so excited that the end of the mace nearly extinguished an eye of the guardian of the Speaker's rooms. Had the underling been engaged in any other exercise but that of rubbing his eye, in an effort to keep awake, the consequences might have been serious. From the apartments came the sound of furniture being violently moved and the dulcet tones of the Honorable Charlie wondering what had happened to his tile. Then from the interior came a shrill note of triumph, Madame Marcil appeared, bearing in her hand the derelict headgear. It appeared that a little girl relative had taken the hat in which to put her doll to sleep, and the three-cornered tile was discovered under a bed, and inside it was cuddled up the little rag baby. Thus was the constitution saved in the very nick of time, and the procession hastened into the Chamber with all the pomp and panoply of State.

* * *

THE chief "jollier" in the House is Hon. George Perry Graham, the Minister of Railways and Canals. His good humor is irresistible, and he escapes from many a tight corner by reason thereof. The Graham smile is different from the sunny one which made Sir Wilfrid famous. It is a broad, big-hearted grin. An instance of the Minister's "jollying" tactics, successfully employed, was given on Monday during an animated talk over the question of granting water powers to private individuals. This is one of those bug-bears of Parliament, and frequently raises its head. The Opposition argued long and lustily against neglecting what they thought were the people's interests, although Mr. Graham pointed out that these were adequately safeguarded by the Railway Commission. Two hours were consumed. Provincial rights were dragged in, and eventually the talk concerning water powers died of exhaustion. The next bill on the order paper was that standing in the name of Mr. Alexander Haggart, of Winnipeg, to incorporate the Congregational Union of Canada.

"Any water powers asked for in this?" enquired an Opposition member facetiously.

"Oh, no," laughed Mr. Graham. "This is not a Baptist aggregation." Whereat the House smiled hugely.

* * *

THE never-ending debate on the naval bill has proved that this is a Parliament of talkers. The flood of verbosity for the past five weeks has engulfed public business and drowned all hopes of an early prorogation. In the vortex of words some flotsam and jetsam of humor has been whirled. For instance, Mr. C. A. Magrath, the member for Medicine Hat, who is the tallest man in the House, declared that Canada had as much need of a navy as a resident of Hades had of a buffalo coat, while Mr. J. J. Donnelly urged strongly that there should be room set aside for the three-hour-speech men, labelled the "hot air chamber," where they could spout forth their feelings to their heart's content without worrying anyone. That is a common sense suggestion. Were it not for Hansard this debate would have ended inside of a week. Those members on both sides who have bubbled over with repetitions of threadbare arguments, would undoubtedly have bottled up their eloquence and clamped down the lid on their party enthusiasm, had there been no man at the little table with ready pen and nimble fingers to faithfully chronicle utterances "from grave to gay, from lively to sincere." One thing is certain: the public, generally, is losing what little interest it had in the question of naval defence as a result of the precipitation of the whole matter into the arena of partydom. Parliament for the past month has been engaged in the not very elevating occupation of muckraking—and pretty dirty muck at that.

* * *

THE three Opposition members on the committees to enquire into the Lumsden charges, viz., Messrs. Barker, Crothers, and Lennox, have decided not to play any more in the Liberal yard. The whole proceedings so far have resembled nothing so much as seven small boys playing marbles, and accusing each other of unfairness. What the outcome will be no one seems to know. There is talk of compelling the disgruntled Opposition members to sit, as they were appointed by the House, and that body is the only one which can relieve them of their duties. Should they disobey this mandate, Messrs. Barker, Crothers and Lennox may be escorted to the Tower by the Sergeant at Arms and kept on bread and water until they promise to be good little boys again. In the case of Mr. Crothers, who hails from the town of St. Thomas, this might be an inexpensive way of undergoing a diet treatment, as he is one of the stoutest men in the House. However the Sergeant at Arms would manage to get him up the steps of the Tower is a mystery. These stairs are of the spiral type, and are very narrow, and it is possible that Mr. Crothers might get stuck in one of the turns. So in case the tower should prove impossible of access, recourse might be had to one of the subterranean dungeons where, with nothing but the boom of the Chaudiere to disturb them, the obstinate members of His Majesty's loyal Opposition might carry out their role of martyrs in the public interest.

And so the war of words in Parliament goes merrily on, and after being in session for nearly four months, and doing practically nothing in the way of placing legislation on the statute books, members are circulating "round robins" asking for an early prorogation. It is safe to assume that the song of these little birds will fall on deaf ears.

THE MACE.

DRAWN BY A CANADIAN.

This drawing of Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, reproduced from The Sketch, is the work of a well-known Montreal artist, R. ... Mathews, who is at present residing in London, where he is winning much success. For many years Mr. Mathews was on the staff of a Montreal newspaper and has long been well known for his excellent studies in pastels of celebrities, his sittters, to mention but a few, having included Lady Minto, Lady Eileen Eliot, and some of the members of Lord Grey's family. Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, who is a sister of the Countess of Cromartie, has recently been dancing at a London music hall in order to raise funds for a school in which she is interested.

Prejudice Against Sleep.

WHY can some men sleep at will and some nervous men, too, while others, sometimes very "heavy" men, with apparently immovable nerves, are tortured by insomnia? Why, too, do some men seem to obtain sufficient rest with five hours sleep, while others require nine? Do some men "sleep slow," as Mr. Smedley jocularly argued in one of his amusing stories, or do they actually require more sleep? The popular prejudice against sleep works an infinity of mischief. There are plenty of sluggards even among the cultivated class, but the sleep sluggard is in that class a very rare specimen. The tendency of the educated is to wakefulness, and the man who does intellectual work and exhibits what his friends think a disposition to oversleep is obeying a healthy instinct. Sleep recuperates him and he knows it.—The Family Doctor.

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SIFTING THE DIRT.

Some day, perhaps, the screen we use will have a coarser mesh.—Glackens in Puck.

THE RED FOX

A Few of His Tricks

By MARK ROBINSON

TOO well known to need description; the joy of the hunter; hated by the farmer, yet one of his best friends; hunted trapped, and poisoned by experts everywhere, the red fox holds his own in every section of the country. In fact he appears to thrive and increase best under the most difficult conditions.

"Go on, that fox is as dead as a door—" Reynard was gone into the brush.

Have you ever during the spring months visited a fox den where a mother fox and family reside? If not, one of nature's treats has been missed. In crossing a piece of woods one fine spring afternoon I was attracted to a place by a most peculiar noise. Moving forward with extreme caution, I approached the brow of a high hill on the banks of the Nottawasaga River, an ideal spot for a fox den. The afternoon sun shone warm on the hillside and I approached carefully. But the disturbance ceased when I arrived at the spot. What appeared to be a well worn path down the hill caused me to remain quiet and await results. Suddenly a tawny, yellow little animal appeared and disappeared several times. At last he was followed by a half dozen more young foxes. Then the row started once more, and down the hill on their path went rolling, tumbling, and growling, a bundle of the young rogues. At the bottom they would break away and rush up the hill a distance, then disappear into a hole only to appear higher up or lower down the hill from some under-ground passage, and repeat the tumbling act. A sharp cry in a thicket close by told me I had been seen by mother fox, and the little fellows were gone in a flash. All was still, but from a couple of holes there could be seen a moment later a small pointed nose and sharp eyes curious to know the danger. The moment I moved from my position I was seen and all vanished. Examining the den I found a number of holes for fully fifty feet up the hill. The path had been made by the young foxes, and no doubt was an ideal play ground. At the foot of the hill was a much larger entrance to the den. At the mouth of this entrance was a perfect litter of refuse, among which I noticed wings of ducks, turkeys, geese, chickens, crows, grouse, and other small birds, also feet of small pigs and lambs, fur of hares, woodchucks, and muskrats, as well as refuse from a slaughter house fully two miles distant. This fox den was about one quarter of mile from the buildings of a farmer of my acquaintance. I called at his place and made inquiry regarding missing fowl, etc., and was assured by all the family that their fowl were never molested by foxes, and that these marauders always went some distance to steal fowl. Inquiry revealed the fact that farmers two and three miles distant were contributing their share of fowl toward the keep of the fox family.

However, in the course of a few months these losses would be fully repaid. Foxes are great mousers. During the twilight hours, morning and evening, they may be seen in the grain fields hunting small rodents that would make farming almost impossible were it not for the tireless energy of the foxes in hunting and destroying them. No doubt this great supply of food during the summer and autumn months accounts for the large numbers of foxes always to be found in farming districts.

Boating with a friend one evening on the Nottawsaga river, we were watching a cople of flocks of young wild ducks which with the mother ducks swam toward us. This action on the part of the ducks surprised us as we had always noticed young ducklings make to the shore or hide in weeds. My friend noticed an animal swimming in the water; we went after it, a few strokes of our paddles brought us close enough to see it was a red fox that scrambled up the bank into the dense growth of ferns. At the same moment we saw another fox standing in the weeds watching the ducks and ourselves. Then was revealed to us another of the fox's cunning tricks. One fox had gone into the water and was endeavoring to drive the mother ducks and helpless young to the shore where his confederate was ready to pounce upon them. We allowed our boat to drift down stream some distance. The ducks followed us for a time, then went past us and disappeared down stream. The foxes appeared on the banks again, took a short look at us and went their way. My friend's only comment was: "The rogues! I wonder would they have divided the spoil?"

On another occasion I joined a party of four to go fishing on the Georgian Bay. Rain had fallen heavily during the early morning hours, settling the dust on the sand cliffs along the river, thousands of cliff swallows were flying around and in and out of their nests in holes along the top of sand cliffs. Our attention was drawn to over a dozen of those nests that had been dug out and destroyed since the rain of the morning. Going on shore we found dozens of fresh fox tracks leading up the banks to the perpendicular face of cliff. At this point the fox was still about nine feet below the nests of the swallows, and here was where he showed his cunning by commencing to scratch the sand down making a small mound, thus raising himself up and at the same time undermining the nests. The contents no doubt they devoured with relish. We discovered traces of dozens of nests previously destroyed in the same manner.

Foxes are very fond of skunk meat. I have known of an instance where a fox has dug a large skunk out of his den and eaten part of it. I also saw a skunk that was captured in the same den with a fox by a veteran hunter, Mr. Wm. C. Webb, of Edenvale, Ont. Each animal occupied a separate chamber in the den, but as to whether the residence in the den was accidental or mutually desired I am not prepared to give an opinion.

On another occasion Mr. Webb had been enjoying a day's sport with the hounds. It had been a long, hard run after an old fox who had led the way across plowed fields, running along the plow ridges, trying to get on the bare earth to throw his pursuers off his scent. Not being successful, he led away for several miles across country and returned, during which time he was seen by several farmers to lead the hounds to a barnyard, then dash across among the cattle, endeavoring to cast off the hounds, as no doubt he had often done before. But it was a case of a veteran vs. veteran. At last the old champion dashed to the woods, crossed and recrossed his tracks, and finally, tired out, he holed. Some workmen brought shovels and in an hour Reynard was no more. Yet the hounds showed a desire to follow a hole that branched off the one from which the fox had been taken. Mr. Webb knew by their actions other game was there; and assisting the dogs, he was surprised to see them bring out two fine large racoons. This is the only instance I know of where racoons went to den in the earth and in company with a fox.

On another occasion I had the pleasure of a hunt with Mr. Webb and party. Less than twenty minutes after starting out we had a fine large fox moving. A soft snow had fallen during the night, and the run was fast and furious. Reynard's brush began to clog with snow, and he was unequal to keeping up the pace. Soon he showed signs of distress and ran to the top of a buff where the snow had drifted over making a drop of about thirty feet. Here he stood and waited until the leading dog was within a hundred feet of him, then with a bound went over the bank with the hound after him. He lit quite lightly on the snow below, while the hound appeared stunned for a few minutes. Reynard ran along the face of the bluff about one hundred yards, and easily scaled the height. Upon reaching the top he met the other dog. With a dash he made for the same point and repeated his trick, this time without success. The first dog had recovered from his surprise and turned the tables by putting Reynard under a stump where a few minutes afterward he paid the penalty. One of the party had watched the performance from a clear point not far away, and felt quite confident that the fox had planned that the first dog would follow his tracks and fail to get up the bank while he could repeat the trick with the other dog, and gain time to escape in another direction.

I was always at a loss to account for the crow's wings occasionally seen around a fox den. A couple of friends vouch for the following story. They were out driving, and in passing a piece of rough land they noticed a number of crows making a great noise, flying around and swooping down at something upon the ground. Standing up in their rig they were able to see a red fox lying upon a knoll, apparently quite fast asleep. They watched for a time. The crows were growing bolder and coming closer, when a yellow streak bounded up, there was a snap, and Reynard was away with his well earned prize.

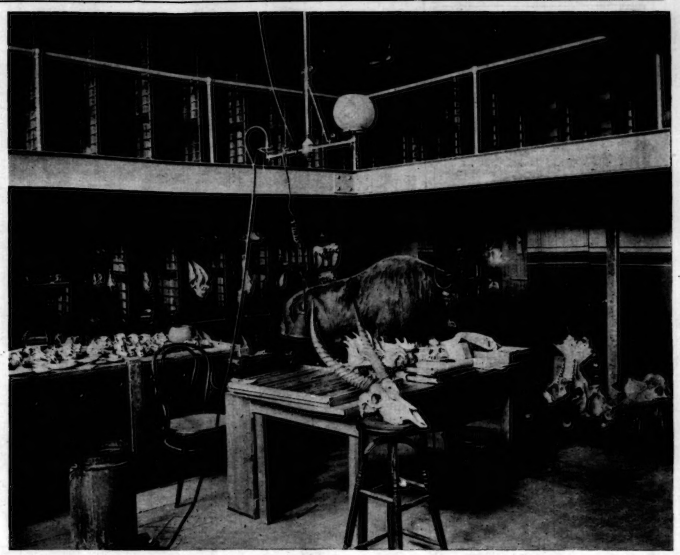
I have often heard my companion tell a good joke on a friend whom they were hunting with. It had been a hard run. The dogs had almost given up the chase and could he heard away in the distance. Suddenly there was a bang and a yell that brought the crowd together. There lay Reynard where he had fallen and the lucky hunter was telling how he had fooled the old chap and brought him down with a charge of duck shot. One of the party suggested removing the pelt.

"Just let him lie there a while, boy; I want to look at him while I smoke this pipe. Then I'll take it off in a jiffy."

A boy in the party said: "I saw him open his eye right now."

"Go on; that fox is as dead as a door."

The rest would not look well in print. Reynard was gone into the brush.



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A CORNER OF THE ROOSEVELT ROOM AT THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE,
Washington, D.C., where the five hundred specimens secured by the ex-President are to be examined and arranged. This is the first picture showing the first batch of arrivals.

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JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S GENERAL EDUCATION BOARD,
which has already received $52,000,000, and which on account of the proposed increase of the General Education Fund to over $100,000,000, will further extend their duties. In the group sitting from left to right: Dr. Wallace Buttrick, Executive Secretary; Frederick T. Gates, Chairman; George Foster Peabody, Treasurer; Dr. Edwin A. Alderman. Standing from left to right: Dr. Harry Pratt Judson, Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, Starr J. Murphy, Dr. Albert Shaw, Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, Dr. Hollis B. Frissell, Dr. Walter H. Page.

Told of Bonar Law.

PROBABLY more good stories are told of Mr. Bonar Law than of any of the politicians of first rank on either side of the British House of Commons, says a writer in M.A.P.

At the time of the last General Election, Mr. Bonar Law was speaking in Glasgow and happened to refer to the attitude Mr. Balfour then took on the fiscal question. He pointed out that the "English people love compromise," and instanced the course taken by Henry VIII. at the time of the Reformation.

Whereupon the following question was handed up to be answered: "Is the candidate aware that Mr. Balfour is a bachelor and that Henry VIII. was much the reverse?"

"Yes," replied the candidate—"but possibly Mr. Balfour might not be a bachelor if he could be sure of getting rid of his wives as easily as Henry VIII.!"

As a platform orator Mr. Law is undoubtedly one of the best half-dozen speakers in Britain to-day. In appearance he is a spare, upright man of average height, with reddish brown hair, a moustache, and kind eyes.

Although he is a Scotsman by parentage, he was born in New Brunswick, Canada, in the year 1858, the son of the Rev. James Law, Presbyterian minister in that province, and of Eliza, daughter of the late Mr. William Kitson, an iron merchant of Glasgow.

His boyhood until the age of twelve was spent in Canada; and this partly accounts for the keen interest he takes in all that makes for the welfare of the Dominion. At twelve he came to Glasgow, presently to attend the commercial section of the High School, being destined for commerce.

Of this stage of his career, Mr. Bonar Law himself gives an interesting note. "As a boy in the High School I remember being told by one of the masters: 'You have every kind of sense except common sense!'—a character sketch which I hope now could be reversed with more truth."

Inaugurating a Society Column.

THERE is no more attractive part of a newspaper than the society column, nor any more useful to those whom it is intended to serve. Prejudice against the publication of items formerly considered an offensive intrusion upon private affairs now hardly lingers in the most conservative quarters. A record in the public prints of the comings and goings of society people is held to be almost as essential as the publication of the races, or the high and low on the stock market, and reports of the festivities of society appeal to at least a very large minority. It is generally understood that in gathering this class of news the workers assigned to that branch are rather likely to be embarrassed with volunteer aid. But when the daily press of Canada first began to include society matter in its columns the public attitude was far different.

A young newspaperman in an eastern town, who has since graduated into the ranks of professional politicians, many years ago conceived that a chronicle of the more important happenings in local society would add a piquant flavor to the columns of his paper, and while the idea was still fermenting in his ambitious brain, he heard that a literary light from Boston had recently visited a retired concert soprano of his own town. The newspaperman immediately called upon the lady and made known his object.

"I understand, Mrs. P.," he began, "you had some people in last evening to meet Dr. ——, of Boston. People are much interested in the circumstances of the doctor's visit, and perhaps you will not mind telling me, for my paper, what form of entertainment you adopted for the doctor and your friends."

"Certainly not, Mr. C.," said the lady, "nothing could have been simpler. We arranged our chairs about the fireplace thus, and, and talked."

"Yes, Mrs. P.," said the reporter, "and after that?"

"And after that, Mr. C., we went and stood on our heads in the corner."

"What, ladies and all, Mrs. P.?"

"Ladies and all, Mr. C."

And the inauguration of the society column was temporarily deferred.

Premier Roblin's Bowling Boy.

ALL Manitoba is tittering over the funny mistakes which have been made by a number of eastern papers in confusing Premier Roblin with his youngest son, George, in imagining that the first minister has been on a bowling trip east. George, or as he is better known in Winnipeg, "Jake," who is a reporter—and a good one—on the staff of the Winnipeg Telegram, is an enthusiastic bowler. He is a member of the Winnipeg Wanderers one of the teams which made the trip recently to the big Detroit tournament and played at a number of other points including Hamilton and London.

At the Forest City an enterprising reporter became seized with the idea that the western premier was a member of the visiting team and sprung a sensational scoop the day before the match by announcing that "Twenty-seven Winnipeg bowlers, including Premier Roblin of Manitoba, will bowl against the locals, etc." It was headed up "Premier Roblin will bowl against the locals." Just what was said when the reporters met the train and sought an interview with the premier is not on record.

As a matter of fact, the premier is at present at Hot Springs for his health and is not even able to attend the Legislature which is now in session, let alone bowl.

Perhaps, as The Wall Street Journal observes, the cost of high living has something to do with the high cost of living.

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JOHN D ROCKEFELLER, SR.,
Asks a charter of Congress to give back $500,000,000 to the public. One-third of his fortune is to go to form the most stupendous charity the world has known. One-third to promote education. The other third to his family. The charity is to be used to meet all needs of mankind due to fire, flood, pestilence and earthquake.

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Keep Good DIGESTION and an Active Liver with
Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt
SOLD EVERYWHERE. 33

THE use of a refreshing and soothing toilet rub after a close shave is a luxury that is appreciated by the man of sensitive skin.
Campana's Italian Balm
by reason of its sanative and antiseptic properties makes a pleasant emollient for daily use. Besides removing the smart and irritation, its delicate, refreshing odor imparts a grateful sense of cleanliness to the user.
All Druggists 25c the bottle
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Matinees Daily 25 | Week of Mar. 14 | Evenings 25 & 50
In Burnt Cork
AL JOLSON
The Funniest Monologue of the Season.
SMITH & CAMPBELL
In "Camping Out."
HARRY DE COE
The Man with the Table and the Chairs.
LES TROMBETTA
Parisian Dancing Novelty.
MARCEL & BORIS
Equilibrists, in Original Work.
THE KINETOGRAPH
All New Pictures.
Special Extra Attraction
JOS. HART'S BATHING GIRLS
With Glenwood White and Pearl Hunt.

GAYETY
HIGH CLASS BURLESQUE
DAILY MATINEES LADIES 10c
WEEK OF MAR. 14
OUR HOME TOWN BOY
AL REEVES
AND HIS
BIG BEAUTY SHOW
WEEK OF MAR. 21
LOUIS ROBIE'S
KNICKERBOCKER BURLESQUERS

EVERY young man looks for three essential points in his footwear—smart, distinctive style, comfort and long service. The AUTOCRAT styles this season are reproductions of the made-to-measure New York models. They are made of the best materials procurable in spite of the strong temptation to skimp on quality owing to the sharp advance in leather. The AUTOCRAT fits snugly at heel, toe and instep, and in durability will outlast any ordinary shoe.
Made in all leathers, to fit all feet,
$4 and $5.
Blachford's
114 YONGE ST., TORONTO

THE DRAMA

RICHARD BUTLER,
One of his love scenes in the title role of "Ben Hur," at the Princess next week.

IF it be true that Miss Anna Held is to retire from the stage within a very few months, then it cannot be said that the English speaking stage will have lost a gem of purest ray serene or that her retirement eclipses the gaiety of nations. If there are any regrets they should come from the dressmakers, for, in reality, the monetary success of this woman has been largely due to her sartorial effects. The only person who could do full justice to the production of "Miss Innocence" at the Princess Theatre this week is the Fashion editor. Miss Held has never possessed the talent and magnetism that could shine in drab gowns. She has a trick of peeling an uncommonly stony pair of eyes, a few bodily gyrations that a man from the lumber camps might deem seductive, and a form in which Hogarth's line of beauty figures extensively. These she supplements with a touch of the effrontery generally associated with the Parisian cafe chanteuse, although it is not recorded that she was ever a success in Paris, and with this her claim on public attention is exhausted. When she tries to really act, as she does for a few moments in "Miss Innocence," she merely whines.

The Zeigfeld shows in which Miss Held has of late years been the predominant figure, are invariably an attempt to bring the atmosphere of the burlesque house where raffish men congregate, and smoke, and leer, into the higher priced theatres patronized by women of refinement. Gorgeous and beautiful to the eye as they frequently are, the streak of smut is across them like the smudge of a dirty finger. This is the more irritating because "Miss Innocence" is a spectacle that could succeed without it. In fact, with its gorgeous embellishment it should appeal particularly to women. There is another man also who is engaged in this work of corruption, and he is Mr. Richard Carle. If you ask a theatrical manager why Zeigfeld or Carle spoil entertainments that are otherwise bright and good with this sort of thing, he will tell you, "Oh, this is a New York show; it was not put together for the provinces." And if you ask a genuine New Yorker about it he will tell you, "Oh, real New York people do not go to see these shows; they are for the visitors who are in town for a 'time.'" The idea of a girl absolutely ignorant of the world and of sex has frequently been handled charmingly and cleanly in the past. Gilbert showed the way in "Pygmalion and Galatea." The sweetness and ingenuous charm of Mrs. Kendall in such scenes is a tradition with playgoers of the seventies, while playgoers of the nineties remember the virginal tenderness of Julia Marlowe in the delicate situations allotted to Galatea. Miss Held being devoid of sweetness or charm in any healthy sense of the word plays her role in the opposite manner. But even played with intention the piece is innocuous for the most part. It is the attempt rather than the result which annoys. This defect aside, the pictures are superb; they are not only bewildering in color and variety, but of satisfying richness. The opening scene of the second act, with its groups of coryphees, is like a series of pictures by Degas. A prettier collection of girls was probably never assembled. The leading actors are also excellent. Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay plays a role which he has made famous with all his well-known aplomb and grace of bearing. It is that of Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay. Mr. C. A. Bigelow, the veteran comedian, who possesses an inexhaustible fund of quiet and ingratiating drollery, changes his costume every ten minutes, and really carries the show on his shoulders.

* * *

The authors of the little farce to be seen at the Alexandra Theatre this week have left the identity of the character signified in the title, "A Certain Party," in doubt, but presumably Mr. Mike Donlin (the novelist, Henry James, would call him "the great" Mike Donlin), is meant. Unquestionably, the real party is his wife, Miss Mabel Hite, who even if she did win her fame chiefly by marrying the star batsman of the National League, has ample talent to justify it. It seems rather a pity that Mr. E. W. Townsend and Mr. O'Malley, one of the bright young men of the New York Sun, did not take a professional playwright into partnership when they devised this entertainment, for, despite the fact that it keeps one's risibilities continually titillated with its witty topical talk, it leaves a sense that it is not a full evening's entertainment. It is almost a monologue for Miss Hite, and she sustains the interest in herself admirably, but the task is too heavy for any woman. The only hope that the piece has is to turn it into an old-fashioned "farce-comedy" of the type that Donelly and Girard, Bobby Gaylor and John T. Kelly (who is so admirable in support of Miss Hite) used to present. The management has undertaken the impossible task of making a wildly improbable story a convincing picture of New York life, and despite the breezy dialogue, the tale entirely fails to seize the interest of the audience. When Miss Hite and Miss Kelly frankly step out of the picture into the free and easy domain of vaudeville, everyone is delighted and cannot have enough of it. With more dancing, more singing and more specialties, the show with its little story to hold it together, should prove a lively and popular entertainment.

Miss Mabel Hite, who is a Kansas City girl with less than ten years' stage experience, has a sure and delightful comic touch that promises much for her future. She has a plastic, mimetic quality in all that she does which is associated only with an inborn theatrical gift. This is shown in her spontaneous use of gesture and facial expression in her magnetism, and in the gusto which she brings to her task. It is a talent which should be developed and refined, and in that case we may look to excellent things from her in future. Mr. John T. Kelly, ever unctious, easy and magnetic, is an object lesson to comedians younger in years, but more strenuous, in the small effort he exercises to gain his points. One remembers nothing more amusing in a broadly comic way than the visage of Miss Ada Ames who plays the role of the old Irish woman with social aspirations; its rapid play of expression is unique and continuously droll. One almost forgot about Mike Donlin. Someone remarked that his experience seemed to have been obtained on "amateur nights" at the variety houses, but a lady in the audience answered, "Doesn't he kiss delightfully."

* * *

The late Louis James, who passed away so suddenly a week ago, was literally speaking an actor of the old school who dearly loved the centre of the stage and hammered in his points with a sledge. Such actors with a ripened knowledge of stage resource prove admirable when subjected to the discipline of the modern stage manager, but left to their own resources do not appeal to the critical taste of the sophisticated playgoer. One hears a great deal about the all-round excellence of the old companies from which these men graduated, but it must be admitted that on achieving eminence none of them tried to put the system into practice. Louis James, like Thomas W. Keene and Robert B. Mantell (before he was put into leading strings) believed in being the whole show himself and paradoxically never gave his own jocund art a fair chance with the playgoer because he gave him too much of it. The list of famous roles that in his long life he played is immense and betokens an all-round talent that is rare indeed. In addition to a multitude of ephemeral parts that he played in stock companies, which included those of Mrs. John Drew and Augustin Daly, he had acted Doricourt in the "Belle's Stratagem," Master Page and Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Joseph Surface in "The School for Scandal," Bill Sykes in "Oliver Twist," Marlow and Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," the entire repertoire of Shakespearian supporting roles in company with Lawrence Barrett and Marie Wainwright, Richelieu, Virginius, Ingomar, Shylock and Ibsen's Peer Gynt. His "territory" from the box office standpoint was the middle west and the south, and his home was in Kansas City, which easily commanded this vast district.

* * *

Mme. Nazimova has begun rehearsals of the new plays in which she will be seen when she comes to New York for her annual metropolitan engagement in March. This repertory will include three Ibsen dramas—"Little Eyolf," "Lady Ingre of Ostrat," and "The Wild Duck"; "The Fairy Tale," by Snitzler; "An Ideal Wife," by Marco Prago, and "The Sea Gull," by Anton Tchekhoff.

A new dramatic version of Mr. Tom Gallon's popular novel, "Tatterley," specially written with a view to the requirements of the American stage, has been secured for Mr. J. E. Dodson, who will be seen in the leading part—or, rather, parts, as he will have a dual character.

JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS,
The noted comedian, who will be seen at the Royal Alexandra next week.

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Royal Alexandra: "The Beauty Spot." Comic opera, with Jefferson de Angelis.

Princess: "Ben Hur. Scriptural drama, with Eleanor Moretti.

Shea's: Vaudeville. Headliner, Al Jolson.

Gayety: Burlesque. Al Reeves' Beauty show.

"Ben Hur," dramatized from the novel of General Lew Wallace by William Young, and first given to the stage in 1899, will be the attraction at the Princess Theatre next week. For eleven years it has proven a steady drawing card, and it is not likely that its popularity has fallen off in Toronto. One reason for its continued success has been that Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger have never handed it over to the tender mercies of barnstormers, but have steadily maintained an excellent cast and a handsome production. The names of Mitchell Harris, Frank Weston, Eleanor Moretti and Zaidee Appleton recall the noted strains of stage blood. Mitchell Harris in his name carries two of the distinguished families from which he springs. His mother was a Mitchell—Sarah Constance Mitchell—one of the sisters of the delightful Maggie Mitchell of "Fanchon" fame, while his father is William Harris, still an actor of prominence. Julian Mitchell, the wonderful stage director, is a cousin. Mitchell Harris is the Messala in "Ben-Hur." Frank Weston, the Ilderim of the "Ben-Hur" cast, is the husband of Effie Ellsler, the charming actress who enchants playgoers of to-day as she did those of twenty-five years ago. By his marriage into the Ellsler

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MINERAL WATER
For Sale at All Druggists and Chemists
A gentle and wholesome Laxative Water plays an important part in maintaining good health. It regulates and tones up the system. Try a bottle and drink half a glass on arising in the morning.
A Bottle Contains Many Doses

A PIANO INDIVIDUALITY
CERTAIN distinctive traits make your friends known to you. Some things that enable you to distinguish them from a distance or among their surroundings. Similarly with
The Bell Piano
Its strength and beauty of tone; its richness of artistic construction enables the musician and the untrained music lover alike to recognize the Bell at once.
THE BELL PIANO WAREROOMS
146 YONGE STREET
TORONTO

ROYAL ALEXANDRA NEXT WEEK
MATS. Thursday Saturday 25c TO $1.00 Even'gs 25c, 50c, 75c, $1, $1.50
The Only Musical Play in Town
COMSTOCK & GEST, INC., PRESENT
MR. JEFFERSON DEANGELIS
IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS
"The Beauty Spot"
By JOSEPH W. HERBERT and REGINALD DE KOVEN.
Original New York City Production and Cast
THE PRETTIEST CHORUS EVER
BEST DE KOVEN MUSIC SINCE "ROBIN HOOD."

PRINCESS - NEXT WEEK
Evenings at 8 Mats. Wednesday and Saturday at 2
KLAW & ERLANGER'S NEW & GREATER
BEN-HUR
STAGED ON SCALE OF UNPARALLED SPLENDOUR
PRICES First 18 Rows Lower Floor, $2. Remainder and First Three Rows Balcony, $1.50. Remainder Balcony, $1.00. Gallery, 50c

ALLAN ROYAL MAIL LINE

FIRST To adopt Steel Construction, 1879 SAFE
To adopt Bilge Keels, - - - 1881 STEADY
To adopt Turbine Engines, - 1905 SWIFT

ST. LAWRENCE SEASON, 1910

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL

CORSICAN	May 6	June 3
VIRGINIAN	May 13	June 10
TUNISIAN	May 20	June 17
VICTORIAN	May 27	June 24

MONTREAL TO GLASGOW

IONIAN	May 7	June 4
GRAMPIAN	May 14	June 11
PRETORIAN	May 21	June 18
HESPERIAN	May 28	June 25

MONTREAL TO HAVRE AND LONDON

SICILIAN	May 7	June 18
POMERANIAN	May 14	
CORINTHIAN	May 21	July 2

RATES OF PASSAGE
According to Steamer

1st Cab'n, $67.50, $77.50, $87.50 upwards. 2nd Cabin, $42.50, $45.00, $47.50, $50.00. 3rd Class, $27.75, $28.75, and $30.00.

Full particulars as to Sailings, Rates, etc., on application to
THE ALLAN LINE
77 Yonge St., Toronto.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE LINE TO
CHICAGO
Fast Line SHORTEST ROUTE Trains at
DAILY 8.00 A.M. DAILY 7.20 P.M.

'Chicago Limited'
at 4.00 p.m.
EVERY WEEK DAY

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

For Ten Years
"The INTERNATIONAL LIMITED"
has been the popular train for
LONDON
DETROIT
CHICAGO
and principal intermediate points.

Leaves Toronto 4.40 p.m. daily. Arrives Chicago 7.45 a.m.

Fast Day Express leaves Toronto 8 a.m. Arrives Detroit 1.45 p.m., Chicago 9.25 p.m.

Night Express leaves Toronto 11 p.m., carrying through Sleepers to Mount Clemens, Detroit and Chicago. Arrives Detroit 7.15 a.m., Chicago 2.30 p.m.

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HOTEL AND SANATORIUM **ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.**

Owing to our Curative and Tonic Baths, our elegant Comfort and exceptional Table and Service, we are always busy.

F. L. YOUNG, Gen'l Manager.

THE WINTER AND EARLY SPRING DAYS

At Atlantic City are delightful.

The climate is ideal.

The world famous boardwalk is never more attractive.

The Country Club is at its best.

The ocean piers and Casino are most enjoyable.

HOTEL DENNIS

directly on the ocean front is always open and so equipped to be an ideal home for guests at all seasons of the year.

WALTER J. BUZBY.

MORE THAN HOTEL—A HOME
HOTEL IMPERIAL
Atlantic City, N.J.

S. Maryland Ave., overlooking Ocean. Every hotel convenience. Elevator, steam heat, public and private baths. Excellent table and white service. Ownership management I. G. KENDRICK. Rates from $2.00 per day. $10.00 per week up.

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH
COFFEE ESSENCE
THE PUREST ON THE MARKET
READY IN A FEW SECONDS. SAVES TIME AND TROUBLE. TRY IT
Of all Grocers & Stores.

family Mr. Weston became a member of one of the best known theatrical families in America. Eleanor Moretti, the Iras in the new company which is playing "Ben-Hur," is a daughter of Katherine Rodgers, a woman whose name was powerful enough to fill New York and London theatres a generation ago. Miss Moretti, as a child, was one of the "rages" of London, and since reaching maturity she has maintained her wonderful popularity. She is a strikingly handsome woman. One of her sisters, Katherine Florence, is a stage beauty and a fine actress. She is at present playing Emma Brooks in "Paid in Full," in which her husband, Fritz Williams, is the weak Joe Brooks. Fritz Williams is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Williams, fine players of a few years ago. Another of Miss Moretti's sisters is the brilliant Virginia Rand. Zaidee Appleton, youngest of this group of splendid players, is a daughter to George Appleton, who was Nat Goodwin's manager for so many years, and is now acting in the same capacity for Maxine Elliott. Miss Appleton has abundance of talent and is as pretty as a picture into the bargain.

* * *

"The Beauty Spot" will be seen for one week at the Royal Alexandra theatre, beginning March 14. Every part of this musical comedy is a factor in its success. The book by Joseph W. Herbert is one of the best that this talented librettist has written and bears the unique distinction of having a clear consistant plot that is easily understood by the audience. It is filled with humorous situations and bright snappy dialogue. The music of that master of melody, Reginald DeKoven, is the best that he has composed since "Robin Hood," and every number is a tuneful gem. The cast is headed by Jefferson DeAngelis and includes George J. MacFarlane, Frank Doane, Viola Gillette, Isabel D'Armond, Jacques Kruger, Alf DeBall, Jean Newcombe, Catherine Bowen and Frances Burns. Clever dancing will be a feature worthy of mention, and every number is said to possess rhythmic grace and beauty. Especially is this true of "The Boulevarde Glide," a novel importation from Paris, which danced by Mr. DeAngelis and Miss Frances Burns, a rare treat in feminine beauty, proves to be the most seductive and alluring dance number that has been offered to the theatre-goers of this country in many seasons.

* * *

In "Havana" it is said that James T. Powers has the funniest part he has ever had in his long career. The characterization must be an exceptional one to receive such praise, for Mr. Powers has been connected with many great successes. He plays the part of Nix, a bos'un of the "Wasp," who after seven years absence from Havana, returns to that city and is in mortal fear of seeing the fair damsel whom he married while ashore when last seen in that port. His conduct in seeking to evade a meeting with his long deserted wife leads him to be suspected as a member of a revolutionary band about to pull off a rebellion. Much praise has been given the music of "Havana." The popularity the "Hello People, People Hello" number has reached a place only equalled by the same author's famous sextette number. But in "Havana" there are in addition some score of other numbers which are said to have real merit and popularity. This will be the Royal Alexandra's offering for week of March 21.

* * *

Next week's big vaudeville bill at Shea's Theatre will be headed by Al Jolson, one of the funniest of monologuists. The special attraction for the week will be Joseph Hart's

FRANK DOANE,
In "The Beauty Spot," at the Royal Alexandra Theatre next week.

MISS ELEANOR MORETTI,
Distinguished actress, who will appear in "Ben ..ur" at the Princess Theatre next week.

"Bathing Girls," headed by Glenwood White and Pearl Hunt. Other well known features included in next week's bill are: Smith and Campbell, Harry De Coe, Les Trombetta, Marcel and Boris, and the Kinetograph.

* * *

Next week, at the Gayety Theatre, the attraction will be "Al Reeves Beauty Show." Every specialty act has been engaged with one object in view—namely, to please the audience. Al Reeves, the principal comedian, has written a first part entitled "The Merry Go Round," a review on all the New York successes, and also the burlesque "Conology"—a burlesque on the tendency of society to run after nobleme for their titles.

First-Nighter

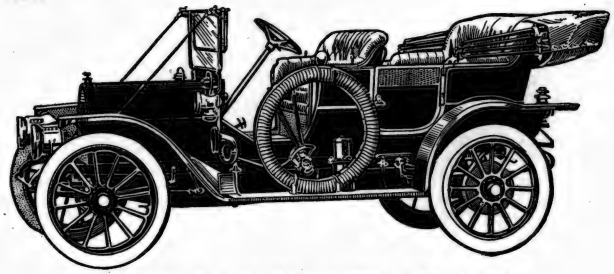
The 1910 REO is Here

The Three Thousand Dollar Car for $1,500

FOUR CYLINDERS **FIFTY MILES AN HOUR**

Never before this season has the equal of this car—for power, speed and beauty—been sold for less than three thousand dollars. And—this year or any year—it is the peer of any car at any price, for comfort and reliability.

A lot to say, and a lot more to do; but the car is here to prove to YOU, as every REO ever built has proved itself.



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The Reo Motor Car Company of Canada, Limited

You Can do it with a REO

9th ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE

NOVA SCOTIA STEEL AND COAL COMPANY, LTD.

HEAD OFFICE: - - NEW GLASGOW, NOVA SCOTIA

GENERAL STATEMENT

GENERAL STATEMENT, DECEMBER 31ST, 1909.

ASSETS.

Property and Mines:		
Cost of Properties owned and operated by the Company		$12,582,191.22
Current Assets:		
Inventories (raw and manufactured materials and stores)	$1,134,258.84	
Ledger Accounts and Bills Receivable	662,280.15	
Cash in Bank	207,029.15	2,003,568.14
		$14,585,759.36

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock:		
Preferred	$1,030,000.00	
Common	6,000,000.00	$7,030,000.00
Bonds:		
Total Issues	$6,000,000.00	
Less in Treasury not issued	2,500,000.00	3,500,000.00
Debenture Stock		1,000,000.00
Current Liabilities:		
Pay Rolls and Accounts not yet due	$ 193,550.86	
Bond Coupons due Jan. 1st, 1910	87,500.00	
Debenture Stock Interest, payable Jan. 1st, 1910	30,000.00	
Quarterly Dividend on Preferred Shares, payable Jan. 15th, 1910	20,000.00	
Quarterly Dividend on Ordinary Shares, payable Jan. 15th, 1910	60,000.00	
Bills payable and Cash advances	607,458.75	999,109.61
General Reserve:	750,000.00	
Special Reserve Accounts:		
Reserve for General Depreciation and for unusual Expenses and Renewals	924,562.40	
Fire Insurance Fund	45,279.97	1,719,842.37
Surplus Profit and Loss		336,807.38
		$14,585,759.36

ABSTRACT OF PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

DR.

1909. Dec. 31st. Interest paid on bonds and to bank, etc.	$ 247,836.89
Interest paid on debenture stock	30,000.00
Paid on sinking fund	35,700.00
Dividend on preferred shares	82,400.00
Dividend on ordinary shares	60,000.00
Bonus Stock Dividend on ordinary shares	1,000,000.00
Directors' remuneration	12,500.00
Transferred to reserve funds for depreciation, renewals, etc.	77,669.00
Improvements and betterments to plant written off	52,173.58
Commissions and Premiums on converting Bond Issues written off	184,453.54
Transferred to fire insurance fund	7,629.68
Balance carried forward	336,807.38
	$2,127,170.07

CR.

1908. Dec. 31. By balance	$1,219 221.07
1909. Dec. 31. By profits for year ended Dec. 31, 1909	907,949.00
	$2,127,170.07
1909. Dec. 31. By Balance	$336,807.38

We have examined the Vouchers and audited the Books of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, Limited, for the year ended December 31, 1909, and certify that the annexed balance sheet contains a true and correct statement of their affairs at that date.

J. HEYWOOD MACGREGOR, F. H. OXLEY, F.C.A. } Auditors.

DIRECTORS' REPORT

Your Directors herewith submit their Ninth Annual Report with statement of assets and liabilities, and abstract of profit and loss account for the year ended December 31st, 1909.

The profits for the year amounted to $907,949.00, as compared with $734,761.52 for 1908. In view of the depressed condition of business during the greater part of the year, this result should be regarded with satisfaction by the shareholders.

The amount at the credit of profit and loss account on January 1, 1909, was $1,219,221.07, against which the stock dividend of $1,000,000.00, declared in December, 1909, was charged.

The various amounts transferred to the Reserve Fund and Fire Insurance Fund, and written off for improvements and betterments, are shown by the accounts.

A sum of $184,453.54 for Premium and Commission on redemption of old and issue of new bonds has been paid out of the profits of the year.

The balance carried forward to the credit of profit and loss account is $336,807.38.

The sum of $62,653.17 has been expended during the year on capital account, in the development of the submarine iron ore areas at Wabana, and for improvements, plant, etc., elsewhere.

The volume of business transacted by the company during the year shows a substantial increase, and is in excess of any previous year, and it is expected that there will be a still further increase in 1910.

The development of our submarine iron ore areas at Wabana was continued, the main slope being extended through these areas a further distance of 1,650 feet. The slope is now about 1,650 feet into our own areas from the southern boundary. The development work carried on has fully confirmed the estimates previously made as to the vast quantity of ore contained in, and the great value of these areas. The plant for the operation of these submarine mines is now being installed.

Considerable extensions and improvements have been made to the mills at New Glasgow, and further extensions and improvements will be made in 1910, with a view to increasing the output of finished steel.

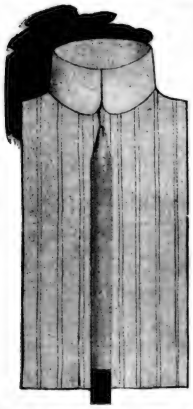
The reorganization of the finances of the Company, authorized by the shareholders, has been carried out. A new issue of $6,000,000 5 per cent. First Mortgage Bonds, and an issue of $1,000,000.00 6 per cent. Debenture Stocks were made; $3,500,000.00 of the Bonds, and the $1,000,000.00 6 per cent. Debenture Stock were sold in Canada, and the two former issues of 6 per cent. Bonds were paid off and cancelled. The balance of $2,500,000.00 of the Bonds remain in the Treasury. No portion of the premium on the retirement of the old bonds, nor the commission on the new issue has been charged to Property Account.

The regular dividend of 2 per cent. quarterly has been paid on the preferred shares, and on January 15th a quarterly dividend of 1 per cent. was paid on the ordinary shares, and the Directors have declared further dividends of 1 per cent. on the ordinary shares, and 2 per cent. on the preferred shares, payable on April 15th, to shareholders of record on March 31st, 1910.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

ROBERT E. HARRIS,
President.

February 18th, 1910.



OUR "Marlborough" Collar (illustrated) is one of the best styles we show, being especially designed to meet the demand for a collar of the "close front" type. 25c each. $2.75 a dozen.

Shirts to order for Spring and Summer, made from finest Scotch and French materials. Large selection of confined designs. Orders carefully filled. $3.00 and $3.50 each.

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King Edward Hotel
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ANNOUNCEMENT

OUR Spring and Summer line of fine woollens is now ready :: ::

Exclusive in Design
Correct in Style
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Men's Wear

MR. W. D. F. VINCENT, editor of The Tailor and Cutter, has the following to say of the spring styles in London:—

The new spring overcoat has several new features about it, the most noticeable being a very close fit at the waist and ample spring below, the bottom of the side seams being finished with side pleats after the style used in frock and morning coats. A deep slit is left at the bottom of the back seam, and the sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs. The hip pockets are put in horizontally, and are finished with flaps. Velvet is used to cover the collar, and on some of the smartest coats it is also used as a piping around the top of the turn-back cuff.

Many of these coats are made in grey tweed, and, whilst some are the embodiment of neatness, others have quite broad stripes, and a few are even checked. This grey is quite light in shade, and is very smart in appearance.

The spring overcoat worn by the King is made of light grey, very soft finished angola, having a very slightly twilled pattern on it. The lapels are pointed, so that the top runs horizontally, and are faced with bright silk up to the edge. The fronts fasten in a fly, and consequently the buttons are out of sight. The pockets are put in with horizontal flaps on the

ENGLISH RIDING COAT.
A good model of riding coat with the typical bulging front.

hips, and a flap ticket-pocket is also put in on the right forepart.

The sleeves are quite plain except for a row of stitching about four inches up from the cuff. The back is cut with a centre seam, which is finished with a slit at the bottom about fourteen inches deep. The coat is lined through with silk, and is a very dressy garment.

Another spring overcoat which the King has been wearing has more of a sporting character about it; it is made from heavier tweed, and is much looser fitting in the body than the one described above. The fronts are made to button through, and the lapels are of a very neat style, and finished with a right angle step at the end of the collar. The sleeves of this overcoat have turn-back cuffs three inches deep, and the collar is of the same material as the coat.

The materials used for garments of this kind are often of a very loud character, browns and greens of the brightest shade being used; but they are not all of this class, and amongst the newest samples for this spring we note several made of Irish tweed which is very neat in pattern, and has a rather rough surface, but is nothing like so rough as Harris tweed.

The Homburg hat is making a big bid for popularity, and the latest style in these is very attractive. They are made from beaver, in blues, greens and drabs; the latter having green bands, while the former have bands to match. These are by no means the only colored hats that are worn, for there are many soft felts in greys, drabs and greens to be seen, and even the hard bowler is selling in colors also, so that apparently colored headgear will be very fashionable.

* * *

IN a recent number of Vogue, devoted largely to men's fashions, there was a very interesting article by H. C. Hambidge, dealing with the remarkable changes in styles for men during the half century between 1775 and 1825. The writer pointed out that Beau Brummel, who was a dictator in the realm of dress for over a quarter of a century, mingled when a young man with a parti-colored throng of powdered and patched gentlemen. But on his last walk down Picadilly he saw a rather sober-garbed procession, who owed much of the change in their costumes to his own influence. Among other changes, Brummel saw the old-fashioned full frock coat, bag-wig, solitaire, and ruffles die away; he saw the decline and fall of knee-breeches for common wear, and the rise into popularity of the long trouser which he invented himself; he also saw the old three-cornered hat go into disuse, and colored clothes give way to blue coats, and later on to solid black ones.

In the early part of the half century from 1775 to 1825, the styles for men were marked by startling colors and lavish trimmings, and also by the extreme tightness of the garments. The dandy of 1790, however, differed notably from his predecessors. Indeed, he was a dandy shorn of much of his actual splendor, though in colors never so gay. He abandoned the three-cornered hat, using an odd little round one, with a raised crown surrounded by a silk cord and decorated with national cockade. He wore a frock coat with long tails behind and two short revers in front, and this was opened all the way down the front displaying a broad expanse of waistcoat. A cravat in color, trimmed with lace at the end, formed a large knot under his chin. The tight breeches of a woollen fabric reached down to his calves where they were fastened with ribbon rosettes above the stockings covered with lengthwise stripes. In addition he had gloves of a striped material in two or three colors, boots topped by revers, or slippers with heels, and in his hand he carried a cane which concealed a narrow sabre. This was the gaudy dandy of the days of the Revolution.

As soon as that struggle was over, however, luxury in dress appeared again, as though it would not be downed, but this time it was very short-lived. Ruffles, beautiful silk stuffs and jewelry were worn again, and the class of men who went in for these extreme styles came to be known in England and France as "Incroyables." They were nothing more than the fashionable men of the Directoire epoch. They aimed, not so much at richness or beauty of effect, as at the bizarre, and what people nowadays would call "the loud." The "Incroyable" wore enormous spectacles as if his eyesight was poor, his hair hung down over his temples in dog ears and was drawn up in the back on top of his head in a chignon, held by a curved comb. Immense rings of gold passed through his ears making him look like a Turk. His huge cravat, in which his chin was lost, seemed designed to hide his hideous deformity, and he had no cleanly looking cuff frills or jabot. His vest concealed his shirt, except below the cravat where a gold or jeweled pin was attached.

During the first few years of the new century the men of ordinary life varied their costumes but little. They still wore the knee trousers, the long-tailed black coat with heavy revers, and prominent waistcoat. The heavy, draped overcoat, or one with the shoulder capes, top boots and hat with pointed corners was the fashion for out of door dress. In 1806 the first trousers—brought into fashion by Beau Brummel, are said to have appeared. Brummel was accused of not having "a leg" in the sense which Sir Willoughby Patterne had one, but of this we know nothing. When first worn these garments reached only to the shoe tops, where they were tucked in or fastened over the boot under the instep with a strap. With them was first worn the tight fitting frock coat closed in front.

Knee trousers and blue dress coats with silver or pewter buttons were

THE "INCROYABLE."
Dandy of the Directoire period. One of the most peculiar costumes ever worn by a human being.

much in evidence still, as well as ruffles and ornate waistcoats, but only the old-fashioned clung to them. Trousers were generally made of woollen stuffs—except for dress occasions—and from 1819 to 1825 were seen costumes which are the nearest approach to that of our present day gentleman. These costumes display the long frock coat, almost meeting in front, the waistcoat somewhat subdued by time, light striped trousers and high hat. The long tailed coat, however, forebear of our present dress one, was still the one most in favor. The stock was then the fashionable neckcloth and Brummel decreed that it should be a foot wide before folding, laid into precise folds by the wearer or his valet, and changed twice daily.

From 1825 on the clothing of men has grown simpler and simpler, and if the cause of evolution has taken away from the picturesqueness of the crowd it has added to the dignity of the man.

* * *

THE soft-fronted shirt for dress wear has had a very short run of popularity, and is now seldom seen; it has, however, brought in a style of striped front which is rather smart. The plain front with one, or possibly two, studs is the present fashion, and with it either a stand or wing collar. For more formal occasions, the plain stand-collar, of ample depth, with a white dress-bow, is considered the thing, whilst the wing-collar and the black bow answer for less formal occasions. The knitted silk scarf is taking the place of the front-protector and muffler, and the socks worn are either plain or embroidered black.

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MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL has a son at King's College, Cambridge, whose likeness to his father is unmistakable. Mr. Birrell *fils* possesses a decided vein of humour. He was sitting in a roomful of men just lately while election results were being proclaimed in a neighbouring street. The street crowd was decidedly Unionist in its partisanship, and after he had endured for some time in silence the continuous applause which followed the results as they were declared, an especially loud and prolonged burst of cheering caused the Minister's son to shiver and exclaim: "There goes my father's salary!"

Chauffeur Groom: "'Ere, Bill, fetch the jack."—The Tatler.

* * *

THE Most Rev. Randall Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury, who is taking a well-earned holiday in the South of France, has been described by one of his clergy as "the most 'human' Bishop that ever lived," a phrase that very aptly sums him up. It was his breadth of view and deep learning that first brought him prominently under the notice of the late Queen Victoria, and he remained her favorite preacher and adviser to the day of her death. Some years ago, when he was Bishop of Rochester, he was about to appoint a man to some minor office in his domestic establishment, when one of his chaplains ventured to raise a protest. "What is the matter with the man?" asked Dr. Davidson, in some surprise. "Well, he is a Dissenter," said the other. "Dear, dear! How dreadful!" cried the Bishop. "And does he eat his victims raw, or cook them first?" Needless to say, the man got the job.

* * *

THE following is an amusing story of young Prince Alexander of Battenberg, while at Eton:

"Like many other little boys, he ran short of pocket money, and wrote an ingenious letter to his august grandmother, Queen Victoria, asking for some slight pecuniary assistance. He received in return a just rebuke, telling him that little boys should keep within their limits, and that he must wait till his allowance next became due. Shortly afterward the undefeated little Prince resumed the correspondence in something like the following form: 'My dear Grandmamma: I am sure you will be glad to know that I need not trouble you for any money just now, for I sold your last letter to another boy here for 30 shillings.'"

* * *

MR. F. HOPKINSON SMITH has of late been engaged in arraigning the manners of New Yorkers. The point of courtesy is contained in Mr. Smith's story of the old whaler, which he used to tell at meetings of the Tile Club. The following is the version on which the author has set the stamp of his approval, although he admits that profanity may creep in, on the proper occasion:

'Twas on the good ship Mozambique. One hundred and forty days at sea, and not a drop of ile in the tanks, when I goes for'ard and I hears the lookout man say, "Thar she blows," and I comes aft and I sez: "Capt. Simmons," sez I, "the man on the lookout sez: 'Thar she blows.' Shall I lower?" "Mr. Bims," says he, "it's blowing quite too peart, I don't see fitten for to lower," and I goes for'ard again and I hears the man on the lookout say: "Thar she blows and belches and breaches," and I comes aft and I sez: "Capt. Simmons," sez I, "the man on the lookout sez: 'Thar she blows and belches and breaches.' Can I lower?" "Mr. Bims," sez he, "as I told you once before, it's blowing quite too peart. I don't see fitten for to lower," and I goes for'ard and I hears the man on the lookout say: "Thar she blows and belches and breaches, and sperm at that." I comes aft and I sez: "Capt. Simmons," sez I, "the man on the lookout sez: 'Thar she blows and belches and breaches, and sperm at that.' May I lower?" "Mr. Bims," sez he, "as I told you twice before, it's blowing quite too peart. I don't see fitten for to lower, but you can lower and be —— to you."

We chased thaf critter into the middle of the next watch. When we comes up to her I sez: "Sock it to her boys, for I'm hell on the long dart," and we socked it to her, and it tuk.

When we tows alongside, Capt. Simmons stood at the gangplank, and the tears stood in his eyes as big as barnacles, and he sez: "Mr. Bims," sez he, "you're the best first mate that ever sailed with me in the good ship Mo-zam-bique; in the for'ard till of my starboard locker you'll find whiskey, gin, terbacker, and the best of New England rum. Them's yourn for the rest of the v'y'ge." "Capt. Simmons," sez I, "I don't give a —— for your whiskey, gin, terbacker, and the best of New England rum; all I ask for is a little common seevilitee, and that of the commonest kind."

An' I goes for,ard. . . .

* * *

A CERTAIN lady recently reached the conclusion that the attachment of a certain policeman for her cook must be investigated, lest it prove disastrous to domestic discipline.

"Do you think he means business, Mary?"

"I think so, mum," said Mary; "he's begun to complain about my cookin', mum."

* * *

ONE of the anecdotes which Andrew Carnegie is fond of telling concerns a crabbed bachelor and an aged spinster, who one day found themselves at a concert. The selections were apparently entirely unfamiliar to the gentleman, but when Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was begun he pricked up his ears. "That sounds familiar," he exclaimed. "I'm not very strong on these classical pieces, but that's very good. What is it?" The spinster cast down her eyes. "That," she told him, demurely, "is the 'Maiden's Prayer.'"

* * *

FOUR old Scotchmen, the remnant of a club formed some fifty years ago, were seated around the table in the club room. It was five a.m. and Dougal looked across at Donald and said in a thick, sleepy voice: "Donald, d'ye notice what an awfu' peculiar expression there is on Jock's face?" "Aye," said Donald, "I notice that; he's deead! He's been deead these four hours." "What? Deead! Why did ye no tell me?" "Ah, no—no—no," said Donald, "A'm no that kind o' man to disturb a convivial evening."

ACQUAINTANCES.
"Do you see that old gentleman, mamma? He often speaks to me."
"Does he, darling? What does he say?"
"Oh, he says, 'Don't you throw stones at my dog.'"

* * *

SENATOR BEVERIDGE, at the Gridiron Club's last dinner in Washington, amused his neighbors, during the terrapin course, with his witty praise of journalism.

"These modern schools of journalism are very good," said Senator Beveridge. "They inculcate enterprise, daring, perseverance, resource. But let me tell you about my friend Mack.

"Mack is in the Secretary of State's office. He holds an important post there. Once, during certain foreign complications, Mack worked forty-eight hours drafting arguments, cabling, consulting secretaries, and what not; and, at last, having achieved a momentous and advantageous compromise, Mack, thoroughly worn out, went home to bed.

"In the middle of the night he was awakened by the tinkle of the door-bell. He put his head out of the window. A youthful voice said:

"'Mr. Mack, this is a reporter. Can I see you about the compromise?'

"Tired as he was, Mack assented. He put on a dressing-gown and slippers, let in the reporter, and in his cold drawing-room he dictated quite two columns to the youth, afterwards having his dictation read over, and correcting and amending it here and there.

"'And now, young man, good-night,' he said, with chattering teeth. 'You might send me half a dozen copies of the paper to-morrow.'

"'Oh, this isn't for any paper,' said the reporter.

"'What?' cried Mack.

"'No,' explained the young man. 'You see, I'm in the sophomore class of the new Yalvard School of Journalism, and this is a rush interview with a leading statesman that our emergency instructor assigned me to this afternoon.'" — Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

DOMESTIC CONFIDENCES.
Tall Servant (with just pride): "We have matting in our church."
Short Servant (With even more pride): "Well, we've a fine strip of linoleum up the aisle, and the Vicar burns insects every Sunday."—The Throne and Country.

* * *

THERE is a capital story now being told in club circles about one of the new knights, says an English exchange. At a semi-private reception given in honor of a famous explorer a week or two ago, a man with a poor memory for faces, and, in addition a little near-sighted, took a fellow member aside and spoke to him in a confidential whisper.

"You see that man standing by the door?" he asked.

"Well, I was talking to him a little while ago about the terribly cold weather we had last year, and he actually yawned."

The other smiled. "Do you know who he is?" he asked.

"No."

"Shackleton."

* * *

LITTLE Willie was playing with the girl next door, when the latter exclaimed:

"Don't you hear your mother calling you? That's three times she's done it. Aren't you going in?"

"Not yet," responded Willie, imperturbably.

"Won't she whip you?" demanded the little girl, awed.

"Naw!" exclaimed Willie, in disgust. "She ain't going to whip nobody. She's got company. So when I go in she'll just say: 'The poor little man has been so deaf since he's had the measles!'"

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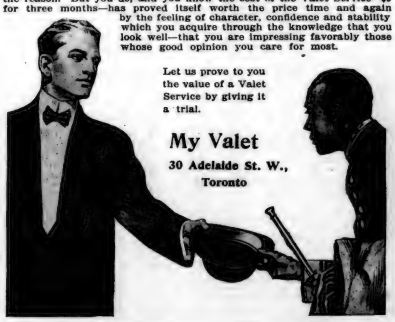

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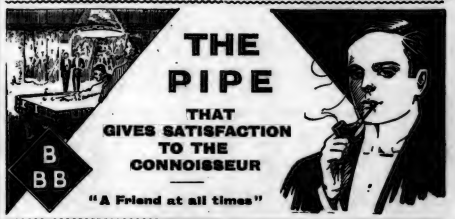

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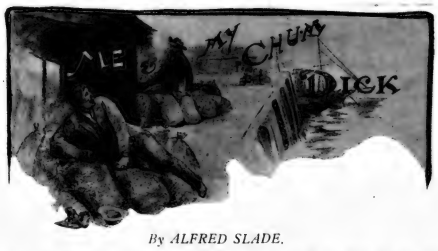


By ALFRED SLADE.

"CHUM," I said, "I'm gittin' tired of bananas."

Dick laughed blinking in the sunshine as he said, "You ought to be a happy man, Jim, and yet you don't know it. This"—and he waved his hand all round the wharf—"this is the Garden of the Hesperides, and we are the fortunate mortals who get the golden pine-apples.

You could tell Dick hadn't been brought up in no charity school by the way he used to mount the monkey when he got struck that way.

"I don't know nothin' about the gentleman's garden what you're skiteing about," I replied, "but the gentleman's quite welcome to all them pine-apples and bananas too if he'd only give us a hunk of tough solid mutton and half a pound of tea."

Then all at once Dick became quite serious and said solemn like, "Jim ,you're right. We can't live much longer on these natural fruits that we get thrown at us. Even now my stomach is clamouring for a change of diet. But—what do you propose to do about it?"

It wasn't the first time I had worried that question out, so I concluded to strike him all of a heap. "Go up country," I said, "quick."

"Agreed," said Dick, and turned on to his back and opened his mouth to go to sleep again.

I didn't know much about Dick, and never asked. I didn't know why he'd come out to Australia, and never asked neither; but I'd have taken my gospel oath it wasn't nothing as he need be ashamed of. Once when he was a-dossin' on the wharf, and he thought I was fast a-sleepin', I saw him take a photo from his bosom and kiss it in the moonlight; from the wet sparkle in his eye I guessed it was a lady, but I never dared to look, and went to sleep again.

In the old country I was a gamekeeper on Sir Richard Grenville's place, like my father before me. Mother died when I was born; the poachers shot old dad, and I hadn't a friend in the world, except my dog, and they poisoned him afterwards.

Old Sir Richard lived up at the manor all alone with Lady Winifred his daughter, and the only child he had left. There had been a son, a young Sir Richard, a wild, reckless scamp—not bad, only foolish—who ran into debts that ruined the estate, took Lady Winifred's dowry to pay a fellow-officer's engagements, and at last, to save this same friend's honour, endorsed a bill that was forged. Then when it came to light he blew his brains out and broke his father's heart.

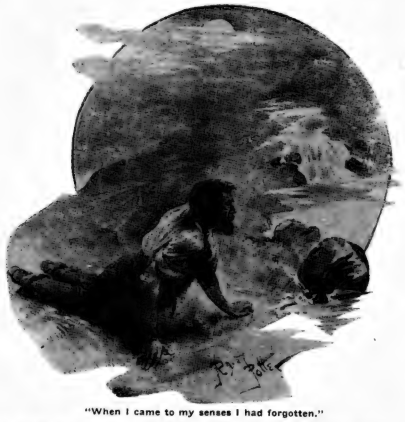
And this same friend that drove him to his doom was his own cousin, Lawley Grenville; nobody knew it but me, and young Sir Richard told me himself. He often used to come over to my lodge to have a chat about the dogs and the pheasants, for he knew that with all his faults I loved him.

Lawley was a good deal up at the manor after young Sir Richard's funeral, and folks said he came a-courting Lady Winifred. He had got rich all at once, on account of an uncle in India he said as had left him his fortune; but my belief was Lawley belonged to a good many clubs and—played cards at all of them.

Sir Richard would have liked the wedding well enough. Down at the manor Lawley was a perfect saint, and now that he was rich and the next in succession, what could be better than for them to get married?

But Lady Winifred wouldn't hear of it; for little birds whispered that Lawley had a younger brother, Richard, christened after his godfather, handsome they said, though I never saw him—handsome and without a penny, and so of course just the man as a girl 'd throw herself away on.

Sir Richard he loved his daughter too much to force her to marry a man she didn't want to; but all the same he begged her, out of duty to him, and to save the estates, to wed her cousin Lawley. And then young Richard came down and said her father was right, and that she must marry his rich brother and forget him, and he would go away, even if it killed him. And sure enough he went away, and nobody heard anything about him afterwards; which was I thought carrying devotion a bit too far.



"When I came to my senses I had forgotten."

One day I was coming home through the wood by Dead Man's Lane when I caught sight of Lady Winifred walking in the road, with him (Lawley) a-following her. He overtook her and spoke, and it seemed to me tried to stop her; the wind was the other way and I couldn't hear what he said, but she raised her face in terror and ran from him faltering.

He caught her again, and with a hideous laugh on his face as she screamed in agony, took her by the wrists and kissed her.

I'm not a quick man generally, but by heaven that was more than I could stand; and before I thought what I was doing I had jumped the hedge, and with the butt-end of my fowling-piece felled him to the ground.

He was like most other London dudes, and must have had a very soft head, for he dropped senseless and never moved or spoke again.

Of course they jailed me for the murder, and wanted to hang me the quickest way they could. I confessed I had killed him, but wouldn't tell why, for it wasn't likely I was going to bring Lady Winifred's name into it; and then she came down to the court and told all she knew, with a lot of uncalled-for remarks about saving her honour, and things like that; so the jury couldn't very well help themselves, and brought it in only plain manslaughter, and the judged talked down at me like a father, and was of the opinion that justice 'd be satisfied if he gave me twenty years, and then I could come out a free man, though he didn't say that, just in time to crawl into a work-house to die snug.

All the same that didn't quite suit my ticket; so when they was a-takin' me in the railway carriage, and the two policemen was a-feelin' tired and sitting back to have a smoke, I took the liberty of jumping out the window.

Naterally I hurt myself falling—that's why I always walk with a limp—but I managed to get clear off before they could stop the train, and lay low hidden in the woods. That was lucky for me. I was used to woods and could turn where nobody could follow; and that's the way I reached London, walking at nights and living on leaves and blackberries. But it took me a month to do it.

In London I was pretty safe; but anyhow I streakled down to the docks the first day I could. and stowed away on a barque I heard a bloke say was sailing that same night.

I stopped down the hold as long as I could manage, and when I couldn't suffocate much more without croaking altogether I commenced to tap on the hatches. I kept on tapping for about an hour, and then they knocked the battens off and hooked me out, and the captain kindly said as if he'd known it was only me he'd have let me rot there; but it seems he thought the cargo was on fire, and ordered the hold to be opened to see where it was.

So he put me in irons for a day or two, and after that allowed me to work for my tucker thoughtfully promising that he'd hoist the police-flag for my benefit the first land we touched at, so as to learn 'em as his ship wasn't no hospital for stowaways.

But luckily we didn't sight land till we came to Melbourne, and that meant three months' tucker that I earnt and that I ate; and as soon as we made fast at Sandridge, and the skipper was ashore gittin' drunk, and the watchman enjoying his usual sleep on the gangway, I took the oppertunity of leaving the ship without saying good-bye even to the bosun.

That was where I met Dick. We were both down the hold of a great big British India boat unloading, and the other lumpers saw Dick was a new chum and started putting on him. He was strong but not used to that rough sort of graft, so I got next to him and helped him all I could filling his ropes.

That's why we went on the wallaby, and on the wallaby we were with a vengeance. We struck the blooming cockies at the wrong time of the year; they didn't want no harvesters for another six months, and so weren't very lively handing out tucker. I got tired talking to 'em; so while Dick was skiteing in front to the missus about a drink of tea, I'd go round quiet to the back and rob the hen roost.

After we had tramped about 400 miles of starvation and sleeping wet, we anchored up the Riverina, right in the middle of the shearing. Then, you take my tip, we did real ripping; thirty bob a week and five meals a day. Hard work of course and plenty of it, but sound sleep in a hut with a real iron roof, and all day Sunday for washing your clothes.

When that came to an end we'd got a tent and was pitched up by a creek not far from Bendigo. Dick had been listening to the shearers' yarns, and reckoned he was going to make a fortune gold-washing.

Dick was all the day and half the night up to his waist in water with his little tin dish, and in the tent was a bag nearly full of shining dust that he used to look over every night before he turned into bunk.

The bag grew bigger and bigger till one morning it was full; and Dick with his lip trembling took it on his shoulder to carry in to the town storekeeper. I sat down to wait for him to come back, impatiently and with pain, for my heart was beating as fierce as his. Not for the half of the gold he made me promise to take—gold wasn't much good to me now—but for his sake and the sake of the lady that he treasured in his heart as he treasured her photo in his bosom.

At sundown he came back without the bag, smiling and defiant.

"And the gold?" I asked him, as fearsome as a girl.

"Was mica, old man," he answered, "and not worth the trouble of carting."

He laughed, but a laugh that would make little children sob; then he knelt down where the bag used to be and did some kind of praying. He got up from his knees with a face like an angel, and forgetting I was there he took out the photo and kissed it fervently.

Then I caught sight of the face—it was the face of Lady Winifred Grenville.

Dick put the photo back reverently into his bosom, turned into bunk and went to sleep smiling like a child.

I, like the silly old fool that I am, rushed out of the tent into the night alone to make pretend as I wasn't crying. For now I understood it all. Dick was Richard Grenville, the brother of the man I had slain, and it was for Lady Winifred he was an exile—Lady Winifred that he loved and who loved him. He had gone away and had never known of his brother's murder, and all this while he was perhaps hoping that she was still waiting; for her he had toiled for the gold dust, for her he was breaking his heart this very night.

And I, his brother's murderer, was stumbling up the mountains among the rocks, never heeding where I went, only looking up to God to try to understand; when all at once my foot caught in a boulder and I was thrown heavily to the ground.

When I came to my senses I had forgotten; and gazing round distractedly to collect my thoughts I saw the stone I had fallen on glitter in the moonlight. I went up closer, and there sure enough, where my boot had scratched the dirt off the corner, the stone was shining—*yellow*.

I thought of Dick and his mica and held back my breath; I pinched myself for fear that I was dreaming but all the while I knew that this was gold—gold, and a nugget as big as a man could carry.

Then I was afraid. All alone in the night, and with the awful silence of the wilderness upon the earth, a great fear came to me, and I drew back and tried to hide from it as it lay in the fading moonlight shining, sparkling through the dirt that covered it, a thing of evil or a spirit of good.

But with the first ray of the rising sun the light came to my heart, and all at once I knew what I had to do. I took up the stone and hugged it, and tossed it in the air with a shout and ran back to the hollow as fast as I could travel.

I crept to the tent and peeped in. Dick was sleeping soundly, which was luck for me, and I waded to the middle of the creek and planted that nugget right where Dick used to work his washing. After that I felt better, and I slid in the tent like a wild cat and turned in quick without any noise.

None too soon; the sun was well up and Dick commencing to rub his eyes. That was my time for chipping in with a ghastly snore to show Dick how fast asleep I had been all night. The performance seemed to satisfy him too, for he shouted out as cheerful as he always was—

"I say, Jim, old man, it's not Sunday every day, you know."

I turned round surly, as if I didn't like being roused, and said—

"Why can't you let a man alone, Dick; there ain't no call for getting up what I'm aware of."

"You're right that time," answered Dick; and the way he spoke I felt sorry I'd said it.

"Jim," he said after a bit, "I must earn money; there's nothing but mica and gum leaves to get here, so I vote we shift camp and get a job fencing."

"Shift camp when you like," I observed slow and careless like; "but there don't seem to me to be any hurry to start jogging while that half a sheep as we've got lasts out. Look here, Dick," I blurted out a bit awkward, "I had a curious sort of dream last night about what a black told me of this same here creek, and if you take my tip you'll just paddle in just the same as usual with the tin pan, till I can get fixed up to move the tent."

"I don't care, Jim," he said "if you want any mica I'll get it for you; you go halves as usual, eh?"

I didn't like to say no, or else he might have suspected something, so I just stooped over and laced my boot up and Dick went out whistling and didn't see as my clothes were wringing wet.

I was trembling like a baby as I watched him through a slit in the canvas. He got to the edge of the creek and amused himself half an hour chucking stones at the rabbits on the other side, then turned his pants up and started in.

He struck that nugget first time; got it fair under his dish and lifted it. He looked at it curious and laughed; then turned it over and caught sight of the yellow corner as I had chipped. Then he laughed again, and got it on his shoulder to chuck it away; but I guess he thought he'd have the laugh on me and came over with it to the tent.

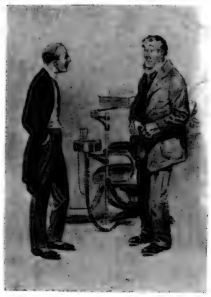
I made out I wasn't taking any notice, and pretended I was mixing a damper, so he clapped me on the back and said—

"Here you are, Jim, the famous nugget you dreamt about. Ten tons of mica, and not worth threepence."

I took it up and pretended to look at it carelessly, and said: "So the dream's settled all right. Anyhow it'll do to keep a corner of the tent down when there's too much of a wind."

And I went on punching the damper as if that job was jobbed. But

(*Concluded on page* 16.)



Dentist: "Good morning, Mr. Giles, and how do you like the false teeth?" Giles: "Well, zur, they fit a bit tight under the ears."—The Sketch.

ABOVE all things it is the tonal quality—its indefinable charm, sweetness and mellowness—that has contributed to the exceptionally high character of the

Haines Bros.

Piano

Test the instrument as you will. Every part of the keyboard will produce a delightful quality of tone. Every note will respond to your touch in a way that is irresistible.

The ripened experience of nearly sixty years of piano-making, with a close and continuous allegiance to the highest artistic ideals, are alone responsible for the rarity and richness of tone that unfailingly identify the Haines Bros. Piano.

ESTABLISHED 1851

THE FOSTER-ARMSTRONG CO., LIMITED
4 Queen Street East
TORONTO

Also Sole Canadian Agents for Celebrated Chickering Piano.

The Home-Read Evening Newspaper

Gets closer to the buyer for the reason that it arrives at the home when the whole family have leisure to read the news and discuss the plans for the next day's buying.

Wise advertisers know that circulation of this kind is the one big factor in getting—Results.

THE NEWS

——TORONTO'S ACKNOWLEDGED HOME PAPER——

MEERSCHAUM
an absolutely pure
plug cut tobacco
Tin foil packages
and pouches

F. N. BURT COMPANY, LIMITED.

Report of the Annual General Meeting of Shareholders Held at the Company's Offices in Toronto on Thursday, March 3rd, 1910, at 12 o'Clock Noon.

The first Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of F. N. Burt Company, Limited, was held at the Head Offices of the Company in Toronto on Thursday, March 3rd, 1910, at 12 o'clock noon.

The President, Mr. S. J. Moore, occupied the chair.

The Board of Directors presented the following report:—

The Directors present to the Shareholders their first Report, with the accompanying Statement of Assets and Liabilities.

The Company took over as of September 1, 1909, the several businesses which it now operates, and is entitled to all the profits made during the calendar year 1909, less $79,543.20, an arbitrary portion of the earnings agreed upon with the Vendors.

The Profit and Loss Account commenced with a balance on September 1, 1909, of		$ 4,662 35
Net Profits for 1909 were	$171,594 13	
Amount deducted as per agreement with Vendors.	79,543 20	
		$92,050.93
		$96,713 28

The appropriations were as follows:—

In reduction of Plant Account	$20,000 00	
Reserved for Dividend No. 1 on Preference Stock, payable January 3, 1910	13,125 00	
		$33,125 00
Balance carried forward		$63,588 28

The Directors have declared a dividend of 1 per cent. upon the Common Stock of the Company, being at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, which will be payable on April 1, 1910.

By order of the Board.

S. J. MOORE,
President.

Statement of Assets and Liabilities December 31, 1909.

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock—		
Preference Stock	$750,000 00	
Common Stock	750,000 00	
		$1,500,000 00
Mortgages Payable		49,000 00
Accounts Payable, including accrued wages and interest charges		25,316 49
Dividend on Preference Stock, payable January 3, 1910		13,125 00
Profit and Loss Account, balance forward		63,588 28
		$1,651,029 77

ASSETS.

Real Estate, Buildings, Plant, Machinery, Patents, Good-will and Investment	$1,252,921 21	
Stock in Trade	206,782 40	
Accounts and Bills Receivable	128,099 19	
Cash at Banker's and in hand	63,226 97	
		$1,651,029 77

Audited and found correct.

CLARKSON & CROSS,
Auditors.

Toronto, 24th February, 1910.

The President, Mr. S. J. Moore, spoke as follows:—

Although the Company has been in existence for only six months, it was thought right and proper that the Shareholders should be called together in order that the earnings for the year 1909 might be promptly reported to them, especially so as these earnings have proven to be much greater than was expected when the prospectus of the Company was issued.

In August of 1909 it was estimated that the profits for the whole calendar year would amount to $119,000. As appears from the Report just presented they were $171,594.13.

Based upon the estimate just referred to, an arbitrary amount was fixed as the profits for the first eight months of the year. This has been shown by the experience of the whole years to have been a very favorable adjustment for this Company, and as a result we have secured profits of $92,050.93. Out of this sum $20,000 has been transferred to Plant Account, $13,125 has been put aside for the payment of Dividend No. 1 on the Preferred Stock, and $63,588.28 has been carried forward—a sum sufficient to provide for one whole year's dividend on the preferred stock—and leave a balance of $11,088.28. The prospectus foreshadowed payment of dividends at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum upon the Common Stock, beginning with 1910, and the first of such dividends—being for the quarter ending March 31st—has already been declared. In this connection it is worthy of note that the profits made in 1909 are equivalent to 16 per cent. on the Common Stock after payment of 7 per cent. upon the preferred.

The volume of business has passed all previous records, and, with the exception of one month, every month in the year 1909 established a new record. The prospective growth in business seems to require that a substantial proportion of the surplus earnings should be retained. Already plans are under way for the erection of an additional building in Buffalo, and machinery is being constructed for the establishment of a factory in Canada.

I would call attention to the fact that, as shown by the Balance Sheet, the quick assets, consisting of stock in trade, bills and accounts receivable and cash, amount to $398,108.56, while the liabilities to the public, exclusive of the mortgages on real estate of $49,000, are $25,316.49, showing a surplus in Quick Assets of $372,792.07. This is equivalent to 49 per cent. of the Preferred Stock of the Company.

The bringing together of the various businesses was accomplished in a very satisfactory way, and no falling off has resulted. On the contrary, new records have been made in all the departments.

The Directors created the office of Managing Director, and elected Mr. Burt to fill that position. In this connection, I desire to pay a well merited tribute to the Managing Director for the fidelity with which he has looked after the interests of the Company in Buffalo.

I have pleasure in moving the adoption of the Report of the Directors, which will be seconded by the Vice-President, Mr. Ames.

After the motion to adopt the Report had been seconded by Mr. Ames, the Managing Director, Mr. F. N. Burt, spoke at length concerning the present condition and prospects of the Company, after which the Report was unanimously adopted.

All the Directors were re-elected for 1910, being the following:—S. J. Moore, A. E. Ames, F. N. Burt, Robert Kilgour, Hon. Charles H. Duell, Hon. W. Caryl Ely and James Ryrie.

Messrs. Clarkson & Cross were appointed Auditors.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board of Directors Mr. S. J. Moore was re-elected President and Mr. A. E. Ames, Vice-President.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Miss Marshall's Boys," by Edward C. Bass. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston.
"The Death of Maid McCrea," by O. C. Auringer. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston.
"Symbolisms," by T. Carl Whitmer, Boston. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston.

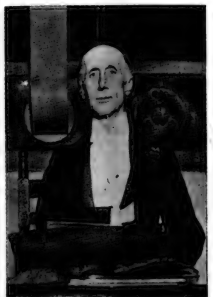
THE names make a formidable array when strung out in this fashion, but the books are very short. It is their one redeeming feature. Not that they are too short. Books of this character never sin in that direction. It isn't possible for them to be short enough and exist at all. But the three under consideration can be read in half an hour—though it will seem much longer.

Richard G. Baxter is the great original "lemon-picker" in the garden of literature. He has put out more absolutely worthless books than all the other publishers of the country combined. Not a week goes by that he doesn't drop a whole litter of narrow-chested, weak-backed volumes, filled with "Young Breathings" or "Soft Sighing" or "Melancholy Moanings" or some equally pitiful exhibition of metrical paresis. The Lord only knows where they all go to, but they keep coming. It would seem that poets are subject to the same law as "suckers," and that one is born every minute. And they all seem to find their way to the publishing-house of Mr. Baxter. The lot of a printer in that establishment who is called upon to "set up" such drivel day in and day out is too awful to contemplate.

I have put "Miss Marshall's Boys" first on the list, because it is in prose—contrary to the generality of Mr. Badger's publications—and this is a concession to sanity which deserves some recognition. Beyond this there are no extenuating circumstances, except the noble ideals of the author, as expressed in the dedication:—"To all Sunday school workers, often weary, oftener perplexed, and, through weariness and perplexity, sometimes tempted to quit the work, this attempt to show the way is inscribed." Of course, Mr. Edward C. Bass does not mean that he is trying to show the way to quit, as his words would seem to imply. On the contrary, he is endeavoring to give the very strongest reasons for remaining in.

He has therefore written a very virtuous and very tiresome story of a young lady of fashion who formed a Sunday school class of "nobody's children," beginning with "Little Joe." The devolution of Joe is described in the following felicitous language:—

"He became nobody's child because his father became a nobody. While Ruth Hudson lived, her husband was kept. He loved his wife some and she loved her husband dearly. But



CHARLES DICKENS'S SON RECITES "DAVID COPPERFIELD."
At the Memorial Hall, London, Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C., in celebration of the ninety-eighth anniversary of the birthday of his famous father, gave in the presence of the Dickens Fellowship a recital of "David Copperfield" as arranged and read by his father. Mr. Dickens is shown above, making his recital.

he had in his heart no love for God. Her faith, and devotion, and love for Jesus, were experiences that he did not share. He had thought more highly of her for her piety. He had, indeed, been particular to select a praying woman for a wife. He thought he loved her. But did ever a prayerless man truly and sufficiently love a saintly woman? Can a man, who does not love and obey Jesus, rightly love a woman who does love Jesus?"

But the Sunday school class was formed, and as a result a lot of little ragamuffins immediately became a galaxy of young angels. This is how Miss Marshall effected this desirable result:—

"And she knew how to lead them, one by one, to the throne of grace. Scores of times did Miss Marshall send a dear boy out into the starlight to his home, a braver, stronger soul for his long talk with her, and for her mightly pleading with God for him as he knelt at her side sobbing and weak but gathering new courage and new hope—upborne by her love and sympathy, and confidence."

Some idea of the moral stature of those boys may be gained from the following extract:—

"They despised all cheating, lying and thieving. If on crowded cars the collector of fares overlooked them, they never failed to pass in their nickels or tickets before leaving the car. The trader or his clerk might err in reckoning change and hand back too much, but every one of these boys had learned of his teacher that only honest money is good money."

This is a great deal more space than the literary merit of the book would at all warrant. But the publication is interesting as a survival of a class which is rapidly disappearing

WARWICK DEEPING.
The brilliant young English novelist, whose latest book, "Living It Down," will be published serially in Saturday Night, beginning the week after next.

before the sneer of modern scepticism. That it should altogether disappear is not likely to mean a very serious loss to those who read.

As a compensation for devoting a good deal of space to one worthless book, I will dismiss the other two in the summary manner they deserve. "The Death of Maid McCrea" is a piece of blank verse so utterly blank that words fail to describe its emptiness. It is empty of sense, sound, color, rhythm, or any other constituent of literature, except letters. The whole alphabet is to be found in the book, but in such combination as it is to be hoped will never happen again.

"Symbolisms" is a piece of work which it would be charitable to attribute to incipient paresis. It is one of those books which are never spoken of in the family of the author.

* * *

ALMOST every author begins his career by sowing literary wild oats, but few authors undergo the painful experience of having the product served up to them in later years in the form of breakfast food. Edward S. Ellis, a writer of juvenile books, is one of the unhappy few. Long ago he perpetrated certain "Indian stories" of which he thought so little that he signed them by a pseudonym. Recently a more or less enterprising firm of New York publishers reissued these thrilling tales, apparently without asking anybody's permission, and added insult to injury by attaching the author's real name. Mr. Ellis hied him to court. Being a man of experience, he did not try to seek redress under the copyright law, but invoked the aid of a State statute passed last year, which makes it unlawful to use a name for advertising or trade purposes without obtaining the consent of the person named. The case was so clear that the judge promptly granted a permanent injunction. Moralists may say that the teaching of this episode is that a literary man should write nothing he would hesitate to sign; but, since an author figures as hero, it seems more fitting to append a moral which all authors will applaud—that it is seldom expedient and never in the long run profitable for a publisher to play the thief.

* * *

SAINTE-BEUVE and his circle are the subject of a series of intimate chapters in La Revue, by Jules Troubat, who was secretary to Sainte-Beuve at the time of the great critic's death. M. Troubat cites Sainte-Beuve's own minute biographical method of studying the works of a great writer as justification for recording the facts that Sainte-Beuve shaved himself every morning, instead of twice a day, as Chateaubriand did, and that he performed the operation with the free, rapid touch of a master. "His criticism," says M. Troubat, "had in it the same marvellous ability with which he sent the razor over his face. I do not deny that now and then a bit of the skin was carried away; but that again was the characteristic of his critical method, to rasp slightly here and there, to draw a little blood out of an author's pride. He himself once said, 'I have stung and lacerated more people with my eulogies than others have with their insults.'"

Tom Folio

March not half gone and Russell sales already ahead of our entire last year's business.

RUSSELL "30" and RUSSELL 7-passenger are two of the season's biggest sellers.

RUSSELL "30" is the splendid model sold at $2,350, fully equipped and furnished with any of the following bodies: Five passenger touring, toy tonneau, Surrey and special runabout. This is unquestionably the greatest value on the market this season.

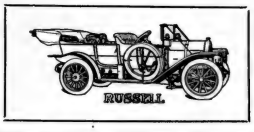
Russell 7 passenger is the innovation of the year—a regular seven-passenger car but light in weight, inexpensive to maintain and costing only $2,760 equipped. The car which supplies a need long felt by the motoring world.

Both cars are fast, powerful, handsome, and remarkably comfortable. Russell "30" has 115 inch wheel base, front wheels 34 x 3½ inches, rear wheels 35 x 4 inches. Russell seven-passenger has 120-inch wheel base and 36 x 4-inch wheel all round; its extra tonneau seats are easily removeable.

Be sure to see these cars and have them demonstrated to you.

Send for our Catalogue.

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., LIMITED
WEST TORONTO
"MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE AUTOMOBILES"
Branches: Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Aust.



WESTERN
Assurance Company
Incorporated A.D. 1851.
HEAD OFFICE - - - TORONTO

STATEMENT FOR YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31st, 1909.

Assets		$ 3,267,082 55	
Unearned Premiums and other Liabilities		1,735,711 13	
Surplus to Policyholders		$ 1,531,371 42	
Losses paid since organization of the Company		$52,441,172 44	
Fire Premiums		$ 2,111,879 94	
Fire Losses	$1,006,875 89		
Fire Expenses	858,121 58	1,864,997 47	
			$246,882 47
Marine Premiums		$ 698,426 61	
Marine Losses	$490,896 16		
Marine Expenses	155,694 55	646,590 71	
			51,835 90
Interest and other receipts			84,877 90
Profits on Year's Trading			$383,596 27

DIRECTORS.

President ... Hon. Geo. A. Cox
Vice-Presidents ... W. R. Brock; John Hoskin, K.C., LL.D.

Directors—Robt. Bickerdike, M.P., E. W. Cox, D. B. Hanna, Alex. Laird, Z. A. Lash, K.C., LL.D., W. B. Meikle, Geo. A. Morrow, Augustus Myers, Frederic Nicholls, James Kerr Osborne, Sir Henry M. Pellatt, E. R. Wood.

W. B. MEIKLE, *General Manager.* C. C. FOSTER, *Secretary.*

F. N. BURT COMPANY, LIMITED.

The annual meeting of the above corporation was held in Toronto on March 3, and the statement presented showed that since the taking over of the business by the new management on Sept. 1 last, the progress made has been exceptional. The company by its agreement with the firms bought out was entitled to all the profits made during the calendar year of 1909, less the sum of $79,543.20, an arbitrary portion of the earnings agreed upon with the vendors. On September 1 the profit and loss account commenced with a balance of $4,662.35. The net profits for 1909 were $171,594.13, from which the above named sum was deducted, leaving to the credit of the account $96,713.28. The appropriations from this amount were $20,000 for the reduction of plant account, and $13,125 for payment of dividend number one on Jan. 3, leaving a balance to carry forward of $63,588.28. The assets of the company are $1,651,029.77, against which the indebtedness outside of the shareholders' holdings and dividends is less than $75,000. The company is capitalized at a million and a half of dollars.

THE IDEAL WAY TO TRAVEL IS VIA A DOUBLE-TRACK ROUTE.

The Grand Trunk is the only one to Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Philadelphia, London, Detroit, Chicago and Montreal. Fast trains, smooth roadbed, excellent dining car service and palatial Pullmans are features of this line. Tickets, berth reservations, etc., at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

"Yes, my class is pretty well informed about the approaching comet," said the first teacher. "Gracious," exclaimed the second teacher in surprise, "how in the world did you ever get the children interested in it?" "Why, I told them there was a chance of its coming and burning the school house down."—Chicago Daily News.

Gladys—Oh, mamma! Here's a note from that long-haired pianist. He says it will be impossible for him to play at our reception to-night. Mamma — What's the trouble? Gladys—Some one stole his wig.—Chicago Daily News.

A New Musical Instrument

The ordinary Player-Piano is not a new musical instrument. But the

HEINTZMAN & CO. PLAYER-PIANO

is so different from any other Player-Piano that to describe it as a new musical instrument is to give to words their correct meaning.

Before this instrument was placed upon the market a careful study was made of the whole Player-Piano field. Defects were noted. Important needs were supplied. The result is that to-day one finds in the Heintzman & Co. Player-Piano an instrument that appeals to the taste and judgment of the most cultured musicians.

It is just another case where the premier position of this firm in the field of piano construction has again asserted itself.

When buying a Player-Piano choose the new Player-Piano bearing the name of the original Heintzman & Co., Limited.

PIANO SALON---115-117 King Street West
TORONTO, CANADA

FOR SMOKERS OF TASTE AND DISCRIMINATION

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Me and My Chum Dick

(*Continued from page* 14.)

I was thinking all the while, and I said, "Dick, there ain't no salt left for this blessed damper, you might nip over to the Chinaman and get a pinch."

And just as he was going out I added, as I knocked off a speck of the nugget with the iron tip of my boot. "And while you're there, just ask the Chinkie what sort of mica gets in nuggets." He took the dust and went over, and I continued kneading that there damper, which was a miserable failure after all.

All of a sudden Dick burst into the tent, threw himself on his bunk and was blubbering like a baby.

"Jim," he cried, "Jim, it's gold, pure gold; Jim, it's gold, gold, gold!" And he started up dancing and singing out "Winnie, Winnie, Winnie!" and I thought the poor fellow had gone clean crazy for joy.

Then he took me by the shoulders, and with his eyes ablaze said, "Dear old Jim, our fortune's made."

"Your fortune you mean," I answered. "I never found the stone, and I don't want nothing to do with it."

"Jim," he said, quite stern, "we've been chums through thick and thin up to now, and if you don't take half of that nugget I'll throw it back in the river again."

Then he sat down beside me and told me he was in love with a lady named Winnie (as if I didn't know all that before), and he was too poor to ask her, but he knew she loved him all the same, and now he was going prospecting for the rest of those nuggets, and when he'd found them all he'd go back to England and marry her.

There might have been more nuggets up there—I can't say, for I never looked, and ain't never agoin' to; but I reckoned we had got enough and told Dick so.

I said as I reckoned he'd got quite enough money to carry me on, and if the lady loved him he didn't ought to wait to get any more (for I knew he'd come into his brother's money too as soon as he got back home); and I pitched it in strong about how wretched the poor girl must be all alone, and how it was only his duty to go and see her right off, and how, perhaps, she was thinking he was dead or had forgotten her, and was crying her eyes out for lack of news.

That last settled Dick; and without saying any more we humped it into Bendigo with the nugget stowed in our swag and sold it at the bank for more thousands of pounds than I'd like to mention.

Then we spent our last night together—champagne and free drinks to everyone in the hotel—and before we went to bed I told Dick why I should stop in the bush because of the blood on my hands. But Dick was true even at that; and his lips were white as we gripped good-bye at the railway station next day.

I had to smoke a good many pipes when I got back to the tent again before I managed to eat much, and then I settled down quiet, mooning round the mountains, wondering how long it'd take me to die and trying to forget I had killed a man. The money that Dick had made me take would have kept a hundred men like me; I buried what I didn't want, and didn't speak to a soul except when I went to the store to buy my tucker.

I had got used to that sort of solitary life, and was beginning to sleep without dreaming, when one day a man rode up to the tent, a boundary-rider on the station and shouted out—

"Jim Morris, that's your name, ain't it? Wel, then, here's a letter for yer. Catch hold of it quick for I'm late; and a merry Christmas to you."

It was Christmas Day and I didn't know it; and he galloped off leaving the letter in my hands. It had English stamps on it. and opening it in the blazing sunshine, I read—

"Dear old chum Jim,

"I was married to my Winifred this morning.

"We are alone at last; but before we go to rest we are writing to you.

"We know now who you are; of the nugget; and of the other thing; and we are praying God to bless you for ever and ever.

"We shall never forget the hero dying alone by the dismal river at the other end of the world.

"God bless you!

RICHARD GRENVILLE."

And underneath in a lady's writing—

"I have kissed your forehead on the paper here."

There was no one else in sight, so I went over and shook hands with the Chinaman.

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Whether you want a short cigar for Five Cents. or a box of real fine Havanas for the After Dinner Smoke, rest assured that the best can always be had at any of our Three stores, conveniently located in Town.

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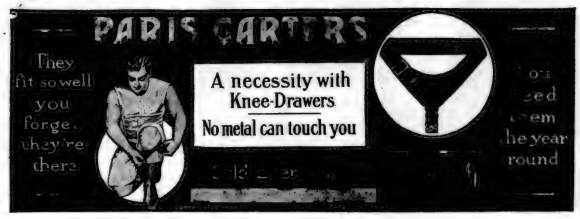

FINANCIAL STATEMENT
OF THE
MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
OF CANADA
For Year Ending December 31st, 1909

CASH ACCOUNT

INCOME.

Net Ledger Assets, December 31, 1908	$12,355,474 81
Premiums (net)	2,049,820 41
Interest	700,027 00
	$15,105,322 22

DISBURSEMENTS.

To Policyholders—		
Death Claims	$384,527 26	
Matured Endowments	240,137 00	
Surrendered Policies.	96,257 79	
Surplus	86,044 54	
Annuities	11,843 05	
		$ 818,809 64
Expenses, Taxes, etc		452,338 20
Balance Net Ledger Assets, December 31st, 1909		13,834,174 38
		$15,105,322 22

BALANCE SHEET

ASSETS.

Mortgages	$ 6,885,864 88
Debentures and Bonds	4,858,596 62
Loans on Policies	1,818,768 55
Premium Obligations	19,885 01
Real Estate (Company's Head Office)	50,528 00
Cash in Banks	233,633 42
Cash at Head Office	3,786 90
Due and Deferred Premiums (net)	354,717 99
Interest due and accrued	292,660 24
	$14,518,441 61

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4%, 3½% and 3% standard	$12,065,146 16
Reserve on lapsed policies on which surrender values are claimable	1,938 67
Death Claims unadjusted	41,247 00
Present value of amounts not yet due on matured instalment policies	74,404 73
Matured Endowments, unadjusted	2,762 59
Premiums paid in advance	14,282 53
Due for medical fees and sundry accounts	12,078 68
Credit Ledger Balances	36,889 00
Surplus, December 31st, 1909.. (Surplus on Government Standard of Valuation, $2,973,749.51)	2,269,692 25
	$14,518,441 61

Audited and found correct,
J. M. SCULLY, F.C.A.,
Auditor.

GEO. WEGENAST,
Managing Director.

Waterloo, January 24th, 1910.

New Business (all Canadian) written in 1909	$ 8,125,578	Increase over 1908	$ 877,114
Assurances in force, December 31, 1909	59,261,959	Increase over 1908	4,568,077
Assets, December 31, 1909	14,518,442	Increase over 1908	1,534,778
Surplus, December 31, 1909	2,269,692	Surplus earned in 1909.	508,921

Booklets containing the Directors' Report and proceedings of the 40th Annual Meeting held March 3rd, 1910, are being printed, and will be distributed among policyholders in due course.

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32 PAGES

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SECTION 2. PAGES 17 TO 32

VOL. 23, No. 22. Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-29 Adelaide Street West TORONTO, CANADA, MARCH 12, 1910. TERMS—Single Copies, 10c. Per Annum (in advance), $3. Whole No. 1162

THE OTHER PAGE

A CHICAGO police magistrate has handed out a well deserved bouquet to women. He says that in his wide experience he has been thoroughly convinced that when it comes to keeping a secret women are ever so much better than men. This by the way is a fact of which all women have long been sure, but realizing the futility of impressing its truth upon the world, have simply proved they were right by maintaining silence upon the subject.

It has always been considered funny to tax women with their inability to hold their tongues, and much capital has been made out of this supposed defect in the feminine make-up. The comic papers have long fallen back upon the subject when the mother-in-law joke was temporarily out of business, and before the comic papers existed it is probable that the belief was centuries old.

And women have stood for it all good humoredly, for they knew nothing mattered as long as they continued to preserve the family secrets. It has amused men for many generations to dilate upon the conversational ability of women in general and their own belongings in particular, and yet there is little doubt that in the majority of cases no man would hesitate to entrust all he held of most value, including his life, to his wife, his mother, his sisters or daughters. Give a woman a trust and she is equal to it on all occasions. Perhaps it is pride, perhaps it is a natural desire to shield her own, but a woman will always keep up appearance, wear a "stiff upper lip," and keep her own counsel when anything really important is at stake, especially if the honor or well-being of her family is involved.

Women certainly are prone to make much—conversationally—out of trifles. It was Voltaire who said that "speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts" but women had recognized the great truth which the saying embodies and had been living up to it for centuries before Voltaire put it on paper. Realizing that words were their servants they have employed them skilfully, and by their chatter have often managed to side-track any suspicion of the existence of things it were better to conceal.

Many women gossip—but so do most men. It is not only in the drawing rooms over the tea cups that reputations are besmirched and peccadillos turned into something worse. Contrary to general belief, gossiping is not a habit entirely feminine and any woman knows that almost any man is as interested as she can be in the side-lights that can be thrown on the lives of his friends and acquaintances. Of course this view is heretical, but women will acknowledge its truth while men will as vehemently deny it.

The Chicago magistrate who has discovered that women can hold their tongues hasn't found out anything new, but he should have a monument raised to him for his bravery in putting a "crimp" in a theory that has become so well established through the ages that it has grown to rank with all the other platitudes that an unthinking world accepts as truth without stopping to look into them.

∴

HUSBANDS who object to poorly cooked meals and badly managed homes will be relieved to hear that a school for brides has been established. As yet only one institution of the sort has been opened and that in England, but if the idea catches on there seems no reason why branches should not be formed in various parts of the English speaking world.

The new departure is known as the College of Schoolcraft and is designed to teach brides and near-brides how to manage a home economically and comfortably. As young ladies without matrimonial entanglements, but who—like Barkis—are "willing" are not debarred, practically any woman may become a student if she wants to.

The course lasts six months and during that time any woman is supposed to be sufficiently bright to learn all the tricks of housekeeping and return to her home a duly qualified combination sweeper, duster, cook, dish washer and manager. The time, however, does seem rather short, when one compares it with the period which a man spends in acquiring a knowledge of the trade to which he intends to devote his life.

At the college no servants are kept and all the work is done by the pupils. They wear a sort of uniform during their attendance donning brown linen before luncheon and brown cashmere after it. With either gown they wear cap and apron.

Domestic science is being taught in many ways in many places but the idea of plucking a young married woman away from her own kitchen range in order to teach her how to use it to the best advantage does seem to have a novel touch about it. The scheme seems especially contrived to please the husbands of the pupils. Should the coffee be muddy at breakfast and the roast over-done at dinner, and should this be repeated day after day it would be up to the husband to suggest that his better half give up her trip to the sea in the summer and spend her days instead in learning how to prepare food for her family. Then again if "wifie" got a little tiresome and suddenly became too hard to please it might be a wise plan to pack her off for a six months' rest at a domestic science school. And if "hubby" were as tactful as his sort usually are when trying to get their own way, the chances are that "wifie" would go like a lamb, and the cooking cure might become a healer of many domestic differences merely by providing a short period of separation that would be more comfortable than a stay in a "suffragette" cell, and decidely less expensive than a trip to a health resort.

∴

THE age at which a woman ceases to be really alluring must be moved up a notch or two. The other night Herman Lange, a devoted admirer of Mrs. Nelson, a widow residing in the Bronx, N.Y., poured a fusillade of shots through her sitting room window because she wouldn't marry him, and then shot himself dead. And Mrs. Nelson, low be it spoken, confesses to fifty-two summers and the same number of winters.

Everything points to the fact that Lange killed himself from love of the widow When found he had a roll of several hundred dollars in his pocket and also a letter in which he said that death was preferable to life without the lady of his choice. Mrs. Nelson insists that she has no other affair of the heart but Lange in his communication stated that he would "give the other man a chance." Love lands in strange places but it does seem a little out of the ordinary run to have a man shoot himself for love of an elderly widow who spurned his affection. If this sort of thing becomes prevalent it will be necessary to have elderly ladies well chaperoned when they go out to do the family marketing, and buy a body-guard for attractive great-grandmothers when they don their best bonnets to attend a matinee. In Victorian days the granddaughter, not the grandmother, would have been the heroine of such a romance. But the present age seems to make little distinction between the old woman and the young one provided each is charming in her own way.

∴

WOMEN are now being blamed for the increased cost of living. The man to bring this accusation against them is Prof. Simon N. Patten who occupies the chair of Political Economy at the University of Pennsylvania. According to him women are largely responsible for present conditions because they do not make their own clothes, bake their own bread, and prepare the winter's supply of preserves. Formerly, Prof. Patten says, woman created more value by industry in the home than her husband did out of it. But now all this is changed and the wife no longer contributes to the family income by creating value. Consequently a $1,000 income no longer can be stretched to do the work of twice that amount. He regrets that religious scruples are no longer a check to extravagance and insists that the time is coming when it will be realized that the "essential conditions of home life cannot be neglected without bringing prosperity to a standstill, and putting discord and rebellion in the place of peace and harmony."

Perhaps women are to blame; if they are not there will be plenty of people to argue that they are. But whatever Prof. Patten's experience may have been it is comforting to believe that in Canada at least there are thousands of good wives who still put up the winter's preserves even if they do find it cheaper to buy bread from the baker and wiser to employ the services of a dress maker than use up their strength by doing everything themselves. Everywhere one looks there are women who are keener on keeping their homes in order than on anything else in the world, and on their shoulders at least cannot be placed the burden of the higher cost of living. To be sure women like comfort and cosiness and to have things as "nice" as their friends and neighbors, but this wish isn't confined entirely to women. There are thousands of men who are just as anxious to have the best that is going and usually they are more prone to gratify their wishes than are their women folk.

MRS. MELVIN-JONES,
Wife of the Hon. Senator Melvin-Jones.

THE wedding ring worry has reached London, and now they are trying to get up an agitation in that conservative spot in favor of men wearing the golden badge of matrimony. The question has even been formulated: "Should married men be compelled by law to wear wedding rings?" The idea, of course, is to have the ring act as a danger signal to impressionable young women who might be prone to fall in love with married men.

In the course of a divorce suit in London a letter was read from a girl who complained that the man in the case had not been labelled by a plain gold band, and the judge remarked that he was in favor of all men wearing this outward symbol of matrimony. A sceptical jurist said that in case of the suggestion ever becoming law, it would be necessary to have the ring formed of a material which would resist file and explosives, and furthermore, have it chained on to a handcuff.

If men can express these sentiments in regard to the donning of the golden circlet by their fellow men, women ought to be enthusiastic in the same direction, but apparently they are quite indifferent in the matter, and as long as they are allowed to discard their own wedding rings when and where they please, have no intention of interfering with the freedom of their matrimonial partners.

And when all's said and done, it takes more than the knowledge that a person wears a wedding ring to prevent domestic tragedies of various sorts. If the golden circlet did all its advocates claim for it, there would be no divorces and no wrecked homes. But unfortunately the secret of the binding together of husband and wife must be found elsewhere than in a piece of jewelry.

∴

CHICAGO has started a new crusade, the object of which is to call women workers "young lady employees," as it is feared that the term "working girl" may hurt the feelings of those to whom it is applied. It does seem a pity to revive the use of that over-worked word "lady" especially as applied to women who earn their own livings. In many instances a woman doesn't care just what she is termed provided she has congenial work, good hours, and fair wages. Nobody dreams of talking of the "working gentleman" and yet the average man has just as much right to be called that as has his rival of the fair sex to be called "lady." The truth of the matter is that no one can become anything higher than just a "man," unless it is a "woman."

Chicago which is usually progressive is just about three hops behind this time and should wake up and from its dreams. Who was ever yet hurt by being called a woman? And if such a person does exist the best thing to do is to keep right on applying injury after injury of the same sort to her feelings until she has a little common sense knocked into her. And as for "girl" why lots of the people who object to the use of the term as applied to others would give anything they own to be young enough to have it applied to themselves even with the prefix "working." Anyway, most of us are working women no matter whether it be in the office, the school, the shop, or the home; and if circumstances are such that one cannot be sheltered in the home nest, by all means learn to be called a working woman, and be proud of the fact that the appellation has been well earned.

∴

MOST people hate flies; not to do so is either to prove oneself too tender-hearted for existence on this earth, or else argues that one is rather untidy and that a little dirt more or less isn't a matter worth worrying about.

Many housekeepers are of the sort who would as soon have a snake in the house as a fly, and in order to educate the rest up to the same standard, the Department of Agriculture of the United States is planning a big crusade against the annoying little pest, and this crusade will take in the whole of the States. When science turns its attention to the frisky little house fly, one can see the finish of one more pest. Its destruction is determined upon—at least as far as possible—and the campaign will open with a special farmers' bulletin by the Bureau of Entomology which will describe various methods of exterminating the house fly, and so put an end to its all-pervading presence in the summer boarding house as well as in screenless homes. The bulletins will also explain the various diseases that are spread by the pest, and on the whole it looks as if one more menace to humanity would soon be lessened.

∴

MOTOR maids are the latest. Independent young women who are fond of going about the country in their own automobiles have eagerly taken up the idea of employing a girl to run their cars, and in such cases the ordinary chauffeur is being steadily replaced, in England at least, by smart young persons of the gentler sex who have learned to guide a touring car through all sorts of difficulties.

With a woman in the tonneau and a girl at the wheel there is no need for a chaperone and the scheme seems to be working out rather well wherever it has been tried. The demand is rapidly growing for women drivers who are equally skilled in building a coiffure and mending a punctured tire. The post of motor maid brings with it a good deal of enjoyment that does not usually fall to the lot of a lady's maid, and such positions are eagerly sought Moreover the wages received by the motor maid are considerably in advance of what is earned by the attendant who is only an adept in frills and furbelows. Once the motor maid has seen her car "bedded down" she is able to turn her attention to her mistress and occupy herself with purely feminine duties.

Seemingly the motor maid is a treasure who has come to stay. Innovation follows innovation and pretty soon we may have the bridge-house keeper, the golf-footman, the tennis-butler and the governess-skater. And yet there are people with so little imagination that they believe this world has been robbed of every thing interesting and that there remains no novelty to add to the gaiety of nations.

∴

FROM a passive weapon which may or may not scratch out the eyes of an innocent passerby, the hatpin has become a force to reckon with when actively employed by an angry and determined woman. An actress was arrested the other day in Kentucky for stabbing a stage employee with the skewer she usually employed to keep her hat in place. The actress was arrested, but when the case came up next day the assaulted youth was said to be too ill, as a result of his wound, to appear in court. If this sort of thing keeps on, it will be necessary to form a league for the suppression of the hatpin and offer a bonus to every member who will tie on her headgear with the old-time bit of black elastic which may or may not be worn under the chin.

Societies are formed for all sorts of purposes nowadays, from the suppression of noises to the making of the musical kind. The woman who will organize a widespread crusade against the hatpin will be doing more good than if she made a speech once a day for three months in favor of women's rights. This time it's a case of man's wrongs to be redressed, and there's good cause for the complaints on the subject which one hears from every side. Either the hatpin must go, or like the dogs in the community, it must be muzzled by a safety device such as is in use in Paris and other continental cities.

∴

A JIMMY and a corkscrew formed the equipment found in the pocket of a burglar who was disturbed while rifling a millinery store the other night in New York. Whether the corkscrew and its constant use led to the ultimate need of a jimmy to secure the necessary supply of refreshments, or whether things worked the other way round and the use of the jimmy necessitated the owning of the corkscrew in order to facilitate the presence of the necessary amount of Dutch courage has not transpired to date. The owner of the two implements, however, used both, and during the absence of Mrs. Lulian Gray from her shop forced an entrance and was sampling the hats when the proprietor returned. She naturally objected to the liberties being taken with her best bonnets, but the man knocked her down and then disappeared around a convenient corner. But Mrs. Gray didn't stay down. Instead, she ran shrieking for help in the direction taken by the burglar person with the result that he gave up the race and fell exhausted at her feet. Having proved a success as a Marathon runner, Mrs. Gray held on to her captive until a policeman happened along, and then passed him on before she took hysterics.

Women are entering all walks of life and are rapidly supplanting men, but if there is one thing in which the sex as a whole seems to be specializing just now, it is in thief-catching, and if this keeps on a self-respecting burglar will soon have more need to dread a "skoit" than a band of "cops."

Madame

TORONTO SOCIETY

Mr. Tom Plummer, of Sylvan Tower, returned to England on Monday. The Misses Plummer returned from Barrie recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, left on Sunday for visit abroad, where the Misses Mackenzie, Mrs. Grantham and Mrs. James Grace already are. During the absence of the family from Benvenuto, Mrs. Mackenzie's sister, Mrs. Maher, who has been at the Prince George, will be in residence at the Mackenzie home.

Trinity College Glee Club has branched out this spring, and will give a splendid programme in Convocation Hall on March 31. Miss Elizabeth Campbell, contralto, and Herr Suchs, violinist, are the artists assisting the Club. Herr Suchs is the proud possessor of a Paganini Strad violin, valued at thousands of pounds. He was a pupil of Joachim for many years, and should be a great drawing card for the Glee Club concert.

Mrs. Arthur Peuchen, Jarvis street, kindly lent her parlors on Tuesday evening for the entertainment given by the Q.O.R. chapter, I.O.D.E., in aid of the Battleford Memorial fund. Refreshments were arranged in the dining-room after the concert, on a table decorated with Richmond roses. The drawing-room and picture gallery were decorated with pink roses, and daffodils were arranged in the hall. Mrs. Percy Mason received with Mrs. Peuchen, and the hostess in chief carried flowers presented by the "Daughters." Miss Gunther arranged the programme, and her assisting artists were Miss Mellish, Miss Enid Newcombe, Mrs. Harry Mason, Mrs. J. Macdonald, Mrs. Proctor, Mrs. J. Mason and Mr. R. S. Pigott. A company of about one hundred and fifty enjoyed the evening very much.

HON. ELEANOR BROUGHAM.
The only daughter of Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux, Miss Brougham is an exceedingly popular girl with a very wide circle of friends.

Mrs. Delamere, Heath street, gave an informal tea on Tuesday for a few of the old friends of her relative, Mrs. Charles Keefer, of Ottawa, who is visiting her daughter, Mrs. George R. Sweeny. The guest of honor, one of the prettiest little ladies imaginable, wore a mauve costume with ermine, and velvet hat. Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Black, Miss Armour and the daughters of the hostess assisted in the tea-room. The table was sunny with quantities of daffodils, which are just now in great perfection of bloom.

On Wednesday, March 2, at Teeswater, by Rev. R. S. Baker, of Teeswater, assisted by Rev. M. J. Wilson, of Walkerton; Mr. Clark Stewart Maharg, D.S., C.P.R., Calgary, and Miss Minnie Staples were married at the home of the bride's step-father, Mr. R. J. Evans, who gave away the bride. The ceremony was witnessed by the family party and a few near relatives. Miss Staples wore pearl gray satin veiled in silk net, with gold and white trimmings, and a diantond pendant, the groom's present. After the dejeuner, Mr. Maharg took his bride home in his private car to Calgary, where they will reside. Mrs. Maharg travelled in a handsome navy broadcloth suit and hat to match. She will be much missed in Teeswater, and especially in the church, where she has been organist for several years, the choir presenting her with a handsome candelabrum on her marriage.

That inconsiderate and illbred section of womanhood which in the face of numerous unhappy casualties persists in wearing hideous spears of imitation jewels or barbaric looking ornaments thrust through their overtrimmed hats deserves the contempt and protest which is everywhere heard. Only a certain grade of women wear such ugly and dangerous things. To them, apparently, it will be necessary to talk with a club or an axe.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan have gone to Atlantic City. Mr. and Mrs. Hollwey are back from New York. Mr. George Beardmore returned from Montreal on Wednesday.

Mrs. Dunbar, 97 Roxboro street east, gave a bridge of five tables on Tuesday, at which Mrs. McAgy, Mrs. Doolittle, Mrs. G. Dunbar, Mrs. Harton Walker and Mrs. Ball were the fortunate players to win the dainty cups and saucers given as prizes. Mrs. W. Gale and Miss Dunbar presided in the tea-room after the game.

Mrs. Robert Cartwright, wife of Lt.-Colonel Cartwright, was in town this week for a few days, the guest of Mrs. Diqnam, St. George street. On Wednesday, Mrs. Diqnam asked a few of Mrs. Cartwright's old friends to meet her at tea-time in the New Galleries, Jarvis street.

I hear that there is a probability of a great treat for lovers of Chopin, in the arranging of a Chopin evening at Massey Hall, on April 11, with Mark Hamburg, as a celebration of the Chopin centenary. Mr. Schneider, who is managing this Chopin evening, has already secured an imposing list of patrons and a good many subscriptions.

The plan of the Alexandra Theatre for the week of April 4, when the Governor General's Trophy Competition will be on, will be open for subscribers on March 30, and on the following day to the general public. Subscribers' lists and tickets are to be placed at Tyrrel's, Nordheimer's, the Bell Piano rooms, the King Edward and the College and Conservatory of Music. Mr. Harry Osborne has taken up the branch of work in connection with the competition which was, before his regretted decease, in the hands of the late lamented Mr. Stewart Houston. It is up to Toronto to make a success of the last competition at which the originator, Earl Grey, will be able to preside.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Samuel, Walmer Road, leave for England on Monday.

Mrs. Alex. Ireland gave a dinner at the Hunt Club last Saturday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Casey Wood, at which covers were laid for sixteen, and a delightful evening was enjoyed by all. Various other doings have been *en train* for this happy young couple.

Mrs. Geary has been paying a visit to Mrs. Moncrieff in Buffalo.

The marriage of Miss Anna Lorraine Wallace, daughter of Mr. C. C. Wallace and Mr. Edward Cockburn Gould, Midland, Ont., son of Mr. H. J. Gould, Uxbridge, was celebrated very quietly at half-past twelve, in St. Peter's church, Carlton street, on Monday. Only the immediate family was present, and throughout the ceremony, at which the Rev. Frederick Wilkinson officiated, soft music was played by the organist, Mr. Gurney. The bride, who was unattended, was brought in and given away by her father. Her robe of ivory Duchess satin was trimmed with pearls and Duchess lace, a spray of satin roses falling from the shoulder. Her only ornament was a necklace of pearls, and she wore a tulle veil and orange blossoms and carried a sheaf of roses and lilies. Mrs. Wallace, in black satin, with black and white hat, and violets, held a small reception at her home, 17 McKenzie Crescent, the house being tastefully decorated. Mr. and Mrs. Gould left on the afternoon train for New York, the bride travelling in a marine blue tailored suit, with hat of foliage and tuscan straw, with quills, and touches of velvet to match the suit, and pointed fox furs. They will reside in Midland.

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton will lecture on Monday afternoon at three and evening at 8.15 in Association Hall. A great added interest is aroused among the young set in these original and charming talks on the little and big woodland creatures, by the anticipated visit to Mr. Thompson Seton's camp in the Adirondacks of a company of our boys next summer to learn from practical experience the love of the outdoor life.

Miss Muriel Bruce has arranged a programme to be rendered this afternoon, in aid of the West End Creche, in the New Galleries, Jarvis street.

A number of small bridge parties and two or three dinners have been, beside the theatres, the only amusements this week. Two small luncheons have been given, but as the hostesses are observing Lent, and only "broke through" for visitors in town, they are not be to counted.

Mr. James Grace has purchased a charming residence in Clarendon Avenue, off Avenue Road, just above Benvenuto, and Mr. and Mrs. Grace will set up their lares and penates there in the autumn.

Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt are at Clifton Springs. Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hutchins are going abroad next week. Mr., Mrs. and Miss Gertrude Brock have gone to Italy.

At midweek, last week, Commodore Marlatt, R.C.Y.C., gave a farewell dinner for Mr. Louis McMurray, whose marriage to Miss Suzanne Mara takes place after Easter. All the committee men who manage the affairs of the big Club were asked, and a very jolly evening was enjoyed in the cosy precincts of the National Club. Lou McMurray has been always a prized member, a staunch sailor and a most popular man with his fellow yachtsmen, and cordial good wishes are his for every happiness.

Mr. John Brockway, a most able critic from the musical world in the States, is to be the judge of the musical part of the Governor General's Trophy Competition, next month.

Yet another engagement, to be followed by a quiet marriage in the late spring, has been mentioned to me this week.

Mrs. Champ returned to New York last week after a very pleasant visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones, at La Plaza, during which she was the recipient of numerous kind hospitalities and attentions.

Miss Edith Holland returned from Ottawa at midweek. She has had a delightful visit there with her *fiance's* people varied by a trip to New York.

Mrs. and Miss Brown have arrived from Winnipeg and are settling in a sunny flat in the Carlton Apartments in Carlton street.

Mrs. Andrew Darling, who is a moving spirit in all concerning the interests of the Western Hospital, is arranging a programme for a concert to be given under the auspices of the Flower and Good Cheer Club, which does so much for the charity patient's comfort in the hospital aforesaid. Mrs. George Warwick, 178 St. George street, has kindly lent her house for the evening of March 30, and among the artists who have promised to assist are Madame Gray Burnaud, Mrs. Proctor (*nee* Kemp), Miss Gunther, Miss Gage, Mr. Walker, Mr. Sheard and several others.

Mr. Wills McLachlin, a clever young Toronto engineer, has received an excellent appointment at Dundas.

On next Monday evening the Heliconian Club will meet at dinner at the Brown Betty lunch rooms at half past six o'clock.

The bridge given for charity by the Chamberlain Chapter, I.O.D.E., will be held in the King Edward hotel on March 31. It was to be a matinee bridge.

Hon. Dr. and Mrs. Pyne have been spending some time at the Hotel Sanita, in Chatham, where the sulphur baths are most beneficial to persons in poor health, or suffering from a touch of rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, who some time since settled in the Beardmore house in North Sherbourne street, has as their guest, Miss Beldon, of Ottawa.

Two women were exchanging remarks in a street car. Said one: "I've just been calling for the third time on Mrs. ———. It is curious that I have never yet had the luck to find her at home, nor has she, on the two afternoons she called on me, struck the right day." "Oh, that's nothing," said the other lightly, "in these days of bridge and golf and motoring, calling is out of fashion. One never expects to get in!" Which is indeed quite true.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Bell, of Roxborough street west, announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Dorothea, to Mr. A. Alex. Dewar, son of Mr. Chas. A. Dewar, of Chelsea, Que. Their marriage will take place on Easter Monday.

A pretty home wedding was solemnized at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Humphrey, 42 Major st., on Feb. 28, when Miss Jessie Lillian Humphrey, their youngest daughter was married to Mr. Gordon Kribs, B.A. Sc. Mr. Kribs is the eldest son of W. A. Kribs, Esq., of Hespeler, Ont., member of the Legislative Assembly for the riding of South Waterloo '98-'06. Only immediate relatives of the families witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. W. H. Hincks, L.L.B., of Broadway Tabernacle. The bride wore her travelling dress of blue cloth. The floral decorations were composed of pink double tulips, lily of the valley, southern smilax, palms and ferns. After the *dejeuner*, which was interspersed with words of good cheer and congratulations, the happy couple left for a tour through the Eastern provinces. On their return they will reside at No. 31 Willcocks street.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Francis Burk, of Port Arthur, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Augusta Lenore Burk and Mr. Philip Frederick William Simon, M.E.E.E., of London, England.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Smith announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Winnifred Manning Smith and Dr. F. P. Moore, of Hamilton. The wedding will take place next month.

A Difference of Viewpoints.

MR. FRANK NELSON, who in addition to being the best known race-starter in Canada is sporting editor of the Globe, an old lake sailor and several other things beside, was one of the chief witnesses against the Miller anti-betting bill in the recent special enquiry at Ottawa. After he had given his evidence, Mr. W. E. Raney, of Toronto, who represented the religious interests back of the measure, approached Nelson in the corridor and said:

"Look here, Nelson, it's all very well for you to testify as you did, but you must admit that racing brings objectionable characters into the country and that racing associations even admit objectionable characters to membership."

"Well," replied Nelson, "there's a good deal of difference of opinion everywhere as to what constitutes an objectionable character. Now I used to belong to a very fine organization and it specified only two classes of people which it would not admit to membership under any consideration. Would you like to know what they were?"

"Yes," said Mr. Raney.

"One was the liquor seller."

"Quite right," said Mr. Raney. "What was the other?"

"The lawyer," said Nelson.

And what he said was true, for the organization to which Nelson belonged and which excluded both lawyers and liquor sellers was the Knights of Labor.

ALMOST LANDED.
Jones (land agent): "Perhaps we can close that deal now for that little plot of land. What'll you offer an acre?"
"Brown (who is having a very bad time): "Deliver it here now, and I'll pay you a thousand pounds an acre."
—The Sketch.

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The display in our Show-rooms is positively exclusive. No two hats alike and every one specially imported by our own representative.

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Spookie Shades

are the latest novelties in Candle Shades and Electric Light Shades.

They are made of paper and cardboard in imitation of old-style metal and stained glass, and are quaint, effective, and durable.

Prices range from 60c. to $1.50 each.

MICHIE & CO., Ltd.
7 King Street West

Miss Mabel E. Sturtevant of Brookfield, Mo., winner of the Braun around the world scholarship seems to have achieved success in what ever she has undertaken. She completed the four year course at the high school in three years, graduating as valedictorian. She was also the winner of four scholarships, one in Baker University at Lawrence, Kan.; one in Kansas City University and the curator's scholarship at the University of Missouri. Miss Sturtevant taught for two years, spent two more years as cashier in a business house and then entered the University of Missouri.

The income of $60,000 a year, from a group of sanitary apartments that Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, sr., is having built in New York, will be put aside for the use of families in which there are one or more cases of tuberculosis. These houses, four in number, will be inhabited by families in which there are tuberculous members.

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HAS REPLACED BEEF TEA

BOVRIL nourishes where beef tea only stimulates—

BOVRIL enriches the blood where beef tea only pleases the palate—

BOVRIL is always ready, but beef tea requires great care and hours of preparation.

BOVRIL costs a mere trifle compared with its value—beef tea is expensive.

Economize by buying the ½ lb. or 1 lb. bottle.

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THERE is a certain individuality, a uniformity, and purity found in

Ideal Orchid

TALCUM POWDER

that appeals to people of refined taste. Other talcum powders are sold because of fancy boxes. Ideal Orchid is sold on its merits as an ideal toilet preparation. Its smoothness of blending, antiseptic properties, and exquisite perfume of tropical orchid blooms make it an ideal powder for the bath, toilet, nursery, and "after shaving."

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St. Patrick's Day Confections

THE custom of making gifts or tokens of good-will as inseparable from the 17th of March can be pleasantly observed by the gift of a box of our delicious candy.

—These boxes have been especially made up for the occasion. They are tastefully and fittingly decorated with green silk ribbons, shamrocks, harps, etc., and other symbols of the Emerald Isle.

—The "colleen" whether she be your sweetheart or wife—or both—will appreciate a gift of this delicious and toothsome candy.

Prices—60c., 80c. and $1.

Call and leave your order or phone Main 536.

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THE POPULARITY OF THE GRAND TRUNK SERVICE to London, Detroit and Chicago, while partly due to the excellent service and equipment offered by this company, is mainly attributed to the fact that it has the only double-track line between Toronto and these point. Remember a double-track route contributes to safety, speed and comfort. Trains leave Toronto 8 a.m., 4.40 and 11 p.m. daily. Secure tickets and make reservations at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

EUROPEAN PROGRAMME.

The 19th Withrow Travel Programme, Toronto, is the most attractive issued. The route is comprehensive and the facts and figures plain. No "one-class" steamers. The Passion Play and Belgium International Exposition are included.

MONTREAL SOCIETY

MONTREAL, MARCH 10, 1910.

THEIR Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess Grey, Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey, and the members of the Vice-regal staff arrive in Montreal on Friday to stay for three weeks. They will take up their residence as usual in Lord Strathcona's house on Dorchester street, occupying that and the adjoining house, with which it is connected by conservatories.

Of the few formal teas in the past week one of the most delightful was that given by Mrs. J. Bonham Clay, University street. Her youngest daughter, Miss Gladys Clay, received with her. Miss Evelyn Clay and her sister, Mrs. Grant Macintosh, looked after the tea-table, and the girls helping in the tea-room were Miss Marjorie Lindsay, Miss Amy Pyke, Miss Elsa May, Miss Margaret Armstrong, Miss Dorothy Judah, Miss Beatrice Dowker, Miss Hazel Hart, and Miss Edna Stewart. Captain and Mrs. Clay and their family are moving to their new residence on Cedar avenue early in May.

Mrs. Baumgarten gave one of her delightful dinner parties on Wednesday night. Because they harmonize so well with the handsome oak and rich red panelling of the room, American Beauty roses are nearly always chosen by Mrs. Baumgarten for the dinner table, and on this occasion lilies of the valley were added. Covers were laid for eighteen.

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. W. A. Grant have sailed for a short visit to England. Their young daughter, Miss Gladys Grant, will accompany her grandmother, Mrs. McMaster, on a Southern trip.

Miss Beatrice Caverhill, who has been making a long visit with her sister, Mrs. Geoffrey Mander, at Wightwick Manor, Wolverhampton, has sailed for home. Miss Marjorie Heney has sailed, chaperoned by Mrs. F. Fairbanks, for the south of France, and will join her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Hosmer, at Nice.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Orr Lewis, who are occupying their residence, Woodhill, in Hatfield, for some months, have been spending two or three weeks at Nice and Cannes, and have now returned to London. Mrs. S. W. Ewing, who accompanied Mrs. Lewis abroad and was her guest for several weeks, has returned to The Sherbrooke.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Ogilvie have sailed for the south of Europe. Dr. Charles Martin is enjoying a holiday in a Mediterranean trip, and Dr. J. W. Stirling is just leaving for a similar holiday. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Stirling. Miss May Riley and her brother, Mr. John Riley, have sailed for Naples and Genoa.

Bermuda is at its best, from the Northerner's point of view, when Montreal is—not at its best, from melting snows and variable airs, hence many Montrealers spend the late winter and early spring in Bermuda. Among those who have gone there recently are Mrs. William Starke, her daughter, Miss Isabel Starke, and Mrs. Thomas Hodgson; Mrs. W. G. Ross and her son, Gordon; Mr. and Mrs. Birks, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Benedict, Mrs. R. R. Stevenson, Miss Budden, Mrs. J. McGregor. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Davidson are going shortly. Mr. and Mrs. George Smithers are also leaving on a Southern trip.

Miss Nesbitt, of Woodstock, Ont., who has been staying with her cousin, Mrs. D. Lorne McGibbon, since early in the winter, has left for home. Miss McMillan and Miss McArthur have returned to London, Ont., after a visit to the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Robert Johnston.

Entertaining and being entertained seems to have settled down in this relaxed portion of the season largely into giving and going to bridge parties, although, as some people play bridge, it is anything but relaxation. Still most of the parties have been small. Mrs. W. L. Maltby's "bridge" on Friday was preceded by a luncheon, in the party of sixteen being Mrs. E. N. Heney, Mrs. A. W. Stevenson, Mrs. Howard Pillow, Mrs. Godfrey Weir, Mrs. Linton, Mrs. J. Mackay, and Mrs. F. Robertson. Mrs. T. L. Morrisey gave a small bridge party a couple of afternoons since. Mrs. Fred Markey entertained at bridge—four tables—and a number of other guests came in for tea afterwards. Mrs. Dinham Molson and Mrs. Preble Macintosh attended to the tea. Mrs. Joyce entertained at bridge at her residence in Outremont. Mrs. J. H. Magor was a hostess at bridge on Tuesday. Mrs. Rodolph Forget entertained in the same way, and Mrs. E. A. Robert had a small party at her apartments in "The Linton."

His Excellency Earl Grey came down from Ottawa to preside at the annual meeting of the Victorian Order of Nurses, which was held in the council room of the Board of Trade. The work of the Order in Montreal has grown remarkably within the past few years, since its scope and methods have become known, and there are now thirty nurses constantly employed. Miss Lynch, the superintendent, and her faithful staff have the reputation of never refusing to respond to a call in any part of the city, at any hour of the day or night. Mr. Harold Boulton, an English M.P., who was with His Excellency at the meeting, said that the Countess of Dudley, wife of the Governor-General of Australia, intended coming to Canada to study the organization of the Victorian Order with a view to establishing a similar nursing system in the Commonwealth. While there were many encouraging features at the annual, it was regretfully remarked that Sir George Drummond's place was vacant for the first anniversary since the institution of the Order. Lady Drummond was also missed. Some of those present were Mr. J. M. Courtney, C.V.O., C.M.G., Ottawa; the Ven. Archdeacon Ker, the Rev. Dr. J. Edgar Hill, the Mayor of Montreal, Mrs. J. B. Learmont, president of the ladies' committee; Miss Helen Reid, Mrs. T. A. Starkey, Mrs. Graham Drinkwater, Mrs. Clarence I. De Sola, wife of the Belgian Consul; Mrs. N. C. Smillie, Mrs. John Macnaughton, Dr. T. G. Roddick, Mr. Farquhar Robertson, a former Board of Trade president; Mrs. Farquhar Robertson, Mrs. J. S. Leo, Miss Dow, Miss Gertrude Wand, Mrs. J. P. Dawes, Mrs. Colin Morgan, Miss Parker (a sister of Lady Drummond), Mrs. F. P. Walton, Mrs. Edwin Hanson, Mrs. E. P. Winslow, Mrs. Peter McKenzie, president of the Westmount branch of the Order; Mrs. D. C. Macarow, Mrs. Robert Reid, Mr. C. J. Fleet, K.C.; Dr. Lapthorn Smith, Mr. J. C. Holden, Mr. A. M. Crombie, Mr. J. B. Learmont, Dr. Frank S. Patch, Mr. George Hadrill, secretary of the Board of Trade; Dr. Milton Hersey, city analyst; Dr. Atherton, of Loyola College.

Mayor Guerin took an hour or two from a busy week to visit the Day Nursery when the annual meeting was held on Friday afternoon, and His Worship had some kind things to say about the ladies who, by providing such excellent care for the children, are extending a kindly helping hand to the poor mothers who must be away from them all day to earn the wherewithal to keep the little home together. The Rev. Mr. Sullivan, pastor of Olivet Baptist church, was chairman, and the feature of the meeting was the report of the secretary, Miss Emma Thomas, giving the year's history of the institution where two hundred children had been cared for, taught, and treated to various little outings and pleasures. After the business proceedings, tea was served by Mrs. Thornton Davidson, one of the youngest and most enthusiastic members of the committee. The table looked most inviting, decorated with white and pale pink tulips. A few of those present were Mrs. R. A. E. Greenshields, Mrs. George Caverhill, Mrs. Cecil Gordon, Mrs. Clarence Lyman, Mrs. Wellington Dixon, Mrs. Learmont, Mrs. Roswell Fisher, Mrs. R. Stanley Bagg, Mrs. Frank Bond, Mrs. A. Haig Sims, Mrs. Wonham, Dr. Campbell Howard, Mr. Austin Stead, Dr. W. Gordon Byers, Major A. Haig Sims, Mr. Campbell.

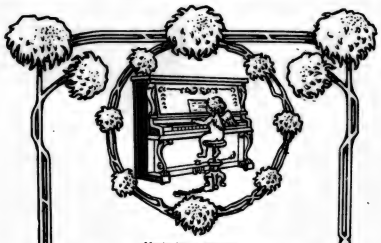
Mrs. G. Washington Stephens, Dorchester st., is leaving to-night for St. John, N.B., whence she sails for England where she will spend some time with her daughter, Mrs. J. Wedderburn Wilson. Mr. and Mrs. William Prentice sailed at the beginning of the week for England, leaving by way of New York. Miss Nora Hebden and Miss Gillespie, of Victoria, B.C., who has been Mrs. Hebden's guest most of the winter, have also sailed for the Old Country. Mr. E. F. Hebden accompanied his daughter to New York on Tuesday and with his younger daughter, Miss Brenda Hebden, and Miss Janie Fleet, has gone to Mexico.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Aimee Acer, daughter of Mrs. C. M. Acer, to Mr. John Cunningham. Miss Aimee Acer is Mrs. Acer's only unmarried daughter and the news of her engagement was interesting to a large circle. Her sisters are Mrs. Preble Macintosh and Mrs. Ross McLernon. Mr. Cunningham is the son of an officer at Washington, D.C.

B. E.

The 1,120 graduates of the Hebrew Technical School for Girls, New York, are said to be earning salaries amounting to over six hundred thousand dollars a year.

A lock of Napoleon's hair, cut by his servant in Brussels in 1811, was sold in London recently for 16s.



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Matrimonial Agent—Really, when I see those two whom I am going to introduce to each other I don't know to which I shall break it gently.—Fliegende Blatter.

"Do you understand French?" "At times." "At times? When?" "When I talk to myself."—Cleveland Leader.

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Twenty-five thousand modern trained Chinese soldiers break into forbidden Lhasa. The thousands of monks who inhabited the place have been driven out. China and India refuse to support The Lama, who is now in India.

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A quick change from a dirty, soiled costume to a bright, clean one. Card or phone message to us—waggon calls—dry cleaned—few days' absence—a new dress. No trouble to you and little expense, and you have a new dress in place of the soiled one. Work done by experts, aided by most complete equipment in Canada assures satisfactory work and no risk of damage to materials. Nearly thirty-five years' experience has taught us best ways.

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De Miracle

a revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free, in plain sealed envelope. De Miracle mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, for $1.00 by De Miracle Chemical Co., 1012 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by

The Robt. Simpson Co., Limited
TORONTO

SEALED tenders addressed to the undersigned and marked "Tenders for Boundary Monuments" will be received by the undersigned, at the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, up to noon of March 15th, 1910, for the supply of 150 cast iron monuments for use in marking the international boundary.

Specifications may be seen at the office of the Chief Astronomer, Dominion Observatory, or will be furnished on application to him, or to the Secretary of the Department.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to ten per cent. of the whole amount of the tender, made payable to the Minister of the Interior, which cheque will be forfeited if the successful tenderer fails to carry out the terms of the contract.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

W. W. CORY.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority will not be paid for it.

DRESS

Some New Costumes.

THE newest tailor-made costumes are showing novelties in cut and material and certainly indicate what the spring fashions ought to be. Some of the features of the new costumes are the shorter coats, which of course give a real touch of novelty, the modifications of the tunic draperies which are so becoming to slender figures, and the distinctive touches in the belts, while the trimmings in the way of handsome embroideries—seen principally on the cuffs and collars—all give promise of a radical departure from what we have been wearing for the past few months.

Many women will be delighted to know that there is a real indication of a waist line in many of the new suits the coats being much more snug than in the immediate past, and having an undoubtedly jaunty effect. All sorts of devices are employed to make the new costume different from those of which we have grown tired. In many instances the fastenings of the coats are allowed to run to something a little unusual, and while buttons play a conspicuous part, braid fastenings are also popular where braid is also used to decorate the costume. The shape of the coats borders on the eccentric in some instances and all sorts of liberties are taken with the outlines of some of the newest.

Of course the belt plays a prominent part when the costume is made in Russian style and some of these are very elaborate in design while others are rather simple and unobtrusive. Some contrast in color, some match the costume for which they are intended. Leather belts appear for wear with cloth coats, and embroidered belts with some of the handsomest suits. Evidently the belt is to be a feature of the spring costume, and it is relied upon to give the proper note.

Many of the skirts are gored and plain. Some costumes come in the three-piece style, a feature of the princess gown being in some instances the making of the part below the hips and the coat of one material and the upper part of the dress of another. As a result some very fetching combinations are to be found, but this style is one which must be employed very carefully if the best results are to be obtained. Practically all the spring suits have bright linings, the gay silk lending a pleasing touch of color to even the most dull hued tailored gown.

Even where princess gowns are worn the belt plays a most important part, and in these it is often only seen at the sides, or perhaps it only goes half way around the waist. All sorts of tricks are employed to give it a distinctive touch and the fashion is certainly pleasing.

The Russian coat promises to really develop into a smock, and where it has already been seen in this new form it is often bordered with a band of contrasting material. A smart costume which showed this new idea was of golden-brown faced-cloth, the seven-gored skirt being quite short and provided with a series of inverted pleats commencing just below the knee. The edge of the graceful smock, like the collar and cuffs, was formed of a beautifully embroidered band done in metallic thread. A smart brown suede belt was used as a finishing touch.

Many of the newest designs show that the high collar is still steadily waning in popularity and in many of the princess dresses and blouses made to match the skirts, collars are made of tucked tulle in a flesh shade which at a little distance gives the effect of a low cut collar. To carry out the idea the chemisette and vest are often made of the same material or at least of lace or net the same hue, the resulting effect being very pretty.

A GIRLISH DINNER FROCK.

This pretty gown, designed for wear by a young girl, is of palest pink crepe, the tunic being edged with a deep band of pink satin above which appears a scroll design in silver. Bands of the same scroll design appear on the bodice, the sash being of the satin embroidered in silver and finished with silver fringe. A large rose of silver tissue is tucked into the waist band.

Fashions in Blouses.

IN spite of the vogue of the one-piece dress, the blouse refuses to be forced into retirement, and all sorts of new designs are being evolved for spring and summer wear.

The new models have many distinguishing features, and the tailor-made varieties are many and attractive. Both heavy and medium linen shirtings are used in the manufacture of these, and the majority close in the back, although many also fasten to the side or in front. When the opening is at the back, better chances for effective garniture are afforded, and the use of embroidery and lace insets for this purpose promises to be very popular. There is also a tendency towards the revival of the style so well known a few years ago as the Gibson waist, and consequently wide pleats are placed on some of the models.

Many of the tailored waists have stiff collars and cuffs, also a revival of a once popular style, and the effect is certainly very jaunty and neat. When the waist closes at the side, the frill garniture is used, and in some of the models scallops play a prominent part. Where buttons appear, there is a tendency towards the crocheted variety, although handsome pearl buttons still hold their own.

The more fancy blouses fasten for the most part in front or at the side, and there is a return to the surplice effect. The sheer white waists are to be had in endless assortment, and are carried out in Swiss, lawn, batiste and a host of other suitable materials. These may be had in almost any style and can be found to suit any wearer. Usually in the thinner blouses the sleeves are elbow length, and while the collars may be high or round to suit any neck, the Dutch fashion is still very popular. Long sleeves are used in making the tailored waists, but both long and short will be seen during the summer.

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AN EASTER HAT.

This latest example of the Chantecler hat is known as "the Simone," and promises to be very popular in New York this Spring. It is of black Milan faced with black velvet, the moderately high crown being banded with a coque wreath in blended shades of green and yellow, with black. The turned back brim is held in place by a "golden pheasant" in shades of yellow mingled with black.

For Spring Wear.

UNDOUBTEDLY the spring hat is the topic of the moment wherever two or three women gather to discuss the fashions that are to prevail in the near future. This week the millinery opening of W. A. Murray & Co., Ltd., attracted crowds of those in search of charming headgear for Easter wear, and the big store was thronged with shoppers who revelled in the attractive display of spring goods and were lost in admiration of the decorations which made the interior of the building bloom like a garden.

In hats the most wonderfully alluring models were shown, and while conforming strictly to the latest styles, something was to be found that seemed especially designed for each type of face. Models from all the big designers were on view, and these included many varieties of the big hat, as well as numerous variations of the popular turban shapes. Many of the most charming models had wide brims, and these proved unusually becoming, so attractively were they trimmed. Almost every conceivable variety of straw hat was in evidence, and these included Milans, Tuscans, Leghorns, and hemps to mention but a few, and all were shown in the popular tones as well as in black and white. All the newest designs were on exhibition, and the choice in hats was bewilderingly large.

While the millinery showrooms formed the Mecca for most of the multitude of women shoppers, great interest was also taken in the big display in the mantel department, for there, as throughout the store, there was something novel to arrest the attention at every turn.

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Brimmed hats are very large, the shapes being most attractive and generally becoming. Especially so are the large Capeline or Mushrooms, with medium or flat crowns, frequently showing indentations at the sides. Sailors, with their slightly rolling rims, are exceedingly popular, as are also straight brims or rolls at front and back. Amazon shapes, with side rolls, are equally good. Blocked Hats, Leghorns and Hemps, in black, white, champagne and burnt, are exceedingly strong, promising to be in the lead. Hemps are shown in solid effects, also open and fancy. Milans and Tuscans are very good, while Javas, both plain and with pressed velvet facings, are effective and popular.

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LONDON LETTER

LONDON, FEBRUARY 25, 1910.

IT is tolerably safe guessing that not a man in the Kingdom envies the Prime Minister. Between the Irish and the Unionists he might have been regarded as between the devil and the deep sea, but when his own followers arise and ask unpleasant questions which are difficult to answer, his position is unenviable. The Irish state with the utmost clearness that unless the Government produces a veto scheme with despatch and presses it with the House of Lords, the Irish party will turn against the Government, and do their best to make things unpleasant for that much harassed body. The Scottish Liberals have passed a vote of confidence in the Prime Minister, but they also want to know, you know. The Liberal revolters, like Sir Henry Dalziel, are asking questions about the veto, which Mr. Asquith is not quite ready to place before the House, and the Unionists are always at hand ready to say a few well-chosen words, calculated to worry the Government. The first division took place yesterday, with a Government majority of thirty-one against Tariff Reform. Four years ago the result was a Government majority against Tariff Reform of three hundred and eighty.

* * *

NO one seems to know what to expect. There is talk that the Government may be overthrown directly, but certainly no one wishes for another general election at once. Lord Rosebery, who is chairman of a committee to draw up a scheme for the reform of the House of Lords, has given notice that he will move on March 14, that the House resolve itself into a Committee to consider the best means of reforming its existing organization, so as to constitute a strong and efficient Second Chamber.

* * *

ONE subject of interest this week is that the famous, or rather notorious, Miss Violet Charlesworth and her mother have been sentenced to five years' penal servitude. Miss Charlesworth's story will be remembered, for it is less than a year since she came prominently before the public. She is a young woman with most extraordinary ability in the line of romancing and deluding the public. She is the daughter of a man and woman in extremely moderate circumstances, and of no social position, but she succeeded in making a large number of people, including admirers and trades people, believe that she was to succeed to estates and immense sums of money. On the strength of her assertions she was able to borrow large amounts, and live in a most expensive manner, with country houses, motors, and costly clothing. According to her tale she was to succeed to her fortune at a certain date, when she would pay back all the borrowed money. As the date drew near, and exposure was imminent, Miss Violet decided that a motor accident was the best solution of the difficulty. Accordingly, one morning the world read in its newspapers that a young lady out motoring with her sister and chauffeur had fallen over a cliff and been killed. For a day there was much excitement. Then people began to investigate. So many queer circumstances were discovered that the public became suspicious. Then the creditors turned up in battalions. Bit by bit the story was pieced together, until the one interesting topic of conversation was what had become of Miss Charlesworth. She was finally discovered by an enterprising newspaperman hiding in the north of Scotland. After a good deal of talk about her liabilities, we lost sight of the Charlesworths. This week a poor neighbor from whom they had borrowed all her savings appeared against them for fraud—as did the *fiance* of Miss Violet, who had also lent her large sums of money—and the result is that Mrs. Charlesworth, who professed to believe her daughter's story that some man she met at dances had promised to leave her a large fortune, and the girl herself, are sentenced to five years' penal servitude, for conspiracy and false pretences. They have already lodged an appeal.

* * *

TWO features of this case strike one forcibly. One is the gullibility of the public, and the other that so many persons, supposed to be sane, should suffer from hallucinations regarding their own importance and means. It is certain that there are many roughly entered under the head of adventurers, who have no moral sense, where truthfulness is concerned, and who cannot control their imagination. Most of us know patients suffering from this disease, but the strange part is that apparently sensible people should be deceived, and consequently defrauded.

* * *

"ELEKTRA," Richard Strauss's opera, produced and conducted by Mr. Thomas Beecham, was the great event in the musical world. This was brought out as a play not very long ago, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Elektra. The opera so much talked of beforehand resulted in a packed house, with the King and Queen and Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia in the Royal box. The opera lasts for an hour and forty minutes without a break, and people who were there say the nervous strain was terrible. The acting and singing were wonderfully artistic, and the orchestration splendid. The audience received the performance with amazing enthusiasm, which must have been gratifying to Mr. Beecham, who has slaved over the production.

Another event was the first play at the new Repertory Theatre (the Duke of York's)—another of the enterprising Mr. Charles Frohman's schemes. Mr. John Galsworthy, by many people considered *the* playwright of the period, was responsible for "Justice," which is another triumph for this brilliant man. To-night G. B. S.'s new play, "Misalliance," is to be produced, and Mr. Frohman has a number of other good cards up his sleeve.

Marie Lohr, the little actress, who at nineteen is one of the stars here, has made a hit in "Tantalizing Tommy" at Cyril Maude's theatre, The Playhouse. She was Lady Teazle in Tree's production of "The School for Scandal" in the spring, and has also been seen more lately in "Smith," now being played by Irene Vanburgh.

* * *

THE indefatigable Mr. Somerset Maugham was to the fore again last night with a new play, "The Tenth Man," produced at the Globe, which was well received. The plot is clever, the acting good, and the talk is witty, which almost goes without saying in the case of plays by Mr. Maugham. Arthur Bourchier carried off the honors in acting. M. E. MACL. M.

MRS. MONCRIEFFE SKENE.
Daughters of Mr. Charles Maitland Pelham-Burn, Mrs. Moncrieffe Skene and the beautiful Countess of Drogheda are regarded as among the handsomest sisters in London society.

The Charm of Elderly Women.

NOBODY wants to grow old, and indeed in this day of youthful grandmothers there seems no reason why any should become really aged in appearance. There is a wonderful charm about the woman who grows old gracefully and if one decides to be that sort of a woman into the task must enter a very large proportion of disbelief in old saws and traditions. There must be no giving in to such excuses as "at my age" it would be foolish to do so and so, or "I must expect" not to be able to enter into this or that pursuit with the zest of long ago.

Health is the first precious possession to conserve or to cultivate if it be not already possessed. There are many women who as they grow older grow stronger, and should such be the case, instead of accepting the altered conditions passively, though thankfully, means should be taken to make them a source of enjoyment.

It is never too late to travel, for example, if there be opportunities of doing so to be seized, and as to travel is not to rust, but to be kept young by the sovereign method of receiving new impressions, it is an excellent resource for all who would renew or prolong their youth.

To breakfast in retirement is to insure a calm beginning to the day and is a plan that is strongly advocated for the busy woman who is no longer young as birthdays go, but who wishes to remain young in spirit and in appearance.

There is much that can be thought out then instead of at night, when all thought should be abandoned and "beauty sleep" be sought early.

The woman who loses her hold upon that which formerly interested her is not going the right way toward securing a graceful old age. Should she abandon her liking for becoming clothes, lose her zest for pictures and poetry and for concerts and the drama she will find her life considerably narrowed in a very short space of time.

What she should wear is a question sometimes despairingly considered by the woman who imagines that the dressmakers and milliners despise any customers save the youthful and lovely. As a matter of fact age is as satisfactory to dress as youth and in many cases far more so, provided the figure has been kept lissome and gracefully by exercise and by a judicious diet, the result of acting upon the well established fact that less food is needed as age increases.

The woman who is growing old gracefully has an almost limitless choice in dress, but it must be made with circumspection, says a recent writer. A great authority actually recommends his clients to choose white silk and crepe de chine for the evening, brocaded with silver and softened with beautiful lace. He never consents that the dark and dreary colors relegated to age by usage shall fall to their lot, but finds for each inquirer the precisely suitable shade of gray, blue, mauve, green, fawn or rose that will suit her.

His ideal of graceful age is a white haired, clear complexioned and slender woman, with coloring like a cameo, whom he dresses in white and the most delicate grays and fawns, touched with tender rose and pale blue.

The sparkling of jet and diamante work he reserves for more robust clients, but to all he gives lace and plenty of it, both black and ivory white.

Hats instead of bonnets, or even toques, softened with prettily draped lace veils, he recommends as a rule, and mantles sufficiently definite of design to be differentiated from the shapeless and meaningless draperies that sometimes pass as cloaks.

Concerning jewelry, he suggests pearls and amethysts and a few very good diamonds, worn away from the face, where they are apt to challenge comparison with the complexion.

Many people believe that a woman hasn't reached her best until she is forty and there are others who claim that it is her own fault if she ever ceases to increase in charm from that time on. This is indeed the era of the woman who has passed her first youth and she should enjoy its advantages to the full.

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'Tis night alone that shows
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—John Banister Tabb.

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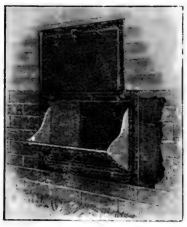

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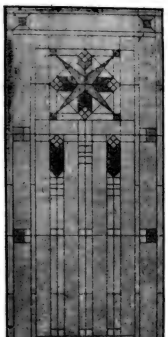

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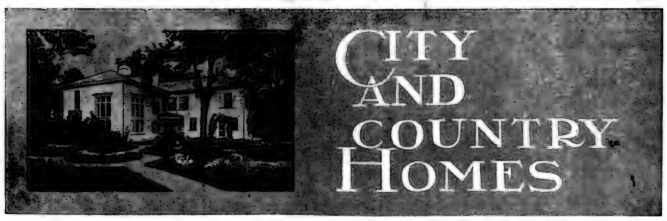

THIS is the time of year when the man in the city plans his summer home in the northern wilds. There is probably no country that can boast more beautiful homes than the islands of the myriad little lakes in the Muskoka, Parry Sound and Georgian Bay districts. This week there is published a series of pictures illustrative of this form of architecture in its happiest expression. The pictures are those of the cottage of Mr. Hepton, on Loon Island, Lake Joseph, Muskoka, and the architects are Messrs. Burke and Horwood, of Toronto. This firm has won considerable reputation in the designing of country homes and in this particular cottage they have displayed much originality both in the general architecture, treatment and selection of materials. Both externally and internally the building is kept as rustic in design as possible, the lines are low and broad, and the outside clapboarding and framing are left rough from the saw and stained a brown shade. The upper portion of the cottage is of the mansard type, shingled and having a low central gable at the front with a low dormer window on either side. It projects at the front and at both ends over a spacious verandah extending on three sides, the columns of which, consisting of cedar posts stripped of their bark and having all knotty excrescenses removed, form its support at the outer extremes. Around the outer edge of the verandah, and flanking the steps which lead up to it is a railing fashioned from small cedar poles, which gives very pleasing and simple decorative effect. The lower portion of the house is set back several feet from either end, at the centre, and this in turn has developed two recess projections or cosy corners at the front of the living room. With the exception of the service department which occupies the wing at the back, the entire ground floor is taken up by a large living room and dining room. In the living room the beams supporting the ceiling are left rough from the saw and stained a soft green. Opposite the entrance from the verandah, is a large fireplace built of rocks taken off the shore, while the balustrade of the stairs to the right, is formed from small round cedar posts.

Cottage of Mr. Hepton, Loon Island, Lake Joseph, Muskoka. A country home in rustic design, a type of building in which there is being developed an architecture characteristically Canadian. The outside clap-board and framing, left rough from the saw and stained a brown shade, together with the barked stripped cedar posts of the verandah, serve to make the general design of this residence strikingly effective.

The dining room is arranged so as to be practically open on three sides, the windows sliding down into pockets while the apertures are screened with fly wire. The lines of the woodwork are direct and restful, and in keeping with the whole is the rustic design of the table and chairs. Upstairs are seven bedrooms, grouped around a central hall, the bath room, two maids' rooms and a place for stores being located in the rear wing over the service department. All the rooms have built-in wardrobes and are finished in clear basswood without paint or oil of any description.

The Garden Beautiful.

SOME two centuries ago the art of that which for want of a better word may be called garden furniture was at its very highest attainment. In Italy such sculptors as Il Tribulo and John of Bologna did not disdain to design and create unique and beautiful sundials, benches, fountains, and the quaint bronze peacocks which give so peculiarly charming a note to Italian gardens. In old English gardens long ago designed and planted we often meet with many lovely objects; even the typically Italian pergola has fine representatives in our great and ancient country houses. It was during the nineteenth century that the art of gardening and the construction of good garden furniture fell into an evil state indeed. Calceolarias, carpet bedding, and the ugliest iron benches and arches were rampant all over the country. The sundial almost completely disappeared as also did good stone and wood work and it was not until the latter years of this century that there began a renaissance of really artistic work.

Amongst other features of this *genre* is the garden entrance, which is too often dismissed with very little consideration notwithstanding the fact that it may be one of the most pleasing objects on the ground. Only the very rich, of course, can afford such an exquisite and romantic series of terraces, balustrades, and stairways as those one admires at the Villa Gamberia, but in any place where an irregularity of the ground allows a very picturesque entrance may be obtained by placing the gate at the top of a flight of stone steps. Where the descent is sufficiently long one or more landings or terraces may break it. At the bottom of the steps and upon each terrace may be placed stone pedestals.

Where the ground is quite level many excellent devices can be used. An archway made of rather large cedar posts at the sides, of natural oak branches overhead, will be quite good to behold even if left bare, but is much more beautiful if clad with such climbers as the crimson rambler, the clematis, or the lathyris, better known as the everlasting pea. At a break in some tall and sombre hedge a gate of white woodwork is effective, and with a wistaria trained about it is an enticing entrance suggestive of beauties beyond.

The Myrtles and Other Shrubs.

THE genus Myrica provides several shrubs with aromatic leaves. Perhaps the most ornamental is M. asplenifolia, which has finely cut leaves but is not of frequent occurrence in gardens, as it is very difficult to establish. Other kinds are M. Californica M. cetrifetera and M. Gale. The latter is known under the common name of Sweet Gale. Rosamarinus officinalis, the Rosemary of gardens, is a favorite scented-leaved shrub which is suitable to grow by itself in masses or as hedges. Everyone is familiar with the Sweet Briar (Rosa rubiginosa), and as an isolated plant in the shrubbery, a mass in the wild garden or a hedge, it is equally commendable, while if variety is desired the various Penzance Briars may be planted. In the case of the latter plants, the perfume from the leaves is almost as strong as from the foliage of the

Dining Room, Cottage of Mr. Hepton, on Lake Joseph, Muskoka. This room is practically exposed on three sides, the windows sliding down into pockets, while the openings are screened with fly wire. Note the rustic design of the table and chairs, and the direct and restful lines of the woodwork.

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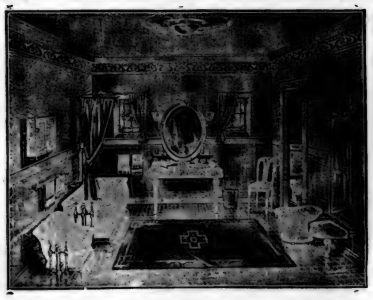

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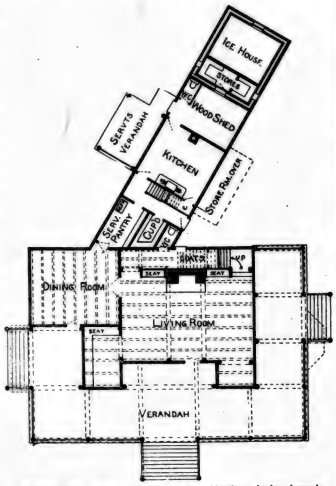
CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

ype. The Sage (Salvia officinalis), although usually grown for flavoring, may be included in our list, for its leaves have an aromatic odor. In the warmer parts of the country the various Myrtles may be grown successfully, and where this is the case they form useful evergreens, while some have the additional advantage of having beautiful white flowers. Myrtus communis, the Common Myrtle, is too well known to describe, while the small-leaved tarentina is a useful variety In places where the Myrtles will not thrive in the open ground they may be grown against a south wall, and in such a position they make a welcome change from the usual run of wall shrubs. Umbellularia californica is an evergreen for the Southern Counties, while it may be grown on walls in colder places. It belongs to the Laurel family, and with the Linderas and Litseas has fragrant leaves. Lindera Benzoin is one of the best known of the family, and is called the Spice Bush on account of its aromatic leaves. The various Thymes have all fragrant leaves and are worthy of consideration for carpeting ground in bright situations. Thymus Chamædrys, T. serpyllum, T. vulgaris and T. citriodorus may all be included. In addition to the shrubs already mentioned, there are some of lesser importance, such as species of Cistus and Ceanothus papillosus. So far as trees are concerned, several conifers have strongly-scented leaves; the Thuyas are examples. In the mild counties the various gum trees (Eucalypti) provide fragrance, especially where the Lemon-scented E. citriodora can be grown.—Country Life.



Ground floor plan, Cottage of Mr. Hepton, Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

Bedroom Decoration.

THE bedroom is perhaps more easily and cheaply furnished than any other room in the house, and yet bedrooms that are really tasteful and inviting are all too rarely seen. On the subject of bedroom decoration, Margaret Greenleaf, the well-known American authority on house-furnishing, writes as follows in House and Garden: Where the house has the marked characteristics of any period the architectural detail of the wood trim in the bedrooms as well as that in the other apartments will, of course, express this and must in a measure influence the furnishings, but even under these conditions more latitude is permissible in the chambers than in the living rooms. A room in which no period idea is dominant may be made very charming, and the individual taste of the occupant may influence the entire scheme of decoration.

Much of the comfort as well as the attractiveness of a bedroom depends upon the arrangement of the furniture it holds. The space for the bed is usually indicated by the architect in the first drafting of the plans, and should be adhered to unless the room is unusually large. However, the other furniture may be arranged and rearranged until the right position is found for each piece.

Where a couch is included this may be placed near the window with the bookshelves conveniently at hand, or it may be set directly across the foot of the bed. The reading or work-tables and easy chairs should find their permanent place, as their proper grouping adds much to the livableness of any room.

The English idea of placing a dressing-table directly in front of a window is not especially favored here, as we are loath to sacrifice so much of direct sun and air as the closed window would necessitate, although by such an arrangement we secure a good overhead light.

The placing of the lighting fixtures should also be given some careful study. Side or drop lights should be near the dressing-mirror, and a convenient stand or drop light, well shaded, should be placed near the head of the bed. And a well arranged table light for reading and sewing is of great convenience in a large bedroom which is used at all as a sitting room. However small the room, the light must be well arranged for the dressing-table. A central light for a bedroom is a very objectionable feature and should never be included.

Light and crisp colors are more acceptable in the decorative scheme of the bedroom than any other room of the house. Where plain walls and figured cretonnes or chintzes are used in combination, the latter should appear generously, that is, not only in valanced curtains at windows, but as slip covers, or cushion covers for chairs, window seat or lounge.

The old-time idea of a blue, a pink, a green, and a yellow room is falling into disuse, although any one of these colors may be brought out prominently in the scheme of the room, or, as is even more usual, all may be combined in either wall covering or drapery material. The dominant color should appear again in the plain or two-tone floor covering.

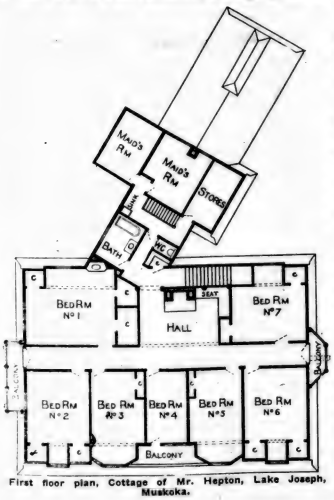
Plain and embroidered muslins for window draperies and covers for dressing-tables are effective and dainty, and by having two sets for a room it may be kept always delightfully fresh and clean, as these muslins launder well. A small coin-dot of color on a very sheer, though not fine, white ground can be purchased from 25 to 35 cents a yard, and gives a dainty charm to a room in which it is freely used that few other fabrics at the same cost will supply.

Where the decorative scheme must be very inexpensively carried out, a floral paper on an ivory ground can be purchased for 25 cents a roll of eight yards. In these cheaper papers one finds a better selection in yellow and old rose than in other colors; greens, too, are usually soft and attractive. If plain colored over-draperies are desired for the windows these may be made from cheesecloth which has been dyed to the desired shade, matching the color of the flower in the wall paper. It is not a difficult matter for the amateur to do this successfully.

There are now made some very attractive cotton crepes showing a variety of floral and other patterns. Some of these are beautiful in color and good in design, and, with plain tinted walls, a room in which the curtains and slip covers for cushions and pillows are made from this fabric is very attractive.

Old furniture may be revamped and given a fresh coat of ivory white enamel, and a central rug or a number of small rugs made after the old-fashion rag carpet in one or two colors makes a satisfactory floor covering for use in such rooms. If the woodwork can be painted ivory white the scheme is more successful, as this is an important factor in the completed whole. In fact, for bedrooms there is no better finish than the ivory white enamel. It is easy to apply and durable, and harmonizes with almost any scheme of furnishing one may desire to bring out in the room.

Living Room, Cottage of Mr. Hepton, on Lake Joseph, Muskoka. An interior, the treatment of which is characterized by rustic simplicity. The fireplace is built of native shore stone, the ceiling beams left rough from the saw and stained a soft green, while the balustrade of the stairs is formed of small round cedar poles.



First floor plan, Cottage of Mr. Hepton, Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

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SATURDAY NIGHT

A personal remark made by oneself is a pleasantry; made by some one else it becomes an impertinence.

* * *

Old age is an adequate punishment for youthful indiscretions.

* * *

To the majority of us inclination is the supreme authority.

* * *

Women are called fickle, but they are really only adaptable.

* * *

Character is the name one gives to one's most unpleasant qualities of mind.

* * *

Anything is an extravagance which one can't afford, but one's friends can.

* * *

Art is something of which one can talk learnedly while knowing nothing.

* * *

Most of us are as good as we are because we lack the opportunity to be as bad as we'd like to be.

* * *

The man worth listening to is he who echoes one's opinions.

* * *

Love is not merely illusive, it is delusive.

C. C. M.

Winter at the Sea in England

BOURNEMOUTH.

THERE'S a blue-gray sky, and a gray-green sea, and the waves are tumbling in at the foot of the cliffs, and the gulls are screaming to each other their opinions of the people in ulsters, and their hats tied on with motor veils, who are taking constitutionals.

Winter at the sea in the south of England is not what it would be in Canada. Here in Bournemouth the people have not seen snow this year, and on the slopes below our windows the grass is green. Yesterday the sun blazed, and old ladies taking gentle walks on sheltered paths, put up their sunshades.

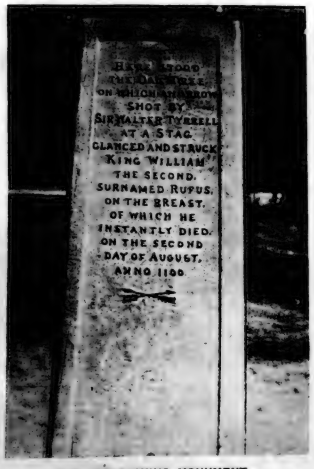
The venturesome ones are walking on the road at the top of the cliff, which you take from Boscombe to Bournemouth. Here the wind swoops and roars, and whirls your skirts, and tries to snatch your hat. It ruffles the water until "the wild white horses" pound in, and smash on the sand, at the foot of the great cliffs. Ever and ever so far off on the horizon is the smoke of a distant steamer, and a little nearer is a dark mass, which the girl with the curline hair blown about by the wind, opines is a fishing boat, and her companion decides is a big rock standing out by Poole harbor.

Brisk elderly gentlemen, wearing businesslike cloth caps, march along the cliff-tops with the dogs, and the young men and girls out for a tramp are rejoicing in the high wind and the taste of salt. The delicate ones who have come to this lovely southern resort to regain strength after illness are not to be found here. They are in the sheltered Winter Gardens, or the Invalid's Walk, with their pine trees, their beds with spring flowers poking up their heads, their bands, and their many invalid chairs.

Here you don't necessarily have to be pulled in a bath-chair by a patient, tired man. No, in Bournemouth you can sit in comfort in a bath-chair which is drawn by a rough-haired pessimistic donkey, or if you are more adventurous, you can hire a small pony chair. The quadruped is led by the man, and you have no responsibility in the matter. At many prominent places there are stands for donkey-chairs, where "Neddy" waits for a fare.

Bournemouth air attracts many ailing ones, but there is plenty to occupy the strong and healthy. The high cliffs and the sands, and the beautifully laid-out gardens in various directions, are not the only charms for visitors in search of change from the bustle and strenuousness of London life. You can go down from the cliff top to the sea-front by means of a lift, or incline railway, but you can also walk if you are active, and enjoy the sight of stately dowagers driving in their carriages along the sea-drive. This is a mild amusement.

You can go in the tram to Poole, now a prosperous town, but still showing the remains of an old fishing village, where the W. W Jacobs' men with oilskin hats stand about and watch the sailing boats from Dover and from across the Channel unloading, and you can see the winding old streets, with an occasional thatched cottage, and you notice the house with a tablet telling all interested



AN INTERESTING MONUMENT.
The Rufus Stone, which stands in the New Forest.

AT CHRISTCHURCH PRIORY.
A tomb with curious inscription which attracts much attention.

that this is on the site of the one in which Charles II. and the Duke of Monmouth stayed. Off in the other direction is Christchurch, a settlement dating back to Saxon times. Close by is Swanage, and also Corfe Castle, the New Forest, the Isle of Wight, Southampton, and other well-known spots. Christchurch goes back to the year of Our Lord 900, but we went to it in a modern trolley car, built in Pittsburg, Pa., and passed dozens of new villas and cottages, till one sighed for the picturesque cottages, which are most likely unsanitary and very cold. They say there was a Roman camp close by, and the places mentioned in Saxon chronicles.

Looking down on the modern villas and the tea-shops and post-card places is the great Priory of Christchurch, which all visitors go to see. It is a massive, stately old building, for which Flambard, who, as the h-less guide says, was a "favor*hite* of William Rufus," was responsible.

The guide is rosy and optimistic—he needs to be after years of telling the points of interest to gaping visitors—and he drops his h's about with a prodigality which is little short of iniquitous. The tourists all stand mum, finding it difficult to make suitable responses—while he patters off the history of the place, the style of architecture, and the customary jokes. No one grudges the poor man the jokes if they lighten his daily task. He pulls up short in the choir while he points out the curious "miserere," and jokes over the carvings done by the workmen. There appears to have been no censor in those days, or the workmen could not have been permitted to put into a shape which was to last for hundreds of years, their satires on the Church and the clergy.

"'E," said the verger, pointing with delight to one very grotesque carving, "was the Punch of 'is day, 'e was."

Custom does not stale the charm of these old English ways. Several hundred years ago some benevolent person left a sum of money to be expended for the benefit of the lepers (the disease was brought from the East by the Crusaders) who were allowed to see the altar through the Lepers' Squint. They themselves approached this window through a door from outside. Now there are no longer lepers to be cared for, but that fund is administered to this day for the benefit of the poor of the parish of Christchurch.

Almost dropping to pieces are some old colors hanging

ON THE SOUTH COAST.
An attractive spot near Bournemouth, England.

in the church. These, says the guide, are the colors of the Christchurch Volunteers, a regiment raised when people feared that "Boney" might be crossing from France. The colors are curious, but they show what the flag was like before the union of Ireland.

The lovely monument to the poet Shelley is one of the noted sights in the great old church, and when you visit Christchurch look for the miraculous beam which it is supposed was set in place by Divine hands. Because Christ was believed to have helped to build it, the edifice was called Christchurch.

Everyone wanders through the churchyard at the old Priory Church and examines the gravestones. Here is a puzzler:

"We were not slayne, but raysed—
Raysed not to life,
But to be buried twice by men of strife.
What rest could the Living have
When Dead had none?
Agree amongst you,
Here we ten are one."

Henry Rogers died April 15, 1641

The New Forest is not far off. One drives past little villages and old churches, and manor houses, the homes of important people. Brockenhurst is one of the prettiest New Forest villages, but the capital of Forest is Lyndhurst. From here it is easy to go to the most interesting parts. One of these, naturally, is Rufus' Stone, which marks the spot where William Rufus was shot, eight hundred and ten years ago. For all we know the descendants of the charcoal-burner who carried away his body are working in the New Forest at the present time passed in their sight-seeing by the people from a New World, unknown to Rufus, which has helped to change British history.

MARY MACLEOD MOORE.

There are few Sundays, when Her Majesty is at Buckingham Palace, that she fails to make a round of the stables. As there are from seventy to a hundred horses there, and as no favouritism is shown, the proceeding is a lengthy one. Every animal has from the Queen's own hand a tit-bit—apple, carrot, or sugar, as his taste may dictate. There are creams, the black-browns, and the bays with black points. None is left out. An attendant carries a basket with the dainties, another takes them to the stall to each horse, and the Queen gives them.

The favorite jewels of the Princess of Wales and the Princess Royal are rubies. Princess Victoria likes diamonds; and Princess Patricia of Connaught has a decided preference for pearls and turquoises.

Among the newest recruits to the cause of woman suffrage in the United States is John D. Long, ex-Secretary of the Navy.

What's Your Hurry.

WHERE'RE you going, friend, so fast?
What's your hurry?
Think of all the joy you've passed
In your hurry.
Take it easy; spare a minute for a pleasant, friendly talk.
There are blessings all about you if you travel at a walk.
There are smiles to cure your worries, kindly words your cares to balk,
What's your hurry?

Won't the prize you strive for keep?
Must you hurry?
If it won't, it's surely cheap.
Cut the hurry!
Many years the world has waited for your message or your song—
If the world still waits a little, it will likely get along,
And the song will be the sweeter and the message just as strong.
What's your hurry?

Life rewards us day by day—
What's your hurry?
Don't forget to take your pay
In your hurry.
By and by, you say? But listen; by and by you'll have to rest
With a ton of earth and granite pressing firmly on your chest
As a delicate reminder that to travel slow is best.
What's your hurry?

—Newark Evening News.

"Votes for Women" in the States.

NO one who follows the signs of the times can doubt the fact that woman's suffrage is a live issue in the United States to-day. Moreover so keen is the interest taken in the matter that women are confident that victory will not be long delayed. The membership of all the suffrage societies is rapidly swelling and money is pouring into the treasury.

The first suffragist on record in the United States was Mistress Margaret Brent of Maryland, who in 1647, as heir of Lord Calvert, the brother of Lord Baltimore, and executor of the estates of both in the colony, demanded "place and voyce" in the Legislature. Her position was hotly debated for some hours and denied.

Under the old Province Charter from 1691 to 1780 the women of Massachusetts voted for all elective officers. The Continental Congress left the suffrage to be dealt with by the States, and New Jersey conferred it on all inhabitants worth $250, male and female alike. So the women of New Jersey actually voted upon the acceptance of the national Constitution. The law granting them the franchise was not repealed until 1807.

In 1836, Ernestine Rose urged the women of the United States to appeal for laws which were to their interest and in 1848 the State of New York conferred property rights upon its married women. In that year at Seneca Falls, N.Y., the first woman's rights convention was held. At that time the educational and legal status of woman was as much discussed as her political status to-day. At the present time women's right to education is established. Every occupation is open to them and throughout the State of New York women now hold the school vote, and in twenty-one cities of the third class, women taxpayers have the right to vote on special tax appropriations. There remains to accomplish the full enfranchisement of women.

In 1851, the year in which Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton met, the first delegation of women went to Albany to petition the Legislature to give them a hearing. With the exception of the years of the Civil war a delegation has gone to Albany each year on the same mission. In 1886 a bill was presented in the Legislature asking for municipal suffrage, the vote being very close. In 1895 victory was still closer, and the bill to confer on women the right to vote was only lost by a mistake in the wording of the bill.

There are to-day in Greater New York some thirty organized suffrage leagues besides the many clubs and organizations which have declared their sympathies to be in favor of equal suffrage. Ten of the chief suffrage associations have offices in Manhattan proper. In 1905 there were in the State of New York ninety-seven suffrage clubs with a membership of 3,403. To-day there are 155 clubs with a membership of 55,000.

Soothing His Last Moments.

NURSES in hospitals are rather apt to lay too much stress on the advantage received by the patients and their duty of thankfulness, but still it is the poor soldier who suffers most from always having his causes to be grateful flung in his teeth.

Witness the following true story:

Chaplain—"So poor Hopkins is dead. I should have liked to speak to him once again and soothe his last moments. Why didn't you call me?"

Hospital Orderly—"I didn't think you ought to be disturbed for 'Opkins, sir, so I just soothed him as best I could myself."

Chaplain—"Why, what did you say to him?"

Orderly—"'Opkins,' says I, 'you're mortal bad.'

"'I am,' says 'e.

"'Opkins,' says I, 'I don't think you'll get better.'

"'No,' says 'e.

"'Opkins,' says I, 'you're going fast.'

"'Yes,' says 'e.

"'Opkins,' says I, 'I don't think you can 'ope to go to 'eaven.'

"'I don't think I can,' says 'e.

"'Well, then, 'Opkins,' says I, 'you'll go to the other place.'

"'I suppose so,' says 'e.

"'Opkins,' says I, 'you ought to be wery grateful as there's a place perwided for you, and that you've got somewhere to go.' And I think 'e eard, sir, and then 'e died."—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Word to the Wise.

IF wisdom's height is only disenchantment,
As say the cynics of a certain school,
And sages grow more sad in their advancement,
Then folly is the wisdom of a fool.

Since fools know happiness through lack of knowledge,
And see things fair because they shut their eyes,
Then any one can tell, who's been to college,
That wisdom is the folly of the wise.

—Caroline Duer.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks in Quebec.

MRS. FAIRBANKS, wife of the former Vice-President of the United States, was presented at the Court held by Their Majesties the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace, and is said to have created a very favorable impression.

At the time of the Tercentenary celebration at Quebec, Mr. Fairbanks represented the United States, and he was accompanied by his wife, who seemed to be a kindly, pleasant-mannered woman with absolutely no "side," and apparently also very little knowledge of the usual procedure when one finds oneself in the presence of Royalty. This was noticed particularly at a big ball given in honor of the Prince of Wales during the celebrations. The Prince, surrounded by his suite, spent most of the evening seated on the dais especially erected for him, and there many of the distinguished visitors were brought for a few moments' chat. Naturally, Mr. Fairbanks was among the number, and heartily shaking the Prince's hand, he dropped into conversation. A little later Mrs. Fairbanks approached the dais, and for a time the Prince devoted himself to her. As she rose to leave the dais, Mrs. Fairbanks was evidently a little self-conscious, for she quite forgot her manners and deliberately turned her back on the Prince and disappeared with her escort into the crowd, the gaucherie of her action being much commented upon by the guests standing near, one handsome American woman whispering rather loudly to another: "Well, Mrs. Fairbanks may be long on women's clubs, but I rather think she's short on Court etiquette."

While in Quebec Mr. and Mrs Fairbanks were unintentionally conspicuous at various times, and the chances are that no one who saw Mr. Fairbanks standing up in his carriage politely bowing in acknowledgment of the cheers that were intended for Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who was in the carriage immediately behind him, will ever forget the amusement the sight caused the man in the street.

In view of the difficulty which arose during the recent stay of Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks in Rome, it might be well to mention that both are devoted Methodists, and that during their stay in Quebec they attended Sunday morning service at the Methodist church instead of being present at the special service held at the Cathedral at the same hour and at which were present the Prince of Wales and most of the distinguished visitors at that time in the Capital.

His Sense of Justice.

A VERY small boy, the son of Rev. M. Doyle, of Port Francis, Ont., is being trained to feel the responsibility of life. His first duty and his only regular duty so far, is to keep the wood-box full. Like boys from time immemorial, he has a grudge against the wood-box but with a little encouragement, and the weekly payment of ten cents, he generally manages to keep a few sticks ahead of the demands of the maid.

One Saturday recently, however, he was out when wood was wanted, so his father filled the box and piled it up well, so that there would be enough for Sunday. When the small boy came in, he looked with considerable interest at the well-filled box. He viewed it carefully from every side to be sure that it was really full, and that the work had been honestly done. Then he said to the maid. "Who filled that wood-box?"

"Your father did," she replied.

The child did not say anything more but went upstairs. When he came down his father was in the kitchen. The little lad went to him immediately and handed him ten cents.

"What is that for?" asked the father in surprise.

"That is for carrying in the wood," said the small boy with much the same manner that his father assumed when paying him. Then he added by way of commendation, "You have filled it pretty full."

The father accepted the payment, and did not resent the rather patronizing manner with which the ten cents was handed over.

LADY SACKVILLE.

Much interest was aroused by the recent suit brought by a claimant to the Sackville peerage. Lady Sackville, wife of the holder of the title, was Miss Victoria Sackville-West, and is a daughter of the late Lord Sackville, whom she accompanied to Washington when he was British Ambassador there. On her return to England she married her cousin, the present Lord Sackville.

Letters of a self-made woman to her Daughter

DEAR ANNIE:

I received word from uncle and aunt to-day that they decided to come into the city to live, and have asked father if he will buy me their place in the country. such a nice old house, large rooms, big sunny south windows and such an attic as will delight your heart ems that ever since they got back home after their here, uncle and aunt have been city-mad. They have ol to the neighbors about motors and electric lights band concerts and baseball next summer, and the s and the hotels, until, as aunt says, they've got them es well hated, and they may as well move in. It ap rs that one day on their motor rides they passed a house in the suburbs which took their fancy greatly s away off in the east end, where I've never yet been) uncle stopped the motor and got out and went over is house, and talked to the owner, and found the neigh ors were willing he should keep hens and ducks and a ow if he pleased, and he made a note of the price and et an architect to go out and see whether the house was well built. All this without a word to me, for he didn't realize that it would lead to anything. However, they are coming in at Easter, or as soon as the weather becomes springlike, and I suppose the next thing they will do is to buy a motor car. I am sure they will rejoice that I want the old home, for they hated to rent it, and hadn't much chance to sell. What surprises me is to find that they are quite comfortably off, wealthy in fact, and I do hope they will get a lot of fun out of life in the city. Your father roars with laughter at the notion, but he never heard uncle discourse on motors and such like. My little maid has written for her sister and cousin to come out from Ireland immediately, assuring me that either one f them will be the very thing for uncle and aunt. I have a sure notion, Annie, that a budding romance is going on between the chauffeur and the little maid, and that she is providing me a substitute with great diplomacy. How tiresome to lose such a good servant, just when I was taking such comfort in her. However, I cannot quite feel as a certain lady does, that all of them simply make conveniences of us, and leave without a regret, for a few more dollars or some other personal motive. Why shouldn't they, if they can better themselves? Your father has had some very interesting and clever men to dinner several evenings. He always used to take these men to the club, but I enjoyed having him home so much that he decided to bring them here instead. They are big men, masters of construction and such interesting work, and I have listened to some very good talks, in which, of course, I never join, having my dear lady or some nice girl or woman to keep me in countenance. When it is the dear lady, she listens as hard as I do, but otherwise I have to chat about the rink and the indoor baseball and the mad-dog scare, and miss a good deal. It does almost annoy me, when one of those big men turns to me with some trivial remark about the weather, or the doings of smart folks, or some equally inane subject supposed to be all that I can appreciate. Once I said: "Oh, please don't talk down to me—I was so much interested in what you've been telling my husband. Won't you just forget I am here at all." It seems the big man wasn't at all pleased with me; he is accustomed to unbend and indulge in some playful chaff for the entertainment of his women friends, and thought I intended to snub him! Poor man. How unfortunate that he can't believe the truth when he hears it! Your father says he was quite hurt, and probably won't ever come here again. I'm afraid I was wicked enough to be rather glad and to say so. Fancy a man at the head of one of the biggest institutions in the country being so fussy and thin-skinned. Your father says most of them mistrust even stupid women and steer very clear of clever ones. Just in which list I come I've not enquired, but it doesn't seem to matter. He won't like either. The other day I took your father to luncheon at my club. There were three or four other men there, and just as soon as the luncheon was over, he whispered: "Annie, let's get out and go to the matinee. I must have a good long breath!" When we got outside he said very solemnly: "Did I look like those other chaps, Annie? I know one thing, I felt like it! I wanted five cocktails at once, and oh, Annie, I wanted to smoke a cigar! No, I don't want to, now. What fun do you get out of it?" And I felt just the least bit foolish, when I told him that I once thought it a very fine place to go." "Yes, I believe you, Annie. It's one of the things about which you've changed your mind or taste or something. Well, I've heard a good deal against women's clubs, but if you get any harm at that one, you'll be clever." Then, we went to the matinee, and had a jolly hour. You want to know about Easter holidays? We will go and do wherever and whatever you wish for those ten days. Atlantic City? New York? or stop at home? Which shall it be? We have rooms reserved at our favorite hotels, and can hold them until after you write. This is your holiday, Annie, and perhaps you might bring one of the girls, if you know of one to whom it would be a kindness. Do just as you please, so long as you spare some time to

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

A FORMER ACTRESS.

The marriage of Miss Irene Desmond, a popular musical comedy actress, to Sir Richard Levinge, took place the other day in London. The bridegroom, who is 35 years old, is the 10th baronet and was formerly in the 8th Hussars. The 7th baronet left his fine place, Bunny Hall, near Nottingham, to his housekeeper, but she on her death bequeathed it to Sir Richard, who recently sold it for £200,000.

The Master of Ceremonies.

THE position of Master of Ceremonies of the King's Household is far more exacting than one would suppose and requires a fun of special knowledge on the part of one who would fill the role acceptably. King Edward's present Master of Ceremonies is Mr. Walsh, eldest son of Lord Ormathwaite, who was at one time an equerry to the late Duke of Clarence and afterwards acted as comptroller of the household of the late Duchess of Teck.

Not only has the Master of Ceremonies to be quite familiar with all the rules of precedence and etiquette prevailing at the Court of St. James's, but also with those observed at foreign Courts. When a foreign Sovereign visits King Edward the etiquette of the English Court is altered and made to conform as far as possible with that of the Court of the visiting Sovereign, and it is therefore extremely necessary that King Edward's Master of Ceremonies should understand all the different ceremonials that prevail at European Courts.

A foreign monarch visiting the Court of St. James's is usually accompanied by a number of officials from his Court, and the greatest care must be taken by the Master of Ceremonies to see that to each of these is accorded his exact place at all Court functions which he is entitled to by rank and rules of precedence. This is perhaps the most difficult duty which Mr. Walsh has to perform. The slightest mistake in such a matter might cause the greatest offence, not only to the individual who was incorrectly "placed," but to the visiting Sovereign.

A rather amusing story is told of a former Master of Ceremonies who was not very well versed in the etiquette of foreign Courts, and who gave dire offence to a gentleman in the retinue of the King of Italy when he visited Windsor Castle some years ago.

The gentleman in question was actually an equerry to the visiting Sovereign, but he had been decorated with an Italian order, which gave him precedence at the Italian Court over the equerries, and entitled him to rank as a lord-in-waiting to his Sovereign. It was a state of affairs which could only be understood by one who had made a special study of the etiquette of the Italian Court, and this the then Master of Ceremonies had not done.

The decorated equerry was marshalled with the other equerries when the procession into dinner was formed, instead of being placed near his Sovereign with the lords-in-waiting. The equerry was furious; he declared he had been slighted, and wished to take his departure from the Palace the next day. Now, the equerry had not worn his Order, and the Master of Ceremonies was quick to point out this, and to explain that if he had done so, he would certainly have been placed above the other equerries. The equerry accepted the explanation and recovered his temper, though what might have happened if he had really worn the Order it is hard to say.

An important duty of the Master of Ceremonies is that of arranging the diplomatic receptions which take place regularly at Buckingham Palace. These vary a great deal in character, some being more formal than others. At a strictly official reception, the Ambassador or Minister is accompanied by the chief members of the Embassy, and all wear Court dress. At less formal receptions, the Ambassador wears morning dress, and is only accompanied by the First Secretary to the Embassy. Some diplomatic receptions last an hour, and others only fifteen minutes. All these are matters arranged beforehand by the Master of Ceremonies.

When Their Majesties hold a Court, the Master of Ceremonies has an extremely busy time of it. It is he who arranges the exact place which the great ladies and officials of the Royal Household occupy during the function.

Among his various duties the Master of Ceremonies says M. A. P. has the arranging of all the ceremonial in connection with presenting speeches or addresses to His Majesty. When the King consents to receive an address, a copy of it must be submitted to His Majesty for approval at least a week before it is presented. Sometimes it may be revised; alterations are made, or, in the more diplomatic language of the Court, "suggested" by the Master of Ceremonies, who also must see address is to be actually presented, and no addition to the names of the persons or committee by whom the presentation committee must be subsequently made.

Her Share of the Income.

THE present revolt among Englishwomen, and their evident determination to agitate and keep on agitating until they have bettered their position, receives a new explanation when it is considered as the result of a lack of financial generosity on the part of the average husband. That women would be happier if all wives—and incidentally all daughters—received an allowance is the view taken by an English writer who says: One of the reasons for the present unrest of woman is probably the fact that for so many years her lord and master denied her the privilege of even a certain amount of financial independence. The law did not give her the right to hold property in her own name, or to dispose of it without the consent of her husband, even when it was her own, until a comparatively short time ago.

It has been probably woman's own fault to a measure. The old ideal that made of her a timid, shrinking thing, leaning upon the strength of her husband, was not one to encourage a habit of allowing her any financial independence. In not so long ago a time an expressed desire for such a condition would have been considered "unwomanly." Yet there are few of the enlightened who in this day do not admit that the happiness of married life in the majority of homes is promoted where a husband allows his wife a certain amount of his income to spend exactly as she pleases, no matter how small it may be, provided, of course, that the money is not wasted.

After the household expenses have been paid it is advantageous that this should be done, and the head of the family should not question his wife's disposition of the money any more than she questions what he does with his. Half the matrimonial differences which one reads and hears about are traced primarily to the money question. For a husband to absolutely refuse his wife an allowance—as thousands do—is almost tantamount to saying that he cannot trust her; and it is impossible for true happiness to reign in the home where such a feeling exists. An allowance gives a woman a certain amount of pride; she feels she has to live within it, and, what is of greater importance still, it teaches her to know the value of money.

A man who gives his wife unlimited credit in the shops does her an injustice, for it is a well-known fact that if she has an account wherever she goes, she will purchase things she has no need of. On the other hand if she has her own allowance, she thinks twice before she buys, and frequently will come to the conclusion that she can get along without what under other circumstances she would have purchased.

DR. MACNAMARA'S DAUGHTER.

Like her father, the well-known Member for Camberwell, London, Miss Macnamara is very fond of golf and gives up much of her time to it. During the recent election she did a great deal of work for her father, and was of considerable assistance to him. Miss Macnamara is both pretty and popular and has an undoubted touch of her father's Irish wit.

A great many men are of the opinion that a husband should keep a tight hold on the purse-strings, and personally pay for everything required by his wife. This attitude has been described as "abominably and disgustingly mean." It practically incites her to run into debt What is more humiliating and undignified than for a woman to be compelled, as it were, to ask her husband for a few shillings to buy some new handkerchiefs, a new veil, or a pair of gloves?"

Is it surprising, therefore, that the wives of such miserably mean men frequently run into debt rather than ask their husbands for money, which is only grudgingly given after a lot of unnecessary talk? There is, no doubt, a great deal of truth in such reasoning; but when inquiries are made it is sometimes discovered that the man who has been described as "abominably and disgustingly mean" had good reasons for holding the opinion which brought about the observation.

At first he had given his wife an allowance each week, but she proved herself totally incapable of putting it to a proper use. It was wasted and spent on articles that were practically useless, with the result that the husband was obliged to supplement the allowance out of his own pocket whenever fresh wearing apparel or millinery was required.

It may be said that it is only the minority of women who act so foolishly, but it is well to recognise that the man who answers the question, "Should wives have an allowance?" in the negative, probably has some reason for his objections.

The Hon. Charlotte Knollys is the keeper of the Queen's private jewels. They are all properly tabulated, and repose in velvet-lined cases and drawers in a specially made safe which is now at Buckingham Palace. The Queen possesses as fine a collection as any European consort. It may be that, in some special gems, hers can be eclipsed, but certainly not in diamonds or emeralds. The Queen's pearls are particularly fine, and she possesses many other superb sets of gems. Not long ago she wore a splendid parure of amethysts and diamonds, giving the former stone immediate popularity.

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MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

Mrs. Rockefeller's sympathies are very strongly engaged in the work of the Foundation to which her husband is about to devote his life. Prior to her marriage she was Miss Abby G. Aldrich, daughter of Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island. Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller have two children, a daughter and a son, John D. Rockefeller 3rd.

Old Friends and New

Coronach.

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font reappearing
From the raindrops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are serest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever!

—Scott.

His Majesty.

I'M king of the road! I gather
My toll on the world's highways.
They pave the street for my royal feet,
And the man in the wagon pays.
With my sturdy heels I laugh at wheels;
I hurry at no man's will,
For the rich who ride my meat provide;
They must feed the king to his fill.

I'm king of the road! Before me
My way lies over the land,
With a wild rose train from the meadow and lane
And the hail of a song-bird band.
They are slaves who team by wagon or steam;
The footman carries the crown.
What cares the tramp whose supper and camp
Are waiting in every town?

I'm king of the road all summer;
In winter I still go free.
Let the snow-blast come, in a nook I'll chum
With a gypsy crew like me.
I'll ask no shares with home proud heirs;
They're the scorn of my soul while I
Can tread the floors of the great Out-doors,
And nobody asks me why.

—Theron Brown.

To Critics.

WHEN I was seventeen I heard
From each censorious tongue,
"I'd not do that if I were you;
You see you're rather young."

Now that I number forty years,
I'm quite as often told
Of this or that I shouldn't do
Because I'm quite too old.

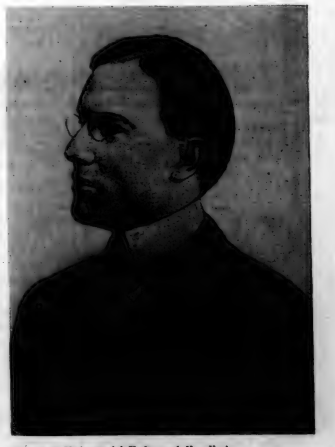
O, carping world! If there's an age
Where youth and manhood keep
An equal poise, alas! I must
Have passed it in my sleep.

—Walter Learned.

Sunset.

LIKE some huge bird that sinks to rest,
The sun goes down—a weary thing—
And o'er the water's placid breast
It lays a scarlet, outstretched wing.

—Herbert Bashford.



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A PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPIST.

John D. Rockefeller, jr., will devote the remainder of his life to the work of the Rockefeller Foundation, the institution to be established by his father, and endowed with his enormous wealth. He is 33 years of age and will be the head of the proposed Rockefeller Foundation; certainly in fact, and probably in name.

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TORONTO SOCIETY

LAST Saturday's indoor baseball game at the Armouries was largely attended. The ladies who kindly acted as hostesses were Mrs. Herbert Porter and Mrs. Walter Kingsmill, Mrs. Denison being prevented by illness from being present.

Mr. F. S. Baker, of Balmoral avenue, has returned from Bermuda. Mrs. Baker will return in May.

Mrs. Leonard Boyd is leaving for a trip of several months in Germany.

Invitations were out early this week to the marriage of Miss Elaine Hodgins, daughter of Mr. Frank E. Hodgins, of Cloynewood, and Mr. John Holger de la Cour, which will be celebrated in St. Simon's church, Howard street, on Tuesday, March 29, at three o'clock. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at Cloynewood.

A Nassau correspondent encloses the following: "Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Smith, of Toronto, who have been spending some time in Nassau, gave a 'Canadian dinner party' at the Hotel Colonial on February 23, which was probably the jolliest affair of the kind of the season. The table was charmingly decorated with hundreds of varicolored nasturtiums grown in the beautiful hotel gardens, and an excellent menu was provided by the hotel chef. Mrs. Smith's guests included Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Bickford, Mrs. Prince, Miss Ross, Miss Capreol, Mr. W. R. Wadsworth and Mr. John Risley, of Toronto, and Dr. and Mrs. Harley Smith, Mr. and Mrs. George Galt, Miss Galt, and Miss Marjorie Galt, Mr. and Mrs. Montague Black, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. B. Black, Mr. G. W. Allan and Mr. Frank Patton, of Winnipeg, the only Nassauvian present being Mr. Frank Holmes." This correspondent adds that a very strong and very popular Canadian contingent has been wintering in the Bahamas. Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Smith returned to Toronto on Tuesday.

INTERESTED IN RED CROSS WORK.
The Hon. Alina Elaine Jenkins is the second daughter of Lord Glantawe. Miss Jenkins, in addition to her fondness for society, has developed a deep interest in nursing and recently started a branch of the British Red Cross Society.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beardmore are away for a three months' holiday abroad, being now in Italy, and their little son and daughter are at Clovelly with their grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Gzowski. Little Miss Beardmore, who has attained the age of four months, is a very fine little girl, and thriving most satisfactorily.

Mrs. Flavelle and her daughter, Miss Clara, had only arrived at Gibraltar on their tour when they received news of Mr. Elbert Flavelle's illness from an attack of typhoid, and decided to retrace their steps at once. They will be home as soon as possible, to be with their invalid, whose disease, I am glad to hear, is progressing in the usual way—without any complications, but with good symptoms.

Mr. Frank Carrel, of Quebec, and Mr. Grant Morden, of Montreal, were in town last week, registered at the King Edward.

The president and directors of the Toronto Conservatory of Music are At Home to members of the Faculty this afternoon, from 4.30 to 6.30, in the Conservatory.

A very large attendance marked the opening of the thirty-eighth annual Exhibition of Paintings by the Ontario Society of Artists last week, the new Library proving for the third time a fine place for the attraction of an art exhibit. The President and Mrs. Wyly Grier and Mr. and Mrs. Jeffreys were the hosts of the evening, welcoming the large company in the first galley. Among the guests were Mrs. and Miss Meta Gibson and Mr. Fellowes, A.D.C., the hon. president of the Canadian Art Club; Principal and Mrs. Auden, Professor Mavor, Mr. and Mrs. Fane Sewell, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel, Miss Samuel, Mrs. Willison, Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Smith, Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles, Mr. and Mrs. Elmos Henderson, Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion, Mrs. Harrison, Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Cauron Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. Agar Adamson, Mrs. John Cawthra, Dr. Orr, Mr. Curtis Williamson, Dr. Soragge, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Alley, Colonel and Mrs. Maclean, Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Robins, Mr and Miss Yarker, Mr. Plumb, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs Lionel Clark, the Misses Von Hugel, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hunter, and many other prominent persons. This afternoon the exhibition is free, and everyone who wishes can enjoy an hour among the many fine pictures.

Mrs. Arthur Grasett has sailed for England. Mrs. Fred Plumb has also gone across to England. Mrs. Graham Campbell has left for England.

The engagement of Miss Gladys Sweatman, second daughter of the late Primate, and Rev. J. B. Fotheringham, M.A., Trinity College, was announced last week. Their marriage will take place on Easter Tuesday in the Church of the Messiah, and will be very quietly celebrated.

A splendid exhibition of gymnastics was given on March 3 at Havergal Hall by the pupils, whose smart gymnasium and fancy dresses and excellent work evoked much admiration and applause. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Gibson, Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark, Sir Charles and Lady Moss, Bishop and Mrs. Reeve, Colonel and Mrs. Denison, Principal and Mrs. Auden, Dr. Hoyles, Archdeacon and Mrs. Cody were a few of those present.

Miss Thom, of Winnipeg, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Boehme, in Willcocks street, has returned home.

Mrs. Robert Cartwright left on Thursday for Ottawa to visit Mrs. Alec Cartwright, her sister-in-law, and will return to her home in Summerland, Okonagan Valley, B.C., for Easter. She is looking the picture of health, and is full of Western enthusiasm.

The entries for the Governor-General's Musical and Dramatic Trophy Competition close next Tuesday, and there is every prospect of an interesting time when the events come off here next month. There is a good play promised from Ottawa, and I heard of another by clever Toronto people. By this time next week we shall know just what is to form the programme. Some nineteen entries have been sent in for the special prizes offered by the local committee, and when these are weeded out to the finals, we should have something well worth while going to hear.

On Monday and Tuesday afternoons, Cliffden Hall was besieged by callers who came to welcome Mrs. Spohn on her all too brief visit to her girlhood home. The little bride looked very dainty and sweet in her wedding gown of white satin, and everyone believed her assurance that was as happy as could be. A few of the callers on Tuesday were Mrs. Angus Sinclair, Mrs. Gzowski, Mrs. Tripp, Mrs Northway, Mrs. Ross, Miss Featherstonhaugh, Miss Muriel Jarvis, Mrs. and Miss Galbraith, Professor Young, Miss Maida MacLachlin, Mrs. Hayes. The three handsome sisters of the bride, Mrs. Rolph, who presided at the tea-table in the music room, and the Misses Eve and Mabel Haney, who waited upon the visitors, were the kindest of assistant hostesses. Mr. and Mrs. Haney had a box party on the evening of Mrs. Spohn's arrival to see the "Three Twins," a play which chased the blues out of town.

Miss Alma E. M. Dingwall, of Toronto, has graduated with second highest honors in the final examinations of the Post-graduate Medical School and Hospital of New York. Toronto should be proud of her.

Dr. and Mrs. W. Lehmann, of Spadina avenue, are leaving in about a fortnight for an extended tour abroad. They will sail direct to Italy.

Mrs. D. D. Mann, of Fallingbrook, Kingston road, has returned from a visit to New York.

The lecture at Trinity this afternoon will be given by Professor W. A. Kirkwood, M.A., Ph.D., lecturer in Classics in Trinity College, on "Recent Archæological Research in Greek Lands." The lecture will be illustrated, and ladies are hereby warned that they will be asked to take off their hats. Was it not Honore de Balzac who defined archæology as "the study invented to make old men believe they were still alive?" A young lecturer, who has no doubt upon the subject of his vitality, will confute the Balzac definition this afternoon.

The bulletin from the Grange on the health of its master is cheerful at time of going to press. Mr. Goldwin Smith is resting comfortably, with everything that science and devoted care can do for his recovery.

Mrs. Mahlon Cowan was up from Montreal on Thursday and Friday on a flying visit to Toronto.

The calling season may be now said to be over. Spring clothes and the lure of out of doors, with the exodus for Easter to the seaside southern resorts has so disorganized society that no one finds time to stay at home for callers, and only the hard-worked brides are rushing about with lists and card cases, in a wild endeavor to get through their strenuous task before spring.

The marriage of Miss Ann Edwards Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Campbell, 58 Park road, Rosedale, to Mr. William Edward Radcliff, will be celebrated on the last day of this month in Daytona, Florida, where the parents of both bride and groom are spending the winter.

A Pullman car in the prosy old Union Station was the scene of a rather exciting interview one evening last week between an irate father and mother and a very pretty daughter, who was leaving town without their knowledge. The party all went as far as Parkdale on the train, and the three above-mentioned then returned home. There was a fourth who journeyed West alone!

Mrs. Sinclair, of Roslyn, Rosedale, gave a tea on Thursday for Mr. and Mrs. Keefer, of Ottawa.

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have just received their Easter price list, and a glance through its pages may help you to make your selection, and they will mail it on application. Don't delay too long, as Easter will soon be here.

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A class of forty women students will attend the lectures of Dr. Edna M. Day of the University of Missouri on "the rearing of babies." The lectures are to be given at a hospital while a nurse is bathing a baby.

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Madras, Muslins and Crepe Curtains, in new and handsome colorings, blue and brown, green and brown, red and green.

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MARCH 25, 1910

Tickets good going on all regular trains on date of excursion and returning on all regular trains until April 8, inclusive.

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MARCH 25 AND APRIL 8, 1910

Tickets good going on all regular trains on date of excursion and good returning on all regular trains until April 4 and 18, respectively.

$11.00 from Buffalo

STOP-OVER allowed at Philadelphia returning on seashore tickets, and at Philadelphia and Baltimore returning on Washington tickets.

Through trains leave Buffalo 9.00 A. M., 7.30 and 10.45 P. M. Night trains make direct connection at Philadelphia for Atlantic City via Delaware River Bridge. Consult Ticket Agents, Canadian Pacific Ry., Grand Trunk Ry., T. H. & B. Ry., or B. P. Fraser, D. P. A., Pennsylvania Railroad, 307 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Parlor cars have been placed in service on Canadian Pacific 5 p.m. train between Toronto and Havelock. Seat rate in same is but 25c to Peterboro' and 50c to Havelock. Parlor car leaves Havelock at 7.10 a.m., arriving Toronto 10.20 a.m. Tickets may be secured at city ticket office, south-east corner King and Yonge streets, or from conductor on train.

Column

IF you will take the time and trouble to consider the matter of influences, you will be appalled at possibilities. I have in my mind a nature full of vitality, cleverness, originality, and of most responsive and susceptible type. So responsive, so susceptible, that a breath of influence produces immediate effect, and the being is for the moment a reflection of you, or what you wish him to be. He is also in like case with others, and what you don't wish him to be, which isn't comfortable. The dexterity and celerity of his chameleon-like nature makes him a fascinating but anxiety-breeding study, and a sort of glaring example of the possibilities of influences. Why the Creator backed some of us with quicksilver, and the balance with mud or gelatine or granite, is the question one vainly tries to answer, when one ponders on the results!

That last Sunday story of the devoted little cur who shivered and whimpered for hours beside the dead body of his comrade in gutter-land, and followed the good doctor who bore away the remains to bury them, was touched up by one inaccuracy which lent popular flavor but missed the point. The reporter said that a slice of bread and butter covered with strychnine lay near, of which the dead canine has probably eaten. The strychnine was only in the mind of the scribe, for I had received a telephone account of the faithful little mourner from a sympathetic soul looking out of her window at the touching scene, and she added that she had placed the bread and butter near the shivering doggy, feeling sure he was starving as well as freezing. I am afraid I wasn't quite so sympathetic as I might have been, having recently had a very strenuous time with a huge dog, who snapped at me several times and followed the tram which I boarded for a block or two, filling me with consternation at the prospect of being obliged to spend the afternoon careering around the Belt Line. It's all very well for the people who sneer at fear of dogs, and protest against precautions, but there are pleasanter ways of shuffling out of this life than hydrophobia, and I prefer to run no risks. The person who loves dogs so devotely as to take the chance of his neighbor dying a hideous death rather than buy Towser a muzzle, has a screw loose somewhere!

Have you read Ralph Connor's latest book—"The Foreigner?" If not, and you are interested in the processes of assimilation going on in the West, and care to understand more of conditions among the people whom Canada is making over, you might do worse than read this book. Of course after the touch of power Upton Sinclair puts into his delineation of foreign victims to new conditions and oppressions, Ralph Connor's particulars are mild, but they have a pathetic appeal which makes one long to go out and thrash somebody. Paulina's story is good, and considerable of an eye-opener. One hears of foreigners herded by dozens in poor shacks right here in Toronto, without quite realizing all such herding infers. Paulina has probably many sisters, cousins and aunts needing looking after! Perhaps little ten year old Imra, looking after the new baby, and carrying it over to the big hearted Irish neighbor for inspection each morning, will be the longest memory abiding with me of this story.

A woman at a luncheon the other day thus relieved her mind: "Tell the truth, and no one believes you. Be as rude as you like and no one resents it. Give your candid opinion of your neighbor, telling her she is a perfect idiot, and she will repeat the remark smiling, and jauntily telling you you are "too quaint for anything." This woman says just what she pleases, abuses whom she dislikes, is violent in her strictures and unkind in her judgments, and thinks that no one minds. Don't they? Well, the hostess rather gloried in the fact that one of her other guests had a bit confused her, and that the "quaint" individual hadn't it all her own way. Really it is most unkind to be so obstreperous during a meal, upsetting nerves and digestive apparatus, and filling the air with a human voice instead of the fragrance of the floral decorations. One of this sort launched the query at her hostess, "Do you believe in woman suffrage?" and the lady at the head of the table politely replied "I'll tell you after luncheon, please"—conversation should never become really serious during a meal. Little stories, little jokes, playful badinage, merry comments, but nothing heavier until the coffee comes. Have none of you seen the flushed face, the heated brow, the ill-advised words that happen when discussion ranges into topics more weighty than the menu? Leave them until after luncheon, or dinner, as the case may be!

LADY GAY.

Social Affairs in Hamilton

HAMILTON, MARCH 10, 1910.

Miss Olive Balfour left on Friday evening for New York, to join Dr. and Mrs. Mayo and family, of Rochester, Minnesota, who sailed on the "Carmania" for Italy on Saturday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Petersen, of Calgary, are the guests of Mrs. James Watson, Duke street, en route to their western home after three months abroad, having enjoyed a delightful visit with Mr. Petersen's family in Copenhagen.

Mrs. Southam, Mrs. Balfour, Mrs. Doolittle and Miss Wilcox left this week for Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. O. Boger, who have been the guests of Mrs. McDonald Wilson, Prospect Place, have left for their home in Brandon.

Mrs. Wm. Hendrie gave a very bright dinner for Miss Enid Campbell, of Montreal, on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kilvert have left for the south.

Mrs. R. Cartwright, of Summerland, B.C., is a week-end visitor with Mrs. Adam Zimmerman.

Miss Agnes Powis went down to New York on Thursday for a visit.

A very pretty buffet luncheon was given by Mrs. Norman Braden, daffodils being used to decorate the small tables. Those present were Mrs. A. Powis, Mrs. S. O. Greening, Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Mrs. F. W. Gates, Mrs. W. Hendrie, jr., Mrs. R. Moodie, Mrs. Herald, Mrs. Sydney Dunn, Mrs. H. Fearman, Mrs. Fred Greening, Mrs. W. Hawkins, Mrs. H. V. Hart, Mrs. Merrick, Mrs. J. A. Thomson and Mrs. Harry Greening.

Miss Bebe Smith, of St. John's, N.B., is the guest of Mrs. J. L. Counsell, Duke street.

Mrs. Lefroy, St. Catharines, is the guest of Miss Bell, Charlton avenue.

Mrs. John S. Hendrie entertained on Thursday in honor of the out-of-town visitors, some of the guests present being Miss Enid Campbell (Montreal), Miss Marjorie Fellowes (Toronto), Miss Frances Phepoe (Montreal), Miss Dorothy Braithwaite (Toronto), Miss Crerar, Miss Phyllis Hendrie, Miss Dorothy Campbell, Miss Helen Dewar, Miss Isobel Scott, Miss Mona Murray, Miss Alice Balfour, Miss Muriel Cartwright, Miss Kate Thomson, Miss Dorothy Wilgress and Mrs. William Hendrie.

Mrs. Gerald Glassco is the guest of Mrs. Alexander Bruce, Toronto.

Mr. D. D. O'Connor returned to town from England this week.

Mrs. Footner and Miss Marjorie Footner, left this week for Bermuda.

Mrs. Spratt and Miss Meta Bankier, have returned from a very enjoyable visit on Long Island.

Mrs. Frank Wanzer has left for Toledo, where she will remain until Easter.

Mr. Ralph Gunn has left for Edmonton.

Miss M. Watson has returned from a delightful visit in Toronto, where she was the guest of Mrs. Braithwaite.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bryson, of Liverpool, England, to Dr. A. B. Osborne.

The Ladies' Afternoon Whist Club enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Gibson, at Government House, Toronto, on Monday. The party arrived in time for luncheon, and were entertained in a most delightful manner by Mrs. Gibson and her daughters. Among those present were Mrs. J. S. Hendrie, Mrs. Wilgress, Mrs. F. W. Gates, Mrs. C. J. Jones, Mrs. J. W. Nesbitt, Mrs. J. J. Morrison, Mrs. Ingersoll Olmstead, Mrs. Alex. Murray, Mrs. P. H. Alexander, Miss Hobson and Miss Bell.

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Queen Quality

Shoes for Women Now Ready

20 Styles of Boots
in the popular sizes and widths.

17 Styles of Oxfords
in the popular sizes and widths.

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Queen Quality Shoes are worn by an ever-increasing multitude of well-dressed women every season. They are sold in practically every city of the United States and Canada, and, it is claimed, no other one brand of women's shoes has so many patronesses—or nearly so many. The chief reason for this lies in their superior style, but behind this again is their wonder qualities of comfort and of "fitableness."

"They fit where others fail."

We are ready now to show you the style you want in the size you wear. Better be fitted while the stock is at its full height.

"QUEEN QUALITY" BOOTS
in all Popular Sizes and Widths.

No. 4509—Patent Colt Boot, dull Blucher top, Goodyear welt	5.00
No. 316X—Vici Kid Boot, dull Blucher top, Goodyear welt	5.00
No. 2515X—Tan Calf Boot, suede button top, Goodyear welt	5.00
No. 104—Patent Colt Boot, dull button top, Goodyear welt	5.00
No. 509—Patent Colt Boot, cloth button top, Goodyear welt	5.00
No. 326—Patent Colt Boot, dull Blucher top, Goodyear welt	4.50
No. 2148—Patent Colt Boot, cloth Blucher top, flexible sole	4.50
No. 2532—Tan Calf Boot, lace top, Goodyear welt	4.50
No. 745—Patent Colt Boot, dull lace top, flexible sole	4.50
No. 2328—Gunmetal Boot, dull Blucher top, Goodyear welt	4.50
No. 788—Vici Kid Boot, dull button top, Goodyear welt	4.50
No. 925—Patent Colt Boot, dull button top, Goodyear welt	4.50
No. 746—Patent Colt Boot, dull button top, flexible sole	4.50
No. 177AX—Patent Colt Boot, dull Blucher top, flexible sole	4.00
No. 177AB—Patent Colt Boot, dull button top, flexible sole	4.00
No. 527—Vici Kid Boot, dull lace top, heavy sole	4.00
No. 177X—Vici Kid Boot, dull Blucher top, heavy sole	4.00
No. 764X—Patent Colt Boot, dull Blucher top, flexible sole	4.00
No. 573X—Vici Kid Boot, button top, flexible sole	4.00
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in all Popular Sizes and Widths.

No. 666—Vici Kid Oxford, lace, kid toecap, common sense style	3.00
No. 222—Patent Colt Ankle Strap Pump, dainty bow, Goodyear welt	4.00
No. 4235—Black Suede Ankle Strap Pump, dainty bow, Goodyear welt	4.00
No. 436X—Gunmetal Ankle Strap Pump, dainty bow, Goodyear welt	4.00
No. 435—Russia Tan Calf Ankle Strap Pump, dainty bow, Goodyear welt	4.00
No. 2801—Patent Colt Ankle Strap Pump, dull collar top, Goodyear welt	4.50
No. 260—Patent Colt Oxford, dull Blucher top, creased vamp	3.50
No. 678½—Vici Kid Oxford, dull Blucher top, creased vamp	3.00
No. 806X—All Patent Colt Oxford, Blucher top, creased vamp	4.50
No. 602X—Patent Colt Oxford, black cloth Blucher top, crease vamp	4.50
No. 626—Patent Colt Oxford, black cloth button top, creased vamp	4.00
No. 670X—Vici Kid Oxford, patent toecap, lace top, creased vamp	3.00
No. 2611—Gunmetal Oxford, Blucher, creased vamp	4.50
No. 426—Patent Colt Oxford, dull Blucher top, Goodyear welt	4.00
No. 637—Vici Kid Oxford, dull Blucher top, Goodyear welt	4.00
No. 880—All Patent Colt Oxford, Blucher top, hand turned sole	4.50
No. 617—Vici Kid Oxford, dull Blucher top, Goodyear welt	4.50

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO

THE RED ROOM

By William Le Queux

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

"NO TRUMPS."

IN the failing London light, as Kirk rose and stood near the window, his countenance was even more sinister and more mysterious than ever. About his lips played that enigmatical, sarcastic smile which so tantalised and irritated me. Here was a man who had actually deceived the hard-headed Sheffield magnate into a belief that he possessed power and influence, while, in reality, he was only a clever adventurer.

"Sit down, Holford," he said, in a cheery voice, inviting me to a big leather arm-chair. "The time has come when it is very necessary for you and me to arrive at some clear and definite understanding."

"Yes," I cried, "I agree with you. Have I not asked you all along for a clear statement of facts? Have I not urged you to tell me where I can find my wife?"

"You have," he said, leaning against the big, old-fashioned mahogany table piled with books and scientific periodicals. "But until the present I have been unable to satisfy you. Even now I am still in a great measure in the dark as to the—well, the unfortunate occurrence, shall we call it?—which took place in this house."

"But you have, I understand, been acting in concert with the man who calls himself Greer?" I remarked. "You've been with him abroad!"

"I don't deny that. Why should I?"

I shrugged my shoulders impatiently. His evasion was always cunning, always well-contrived.

"When you first brought me here," I said, "it was to obtain my assistance to discover who killed Professor Greer, and——"

"And you made a promise which you did not keep!" he interrupted. "Hence I have been unable to keep faith with you. Is not that quite feasible?"

"My wife's disappearance is the point which most concerns me," I said. "The other matter is, to me, of secondary importance. If you cared to divulge, you could tell me my wife's whereabouts. I happen to know that she has been in Vienna, staying at the Hotel Continental, and she has been seen in your company, Mr. Kirk."

"Now that's really quite smart of you!" he laughed, with a patronising air, his grey face changing slightly, I thought. "I wonder how you came to know that?"

"The source of my information does not matter," I said sharply. "Suffice it that it is a reliable one."

"Well," he laughed, "since that evening when you sat with me in Bedford Park I've been compelled to be active, and I've discovered quite a number of things which at that time I never dreamed—facts that have amazed me, as they will, before long, amaze you, Holford."

"Nothing can amaze me in this crooked affair," I declared. "You sought my aid in an endeavour to discover who killed Professor Greer, yet, having gained my confidence, you at once abused it!" I cried, with bitter reproach.

"That is your present opinion," he said, with a keen, crafty look.

"An opinion based upon your actions towards me!" I exclaimed hotly.

"My dear Holford," he said, "now let us speak quite frankly, as man to man." And he bent towards me in an eager attitude. "I put it to you whether, in the circumstances—not overlooking the fact that Scotland Yard has refused you assistance—to forget what you saw that night upstairs in the laboratory, to place it aside as though you never witnessed it, is not the best plan?"

"Ah, you wish still to hush up the tragedy!" I cried. "The reason is, of course, quite obvious."

"You misinterpret my words. I wish to avoid bringing scandal upon innocent folk," Kirk replied quickly. "You once gave me a pledge of secrecy, and you broke it. Will you give me another?"

"And if I gave it," I asked, not without some hesitation, "would these precious friends of yours give me back my wife?"

"I cannot answer for others. Personally, I will do all I can to assist you," was his somewhat evasive reply.

"Why do you wish to extract this promise from me?" I demanded dubiously.

"Because—well, because you must give it. You *must* remain silent, Holford. It is imperative!"

"You really ask too much of me," I laughed sarcastically. "I know the ghastly truth. You showed it to me of your own accord—you yourself drew me into this dark, mysterious affair, and now you coolly demand my silence, because you are, I suppose, interested in the money realised by the sale of Professor Greer's secret."

"Ethelwynn Greer makes the same demand as myself," he said calmly. "Surely you don't believe that the girl has participated in any shamefully obtained profits?"

"The girl saw her father dead, and now refuses to admit it," I responded.

"How do you know that she did?" he asked. "What actual evidence have you upon that point, beyond my word—repeated from the story told to me by Antonio?"

"Ah! so Antonio is changing his tale in order to fit the new order of events——is he?"

"Well," Kirk said, after a brief pause, "that there is a new order of events—as you put it—I admit. Yet, whatever they may be, your silence, Holford, as well as mine, is imperative. You hear that!" he added, looking straight into my face.

"To hear and to heed are scarcely synonymous," I remarked in anger. I was incensed with this man who refused to give me any satisfaction concerning Mabel, and yet commanded my silence.

Was it not a very curious feature of the affair, I reflected, that Ethelwynn had ingeniously approached me, offering me news of Mabel in return for my undertaking to make no further inquiry into her father's secret death? How much did Langton know, and what was the extent of the knowledge of that friend of his, the specialist in diseases of the throat and nose?

For a few moments I sat in silence, longing for the return of the bogus Professor, the man whom I had followed through Edinburgh and Glasgow, yet who had so very cleverly escaped my vigilance.

I was anxious to meet him, and to see what kind of man he could be. As an impostor he was, it seemed, shameless and bold beyond human credence.

How many thousands had Edwards and Sutton paid to him for that great secret that was not his own?

Antonio, suave and cringing, suddenly put his head in the door, asking:

"Did you ring, signor?"

"No!" I cried, rising, angrily. "Mr. Kirk did not ring. I suppose you've been listening outside—eh? You are one of the accomplices in the murder of your master—and by Heaven, you shall pay for it! If Scotland Yard will not help me, then I'll take the law into my own hands and give the public an illustration of the red-tape and the uselessness of the police!"

"The signor is a little excited!" was the man's quiet remark to Kirk.

"Excited, by Heaven" I cried. "I'll be fooled no longer by any of you—band of assassins that you are! You ask me to believe that black is white, and tell me that my own eyes deceive me. But I'll be even with you yet—mark me!"

"Pray calm yourself, Holford," said Kirk, shifting his position slightly and still leaning easily against the table, "No good can be served by recrimination."

The man's cunning was unequaled; his ingenuity almost superhuman. Once I had held him in awe, but now, knowing the truth, that I held information which it was his earnest desire to suppress, I felt triumphant.

"I admit," he said, still speaking calmly, as Antonio disappeared and shut the door—"I admit that there are certain ugly facts—very ugly facts which are difficult to forget, but is it not better to be merciful to the innocent and living than to revenge the dead?"

"You desire to seal my lips, my dear sir," I said. Why don't you speak quite plainly?"

"Yes," he admitted, "I make that appeal to you because—well, for several very strong reasons—Ethelwynn's future being one."

"And what, pray, need I care for that girl's future, now that mine has been wrecked by the devilish machinations of you and your gang?" I cried in bitter anger.

"Your denunciation is quite uncalled for, Holford!" he exclaimed.

"It is not," I protested. "You know where my wife is, and you refuse to tell me!" was my quick answer.

"Please don't let us discuss that further," he urged. "The point is whether you will, or you will not, regard all you saw in this house a couple of months ago as entirely confidential."

"Why?"

"For reasons which you shall know later. I regret that I cannot explain at this moment, because I should be breaking a confidence," he responded. "But," he added, looking at me very seriously, "a life—a woman's life—depends upon your silence!"

I hesitated a moment.

"Ah, I see!" I cried. "Then the girl conspired to encompass her father's end, and is now in fear of the impostor!"

"I must leave you to your own opinion," he said, with a shrug of his thin shoulders. Then, turning away to the window, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and, with that cosmopolitan air of his he hummed a verse of that catchy song of the boulevards he so often sang.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I AM FACED WITH ANOTHER DIFFICULTY.

The careless manner in which Kirk seemed to treat the grave issue of my life enraged me. This man, who in Chiswick posed as shabby and broken-down, was certainly no ordinary person. He was a shrewd, clever adventurer, possessed of resources that had even astonished Sir Mark Edwards. He had entrapped me, for some hidden reason of his own, and now he held me in a hateful bondage.

But with the vivid recollection of Mabel upon me, I resolved to defy this enemy of mine at all costs. I was only awaiting the return of the false Professor to unmask the pair, to call a constable, and to give them both in charge.

What the result would be, I cared not. I should, however, at least be afforded an opportunity to make revelations in the police-court which they would find it somewhat awkward to refute. Surely by doing this I should be performing a work of public benefit? The pair were clever swindlers, reaping the harvest from that secret discovered by the unfortunate man who had been purposely killed.

"You appear, Mr. Kirk, to consider me an absolute fool!" I said, interrupting his song.

"I do, my dear Holford, I do. You have acted against your own interests, and even now you are spitting against the wind."

"You desire my silence, yet you offer me nothing in return!" I said.

"Oh, you want payment!" he cried. "My dear sir, you have only to name your own price. We shall not quarrel over it, I can assure you."

"No," I said angrily, "I desire no blood-money, even though it is to save Ethelwynn Greer. I have all along suspected her of some complicity in the affair, although on the night you removed her to that house in Foley Street she accused you of the crime!"

He started quickly and turned to me, his countenance slightly paler.

"Repeat that," he said quietly.

I did so. I told him how I had followed him to Foley Street, of the screams and words I had heard while standing in the fog outside the house.

"H'm. So you think I'm guilty of the crime, eh?" he said simply.

"I repeat the girl's allegation against you," I said. "And yet this same girl now declares that the Professor is not dead!" Then I added: "He was dead when we were together in the laboratory, was he not? Come, speak plainly!"

"Certainly he was!"

"And men do not come to life again when once dead, do they?"

"But this is an unusual case, I tell you. He——"

"However unusual, you cannot alter the laws of life and death," I declared.

"Well, my dear Holford, how I wish I could reveal to you one simple truth. It would astound you, no doubt; but it would at the same time alter your opinion of me."

"Oh, of course," I laughed bitterly. "You're not so black as you're painted—you who have conspired to hold my wife aloof from me—you who for aught I know have told her some infamous tale which has caused her to look upon me with doubt and horror! I have recently learnt that she was acquainted with this man who calls himself Ernest Greer, and that, before she left my roof, she received word in secret from him."

"Your wife's affairs are surely of no interest to me, Holford," said the grey-faced old scoundrel. "I am merely putting forward to you a simple matter of business—in a word, making a proposal for your consideration."

"A proposal which I will never accept—*never*, you understand!" I added with emphasis.

"Not if I appeal to you on behalf of Ethelwynn, on behalf of a girl whose very life is dependent upon your silence?" he asked earnestly.

"The punishment for murder is death," was my hard response.

He regarded me steadily, without speaking. I saw that he realised my steadfastness of purpose, and that I meant to reveal the truth to all the world.

"But," he cried at last, "you surely will not act as a fool, Holford! I told you on the night we first sat together of the great issues that depended upon your silence, and I repeat it now."

"Why did you entice me into this complicated tangle of crime and mystery?" I demanded quickly. "Tell me that."

"Because—well——" And he hesitated. "Because I—I was a fool—I admit it frankly. I ought never to have approached you. Three days later I regretted it deeply."

"Regretted it because you found, to your surprise, that you had no fool to deal with!" I cried.

"No; because I had made a mistake in another direction. But—but, hark!"

I listened and heard a footstep outside on the stairs.

"The Professor!" Kirk exclaimed. "He has returned. I'll introduce you."

I rose from my chair, my teeth set together, my hand gripping the edge of the table.

An instant later the door opened, and I stood boldly face to face with the impostor.

Kirk, with that calm suavity of manner that so annoyed and irritated me, introduced us.

But I bowed coldly to the well-dressed, elderly impostor, a man with keen, deep-set eyes, and a short,

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Brightness and Freshness of youth are preserved to the complexion by CRÈME SIMON POUDRE SAVON SIMON

From all Chemists and Perfumers

scrubby grey beard, asking of my companion:

"Is this farce really necessary, Mr. Kirk, when I know the truth?"

The new-comer looked askance at his accomplice, who gave him a quick, meaning look.

"Ah! my dear Mr. Holford!" exclaimed the bogus Professor, "I've been most anxious to meet you for a considerable time. This is a great pleasure."

"And one which I most heartily reciprocate," was my hard reply. "I've been endeavouring to find you for a long time. I followed you in Edinburgh, in Glasgow, and later on in Birmingham."

"Then surely it is a rather happy circumstance that we have met at last?" he said, rather fussily.

"Happy for me, but perhaps unhappy for you!" I replied, with a dry laugh.

"Why?"

"Because I now intend to expose your very clever plot. The secret you have sold to Sir Mark Edwards does not belong to you at all, but to Professor Ernest Greer, the man who was killed in the room yonder—in his own laboratory!"

His lips grew paler and set themselves hard. I saw in his dark eyes an expression of fear. He held me in terror—that was quite plain.

"Holford, you are mistaken," declared Kirk.

"In what way?" I demanded.

"Professor Ernest Greer stands before you!"

"No!" I cried. "This man is the impostor—the impostor who wrote to my wife, and enticed her from her home."

"I wrote to Mrs. Holford, certainly," was the fellow's cool reply. "But without any evil intent; of that she will herself assure you."

"Where is she?"

"You will, no doubt, see her before very long, and she will explain the reason of her absence."

"Ah!" I said, "you adventurers dare not tell me the truth with your own lips. Remember, I saw the Professor lying dead in this house. You cannot induce me to believe that my eyes deceived me!"

"And yet you see the Professor alive before you now!" declared Kirk with a triumphant laugh.

But I made a gesture of disgust, declaring that I refused to be fooled further.

"You are not being fooled, Mr. Holford," asserted the man in a calm, distinct voice, as he opened the door and called to Antonio.

The grave-eyed man-servant entered in a few seconds, and as he did so the new-comer said:

"Antonio, will you please tell this gentleman who I am?"

"You are my dear master, signore—the Signor Professor Ernest Greer."

"I already know, Antonio, that you're a clever liar," I cried, "so you can retire."

"The Signorina Ethelwynn has just arrived, signore," remarked the highly respectable man-servant.

"Ah! then tell my daughter to come up!" he cried. "She will no doubt satisfy Mr. Holford that I am no impostor."

"Miss Ethelwynn saw her father lying dead, as I did; how, therefore, can she identify you as her deceased parent? Have you a half-brother, or some relation strongly resembling you?"

"No, I have not," was his quick reply. "I am simply Professor Ernest Greer, whom a thousand persons living can identify."

At that moment the fair-haired girl neatly attired in fur jacket, tailor-made skirt, and toque entered, and, with a spring, fell into the impostor's arms and kissed him.

That piece of acting was, without doubt, perfect. Yet I stood aside and smiled. Had not Kirk previously admitted to me that his earnest endeavour was to secure my silence?

"Am I your father?" asked the dark-eyed man of Ethelwynn, standing with his hand upon her shoulder.

"Of course you are, dear dad! Why?"

"Because this gentleman will not believe it!" he laughed.

"This is my father, Mr. Holford," the girl declared, turning to me.

"But did not you, with your own eyes, see your father dead in his laboratory?" I asked seriously. "Are you not being misled, as these men are trying to mislead me?" I suggested.

She hesitated, glancing towards the man who posed as the Professor as though expecting him to reply for her.

"No," I went on, "this is a conspiracy—a plot to place this man in a dead man's shoes. And you know it, Miss Ethelwynn."

"I tell you he's my father!" the girl persisted. "Cannot you believe us?"

"Not without some independent proof," I said. This persistence lingered me.

"Then what proof do you require?" asked the man. "Shall I call the park-keeper at Clarence Gate? He has known me and seen me every day for a number of years."

"Call him, if you wish," I said, though, truth to tell, I did not intend to be longer fooled by the ingenious machinations of Kirk and his gang.

Antonio was sent to find the park-keeper, who, in due time, appeared, carrying his gold-laced hat in his hand.

"You've known Professor Greer a long time?" I asked the white-headed man.

"Several years, sir," was his quick reply.

"And do you recognise this gentleman as the Professor?" I asked.

"Certainly, sir; I saw him pass in at the gate this morning. He's cut off his beard, and that makes a bit of difference to a man, you know!" He laughed.

"You have no hesitation in identifying him, eh?" I asked. "You'll be able to swear to him in a court of law?"

"Yes, sir, in any court of law. The Professor's been very kind to me, once or twice; therefore it isn't likely that I forget either his face or his voice."

This bewildered me. Was it possible that this impostor was the Professor's twin brother? I felt confident that Kirk was continuing some very ingenious conspiracy. Was not his suggestion to me that I should forget the tragedy sufficient proof of double dealing?

I thanked the park-keeper, who withdrew with Antonio, whereupon Kirk asked me whether I was not satisfied.

"No," I said, "and I shall never be satisfied until I discover the identity of the man who killed Professor Greer."

"But Professor Greer stands before you!" declared Ethelwynn; "nobody killed him!"

"So you wish me to believe," I said with a smile, "but as my secrecy has been demanded on your account, I can only suspect that you were, in some way, implicated in the crime."

She went pale as death. My words, I saw, had a startling effect upon her. She looked first at Kirk and then at the man posing as her father—the man who had secured many thousands of pounds for a secret that was not his own.

"Then you refuse to accept even the park-keeper's testimony?" Kirk remarked, while the man who had assumed the Professor's identity walked across to the writing-table and began looking at some letters lying upon it.

"I do; my intention is to unmask you all!"

The impostor, the fading light falling upon his clear-cut countenance, turned quickly, and upon his face rested an expression of deadly fear that I had not previously noticed. Hitherto his attitude had been one of bold unconcern. But now, realising my determination, he had grown alarmed. He saw that he had carried the imposture too far.

"Ethelwynn," he said, in a low, strained voice, "—I wish to speak with Mr. Holford. Will you leave us for a little while, dear. Go into the Red Room, and we'll join you there later."

"My dear sir," I exclaimed, "I don't desire to hear any more of your denials."

"I'll go, dad, of course," replied the girl, who, in obedience with his suggestion, left the room.

I turned to follow her, but with a sudden movement he placed himself before the door, exclaiming anxiously:

"Mr. Holford, pray hear me for one moment, I beg of you. I want to tell you something—to confess!"

"Ah!" I laughed triumphantly. "At last! you will confess! Good! I am all attention."

"Listen carefully to the facts, Hoford," urged Kirk. "The Professor's peril lies in the knowledge possessed by one man—yourself. It is therefore but just that you should know the truth."

"I do not expect the truth from you," I laughed. "How can I, after all that has passed?"

"The deceit I've practised upon you has been imperative," was his audacious answer.

"Let me explain," interrupted the impostor, advancing to the fireplace near which I stood. "First, I repeat that I am Professor Ernest Greer, and that this is my house. My statement can be verified later, but for the present I ask you to accept it as the truth. My old friend here, Kershaw Kirk, is not an adventurer, though he so often poses as such. But it is under necessity, for his real profession is that of a confidential agent of the British Government, the trusted head official of our Intelligence Department."

At this I smiled incredulously, wondering what fantastic story he was about to relate, for even then I did not recognise him by the photograph I had obtained just before going up to Scotland. He was thinner, and his eyes were quite unlike those of the photograph, being narrower and deeper set.

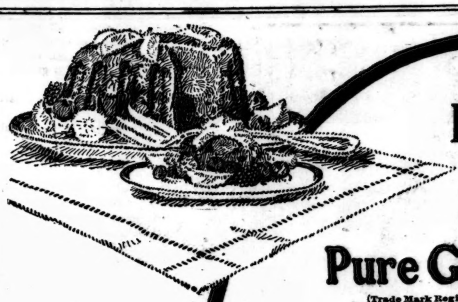
"The plain facts are as follows," he went on, after a second's pause. "I had been experimenting until I had discovered an easy method of obtaining from the air those subtle elements helium and neon. My success had incidentally confirmed Sir William Ramsay's estimation that that proportion of neon and helium in the atmosphere was about one to two in each hundred thousand, when a suggestion occurred to me that my process of hardening armour plates might be improved upon, and a substance of great cutting power created. My experiments were long and tedious, but were at last crowned with success. I very foolishly gave, in the French scientific journal Cosmos, some account of these experiments, and a month later I was secretly informed by Kirk that the German Government — always our rivals where improvements in war material are concerned—was actively endeavouring to obtain my secret. As you know, I always kept my laboratory locked, and allowed no one within upon any pretext. My only confidante was my daughter Ethelwynn."

And again he paused, glancing across at where Kirk stood, narrow-eyed and silent.

"Well," he went on, "after another month had passed, Kirk returned from Germany, where he had been upon a secret mission for the Government, and then he urged me to exercise the greatest care. A very clever German agent, by name Max Leftwich, who had resided in London for some years, had been instructed to obtain my secret at all hazards. Kirk warned me that he was a man of remarkable fact and ability, and that under his control were fully a dozen agents rendering him assistance. It was he who had obtained for his employers in Berlin the secret of our new submarine boat, and who had controlled the survey of the Suffolk coast in view of the coming invasion. I confess that I laughed at Kirk's fears—fears which were repeated to me by one of the Lords of the Admiralty only a week later. I saw no reason, however, for any serious apprehension. My laboratory was always locked, and could not be entered either from the skylight or conservatory, while the only keys of those double doors were secure upon my chain. But, alas! I had, like many another man, foolishly lulled myself into a sense of false security."

And he sighed as he again paused.

(To be continued.)



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MARRIED TO A RUSSIAN COUNT.

Miss Mary Frothingham, of New York, was married recently to Count Alexander Kontosoff Tolstoi, nephew of Count Leo Tolstoi. Owing to her father-in-law's position, she will move in the highest circles at Court and have privileges never before accorded to an American in Russia.

Women as Spies.

A SHORT time ago some valuable Admiralty plans disappeared from Chatham, England. Mr. McKenna, the First Lord of the Admiralty, admitted that they had been stolen, but a mystery surrounded their disappearance. It is now suggested that a well known international woman spy, who is ever ready to sell her services to the highest bidder, be it the Russian, German or French Government, was responsible for the disappearance of those plans. It is known that she was in England for some weeks prior to the incident and it is supposed that during that time she engineered the plot which resulted in the vanishing of the important papers.

It is only a short time ago that a beautiful and fashionably dressed teacher of languages, Fraulein Petersen, about 25 years of age, was arrested at Kiel, in Germany, says Tit-Bits, on suspicion of being a French spy. She was said to have entered into a love affair with a non-commissioned officer named Dietrich of the explosives department for the purpose of inducing him to divulge important German naval secrets. Dietrich, flattered by the attentions of such a beautiful woman, could deny her nothing, and at the time of the arrest was said to have been supplying her with the formula for the manufacture of the German smokeless powder (one of the most effective yet invented) and the situation of the port mines.

In Russia, where the secret service is raised to the level of a fine art, the woman spy is recognized as an extremely valuable medium for obtaining information, not only about foreign matters but also concerning the various revolutionary movements going on at home. One of the most notorious of these feminine police spies is Mme. Jotchenko, who has been described as a female Azeff.

This person, posing as one of the Terrorists, took part in their enterprises, and discovering all their plans gave information to the police. For this work she obtained a handsome monthly salary. She began her nefarious trade at the age of 23, and her first big coup was when she betrayed the Respontine plot against the Czar in 1895. Scores of those who had trusted her went into exile in Siberia on the plot being discovered.

She herself, to disarm suspicion, was sent away also, but was allowed to escape and rejoin the revolutionists in order to obtain more information. One of her victims was a handsome girl named Frania Froumkin, who was sent to the gallows after an abortive attempt to kill the prefect of Moscow. The arch traitress wormed herself into the confidence of families, with the result that numbers of persons were banished to Siberia.

Quite recently the French Government caused a large number of German women employed on the eastern frontier as barmaids to be expelled from the country. These women had been watched and found to be in the pay of German spies, to whom they gave the information that they acquired from listening to the conversation of drunken soldiers in the taverns.

A more serious affair was that at Reims. Seven men and three women alleged to be paid agents of the German War Office were arrested. The three women were in the habit, it was said, of making the acquaintance of soldiers and wheedling military secrets out of them, which information they passed on to the men. Compromising correspondence was found at their lodgings and seemed to reveal wholesale espionage by the women. As a matter of fact the arrest of these men and women is said to have disclosed the existence of a widespread organization of German spies throughout the country.

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A California woman, in training a new Chinese servant to wait on the door, had her daughter ring the bell and present her card. Next afternoon a friend called and handed her card to the Celestial, who pulled out of his sleeve the card the daughter of the house had presented the afternoon before, and carefully compared the two. "Tickee no matchee," he exclaimed, handing back the visitor's card. "No can come in."

J. C. Williams, optician, Yonge street, left last week to spend a fortnight in Rochester. While there he will inspect the factory of the Eastman Kodak Co., with the intention of equipping his photo finishing department with new apparatus, recently devised for quick and expert printing and developing.

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MUSIC

LAST week the readers of this department enjoyed an interesting discussion from the pen of "ARPEGGIO" on the merits and demerits of the professional musician in the role of music critic. In the two score and more years of its existence, this journal has enjoyed the services of several critics, some of them professional musicians of eminence, and some of them practical newspaper men. One knows of no charge of injustice or even of ineptitude that has ever been seriously maintained against any critique published in these columns. The qualities which go to the making of the perfect critic are so many, that should he appear on earth he would be speedily caught up in a chariot of fire to give counsel to the choir invisible. He should be absolutely just, and which of us is that at all times? He should be brave, unflinching, and, if need be ruthless; and, which of us is that in the presence of friendship? He should have an imagination that constantly soars with the aspiration of the best that he hears, and where is the soul whose wings never become limp? He should be able to write with a beauty commensurate with the loveliness he interprets, but where is the man of genius who is content with the journalistic grind? He should be an analyst who can measure and body forth all that music means to him in phrases that present æsthetic emotions and ideas with absolute clarity, and is there a Plato among us? He should have profound knowledge as well, but how often is this found in combination with the critical faculty? There are those like the distinguished American writer, Mr. W. C. Brownell, who hold that the value of criticism depends not on profound knowledge but on concentrated thought and, therefore, one has placed it last in the catalogue of requirements. From the above summary it will be found that a man's business in life, whether he be a professional musician or no, has little bearing on the main issues. If he have a capacity for appreciation, a love of his work, a desire to give the best that is in him, and to learn something from everything he hears, and finally some facility in placing on paper his thoughts, it is about all that the public can look for in this workaday world.

Signor Enrico Caruso, the most brilliant of tenors.

* * *

ONE of the most novel and delightful books of songs that has been issued in recent years, "Echoes of Naples" (Boston, Oliver Ditson Company). This is a collection of popular Neapolitan lyrics gathered by Mario Favilli, who in his brief note of introduction, speaks as a native son of *"Mia bella Napoli."* And he adds, "What other city in the world has made its very life—light hearted, passionate, or sad—so vocal in irresistible melody. The few *canzoni* included in this volume are gathered from a field decked with myriad blossoms. Among so many it is difficult to choose. Some of the songs are traditional and belong to the Naples of long ago. Others are the outcome of the Festival of Piedigrotta, once a true *festa popolare*, later a religious festival at the sanctuary of the Madonna of Piedigrotta, but since 1860 secularized and become a carnival, noisy with songs that clamor for popularity."

In the thirty songs included in the little volume, the joy of life reigns supreme and melody is a first consideration, but these melodies are not crass or merely obvious. However, simple and catchy the refrain, it means something and suggests an atmosphere. There is a grace and lightness that captures the senses. There are two tunes in the volume which have been hummed and whistled in every corner of the world. One is Luigi Denza's "Finiculi-Funicula," which the visitor to Italy will tell you is heard at all hours of the day and night in Naples. The other is "A Frangesa," the name of which is not so familiar, but whose pulsing rhythms everyone has heard; for it is a dance of the utmost vivacity, or what some might deem diablerie. The boat song, "Santa Lucia," is also a charming, infectious melody, a true song of the people, as is every lyric in the volume. Vittorio Fassone's "Margarita," a popular air on which their several variants will be recognized as another melody which has gone around the world. "T' Aggio Visto" is a typical example of a waltz of a distinctively popular quality, but not devoid of musical interest. In all these songs the ground work of the music suggests a plucked accompaniment on guitar or mandolin. Though some of the lyrics are pensive love ditties, but they never grow fervid. The prevailing spirit of the volume is expressed in the opening verse of "Finiculi-Finicula."

Some think the world is made for
fun and frolic
And so do I.
Some think it well to be all melancholic
To pine and sigh.
But I, I love to spend my time in singing
Some joyous song,
To set the air with music bravely ringing
Is far from wrong!

* * *

It is a far cry from the spontaneous unsophisticated music of Naples to the advanced and highly intellectual lyrics of Hugo Wolf. From the same firm of publishers there comes "Fifty Songs by Hugo Wolf," edited by the celebrated English critic, Ernest Newman. It is one of the most recent volumes of the Musician's Library, a remarkable collection of musical literature which has for several years been in the course of publication, and which now embraces fifty volumes. Apart from the selections themselves, each volume has commanded a special interest because of the critical introductions written by the ablest writers on music in England and America. Newman is one of the most radical of British critics, and to him Wolf, who was a composer of radical ideas, makes an individual appeal. Every modern recital programme contains, at least, two songs by the composer, and the information about him that Mr. Newman gives will satisfy an aroused curiosity. He was born at Winischgratz, Styria, in 1860, and got his training in part at the Vienna Conservatory. His youth was almost as troublous as that Berlioz. The obstacles to advancement imposed by poverty appear in his case to have been augmented by rebellious temperament, and his whole life was a warfare. His songs were first published in 1887 and ten years later his mind collapsed. Recovery was only partial, and he died on Feb. 22, 1903, after, at least, one previous attempt at suicide. "The causes of the breakdown are at present imperfectly known," says Mr. Newman, "but we may be fairly sure that it was accelerated by the privations of his youth and the terrific pace at which he would compose, for months at a time, when the mood was on him." Fame has come to Wolf since his death, and for him Newman makes a magnificent claim in which many music lovers will fail to agree. "In so far as his aim is to re-express in music the emotions of the poem, the man who can thus re-express a thousand subtle emotions is greater than the man who can only re-express a few broad and generalized emotions; and the man who gives us a different musical portrait in each song is greater than the man who draws the same figure in one song after another. This surely is objective test enough, and by applying it we are entitled to say that, in this respect at any rate, Wolf is as much above all previous or contemporary song writers as Wagner is above all previous or contemporary opera writers. There can be as little question of the immense variety of Wolf's portraits and pictures as there is of the tendency of those other great song composers to repeat themselves. Nothing can be more exquisite than Schubert, or Brahms, or Grieg, at his best; but will any impartial student of these men deny that in many of their finest songs it is Schubert, or Brahms, or Grieg that we hear talking, rather than the character?

"The physiognomy is unmistakeable; whereas with Shakespeare, with Wagner, and with Wolf, we cannot identify the artist himself with any of his characters, so many sided is the observation and so varied the portraiture."

All this may be true, but it is an argument that will appeal only to the man or woman who approaches music solely from the intellectual standpoint. Mr. Newman reckons without the vast host of music lovers to whom the appeal of the most exquisite music is purely emotional. One is prepared to admit that without the fecundating force of intellect music would be sterile. But intellectual ideas must find life and growth in a matrix of emotion, and the music that is born thereof will retain the characteristics of that matrix. Not the least of the charms of Schubert and Grieg (and even of the Wagner whom Mr. Newman cites) for their devotees is that characteristic mark of quality which makes every phrase of theirs easily recognizable. Dramatic and moving as is Hugo Wolf, diabolically subtle and clever as he is also, only an admirer of reckless faith can believe that his work will ever command that love and delight which the characteristic and spontaneous melodies of Schubert and Grieg inspire. Hugo Wolf's claim to respect and admiration lies in the fact that he was a man of unique talent, who was not content to stand still and be an imitator, but wrought out an art-work absolutely his own.

* * *

THE progress of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. F. S. Welsman, is proving a boon not only to Toronto, but to the smaller cities of the Province, as evidenced by the success of its concert in Hamilton on Monday of this week. The orchestra has now a repertoire which enables it to give any kind of programme that the public may desire; a purely classical one or a series of popular and descriptive offerings. This is the second visit of the orchestra to Hamilton within a comparatively short period. On February 2 it scored a most decisive success in company with the Elgar Choir, and the outcome was the engagement of this week. Nor has Hamilton been the only city to avail itself of the services of the organization. Last year it gave a most attractive concert in Peterborough, the native town of its indefatigable and enthusiastic president, Mr. H. C. Cox. It has long been the custom of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to give concerts in the smaller cities of Massachusetts, and there is no reason why by degrees a similar system of concerts should not grow up in the province of Ontario.

* * *

It is said that Puccini's new opera, "The Girl of the West," upon which he has now worked for three years, will be ready for performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, next autumn; that Miss Destinn will take the part of "the girl," Mr. Caruso, whose portrait without his moustache adorns this page, that of the "road agent," and Mr. Amato that of the sheriff. How closely these operatic personages under Puccini's transforming hand will resemble those of Mr. Belasco's original play remains to be seen.

Hector Charlesworth

* * *

IN March Scribner's, Richard Hoffman, who states that he began his career as a public soloist at the age of six, publishes "Some Musical Recollections of Fifty Years," and deals with several of the immortals who in his time he has seen face to face. He recollects hearing Liszt play the piano in 1840 or 1841, and has preserved a criticism from the Manchester Morning Post which gives an idea of his qualities as a virtuoso. After some introduction it goes on to say: "He played with velocity and impetuosity indescribable, and yet with a facile grace and pliancy that made his efforts seem rather like the flight of thought than the result of mechanical exertion, thus investing his execution with a character more mental than physical, and making genius give elevation to art. One of the most electrifying points of his performance was the introduction of a sequence of thirds in scales, descending with unexampled rapidity; and another, the volume of tone which he rolled forth in the execution of a double shake. The rapture of the audience knew no bounds," etc. I fancied I saw the piano shake and tremble under the force of his blows in the "Hungarian March." I regret that I never had an opportunity of hearing him later in life, when I am sure I should have had more pleasure both in his playing and his programmes.

* * *

Dr. A. S. Vogt has received, through Mr. Gustav L. Becker, Steinway Hall, New York, Chairman of the Programme Committee of the New York State Music Teachers' Association, a pressing invitation to address that influential body on the subject of "Choir Training" at the annual convention of the Association, which this season is to be held at Syracuse in June next. The session will last for four days and the programme includes recitals, lectures, etc., in which a number of the most prominent musicians of America will participate.

* * *

Mrs. Corinne Rider-Kelsey has had her contract with the First Church of Christ, Scientist, cancelled, on account of pressure of outside work. She had been engaged on a three-year contract, which had not half expired, and is said to have been in receipt of the highest salary paid to a church singer.

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Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

DINGLE—At Winnipeg, on February 7th, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Dingle, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

GOULD—WALLACE—At Toronto, on March 8th, 1910, Edward C. Gould to Anna E. Wallace.

DEATHS.

GIBBS—At Grimsby, on March 7th, 1910, Malcolm Gibbs, in his 73rd year.

GOODE—At Toronto, on March 8th, 1910, Cephas B. Goode, in his 71st year.

Society at the Capital

OTTAWA, MARCH 10, 1910.

AGAIN luncheons and bridge parties comprised the main features of the week's social programme, the former popular events occurring at the rate of three or four nearly every day, and the majority of both being arranged for the special entertainment of guests spending a short time in the Capital.

Mrs. George P. Graham, wife of the Minister of Railways and Canals, made Mrs. Walsh and her daughter, Mrs. McGannon, of Brockville (who were visiting Mrs. Clifford Sifton for a few days), her guests of honor at a luncheon of sixteen covers in the House of Commons Cafe, and the same popular visitors were also "lunched" by Mrs. Charles Plumb on the previous day. Mrs. Charles Read's luncheon of fourteen of Ottawa's prominent hostesses on Thursday was most dainty and enjoyable.

Miss Noel, of New York, who is paying a few weeks' visit to Madame Lemieux, was the guest of honor at a series of bright luncheons, bridge parties, etc., for her. Mrs. Frank Oliver gave a luncheon at the Country Club, to which were invited the Countess of Lanesborough, Lady Sybil Grey, Lady Taschereau, Lady Borden, Mrs. Kirchhoffer, Mrs. J. K. Kerr and her daughter, Mrs. George Cassels, of Toronto; Mrs. J. S. Ewart, Mrs. John Gilmour, Mrs. Charles A. E. Harris, Mrs. Norreys Worthington, Mrs. Wm. McDougall, Mrs. George H. Paley, Mrs. Robert Gill, Mrs. George Burn, Mrs. H. Allen Bate, Mrs. Lawrence Power, Miss Milly White, Miss Florence Fielding and Miss Fitzpatrick. Miss Noel was also the guest of honor at a pleasant bridge party of which Mrs. Hector Verret was the hostess one afternoon recently; a delightfully arranged luncheon given by Mrs. George Patterson Murphy, at which the table was done with quantities of jonquils and lily of the valley; and a box party at the Russell Theatre given earlier in the week by her hostess, Madame Lemieux, who also invited a number of guests to meet Miss Noel at dinner on Thursday, and again at a jolly bridge party on Tuesday evening of this week.

Among others who entertained at very pleasant luncheons during the week were Mrs. George Paley, whose guests were Lady Lanesborough, Hon. J. K. and Mrs. Kerr and Mrs. George Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gill and Mrs. S. H. Fleming; Lady Cartwright, who on Thursday invited Lady Sybil Grey, Lady Aileen Roberts, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Mrs. William Pugsley, Mrs. N. A. Belcourt, Mrs. John Gilmour, Mrs. Robert Gill, Miss Mary Scott and Miss Borden to a dainty repast at which the floral decorations of daffodils and lily of the valley were very prettily arranged; and Hon. N. A. and Madame Belcourt, whose jolly little mid-day gathering at the Country Club on Saturday was in honor of Mrs. Belcourt's sister, Mrs. Tom Davies and Mr. Davies, who have just returned from a honeymoon of six weeks in Bermuda, and were in town en route to their home in Edmonton. The party consisted of those who were attendants at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Davies, and the table was most artistically done with a wealth of fragrant violets. Mrs. Charles Reade and also Mrs. Patterson Murphy each gave a second luncheon at the end of the week. Mrs. George Burn was another hostess who entertained in this manner on Tuesday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Davies were again the special guests of a large and extremely smart tea at which Mrs. Fred Powell entertained on Friday. The pretty bride looked very well in a gown of reseda green, and wore a large black hat and a cluster of lilies of the valley on her corsage. Mrs. Gordon Brown and Mrs. Ralph Jones poured the tea and coffee at a table daintily arranged with white carnations and maidenhair fern and green shaded lights. Mr. and Mrs. Davies left for Edmonton on Tuesday, the 8th.

Mrs. J. S. Ewart's artistic new home in Wilbrod street was the scene of a very successful "house-warming" on Wednesday afternoon. The drawing-room was fragrant with the odor of Killarney roses, and the tea-table in the pretty oak-panelled dining-room was centred with a mass of golden daffodils surrounded with small vases filled with violets. Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar, Mrs. Lyman Duff and Mrs. P. D. Ross were kept very busy pouring tea and coffee and dispensing ices, and had a group of pretty "not-outs," Miss Gladys Ewart, Miss Muriel Maunsell, Miss Sophie Heward and Miss Cicely Rutherford, to assist them. Miss Anna Oliver, Miss Morna Bate, Miss Gwen Burn and Miss Louie Douglas, were also most attentive in waiting on the guests who came and went during the afternoon.

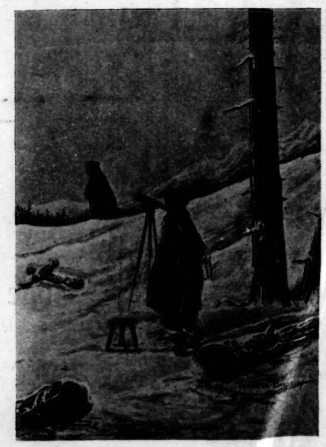
Bridge parties, especially afternoon ones, were more frequent at the end of the week. The hostesses entertaining in this way being Mrs. J. Barnet Maclaren, whose pretty prizes were won by Mrs. Ernest Chambers and Miss Ethel McCarthy; Mrs. John Pugsley, whose guests occupied five tables, and an additional group of friends arrived later to tea; Mrs. Hugh Fleming whose afternoon bridge followed a bright little luncheon; Mrs. S. T. Bastedo, who gave an evening bridge; Mrs. Harry Cassils who entertained on Saturday afternoon, and Mrs. J. S. Ewart, who chose Wednesday of this week.

Guests at Government House during the past few days have been Lady Mary Ward, Hon. Angus Macdonnell, son of the Earl of Antrim, and Mr. Harold Parker, of Boston.

A dinner at Government House given by Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey on Thursday included the following guests:—Hon. Sydney Fisher, Hon. W. E. and Mrs. Macdonald, of Victoria, B.C.; Hon. J. E. and Mrs. Robertson, of Montague, P. E. Island; Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Ross, Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Boyer, Mr. J. Donelly, M.P., of Pinkerton, Ont., and Mrs. Donelly; Mr. W. F. Todd, M.P., and Mrs. Todd, of St. Stephen, N.B.; Dr. and Mrs. Montizambert, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar, Commander and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gill, Col. Lessard, C.B.; Mr. Thos. Keefer, jr., and Mr. D. R. Wilkie, of Toronto.

Hon. L. P. and Madame Brodeur have left to spend several weeks at Palm Beach, Florida, where it is hoped the Minister of Marine and Fisheries will quite regain his health. Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss has gone to New York, and will visit her sister, Mrs. Daintry, in Cobourg, before returning to the Capital. Mrs. Graham, of Toronto, is in town visiting her nieces, Mrs. F. W. Avery and Mrs. H. P. Wright. Mrs. Arthur Sladen returned on Sunday from England, where she spent the past three months. Miss Helen Coutlee has returned from a nine weeks' visit in Toronto. Miss Betts, of Kingston, is the guest of Lady Cartwright. Madame Albertini, of Cobourg, is in the Capital with her daughter, Mrs. Clive Pringle, for a few weeks' visit.

THE CHAPERON.



Short-sighted Astronomer: "How very distinct the Great Bear is to-night."—The Sketch.

Street Car Employes Must be Courteous

No motorman or conductor in the employ of the Toronto Railway Company has any duty to perform which cannot be discharged with courtesy to the public. In full knowledge of this fact, the Company insists that its employes shall be invariably polite to the passengers upon its cars.

Rudeness to a passenger is just as much a violation of the Company's rules as is starting a car before a passenger has alighted. If, therefore, a conductor or motorman treats you with incivility, you may be assured that he is acting in defiance of the Toronto Railway Company's wishes; and that the Company, for the protection of yourself and other passengers, would like to have that particular employe reported.

If you have any improper treatment to report, do it now. Don't wait a month or a week. Come into the Head Office or write while the particulars are fresh in your memory. If a mistake has been made, come into the Head Office. Don't expect another conductor to set the matter right for you. Don't waste your time complaining at the City Hall or writing to the newspapers.

For instance, suppose you have a dispute about a red ticket. Your watch tells you the ticket is presented in time. The conductor's watch tells him you are late. The conductor, if he is following instructions, is polite, but firm. He refuses your red ticket. That is right. Your proper course is to put in a blue or a yellow ticket. There is no sense in getting into an altercation.

If you have confidence in your watch, report the matter to the Head Office. It will be a simple matter for the officials there to find out whose watch is correct. The chances are it is the conductor's, because his is regularly checked by Greenwich Observatory time. The sure way to find out, however, is to communicate with the Head Office.

Suppose, again, you present a transfer, which the conductor rejects because it is too late. You explain that you have been waiting ten minutes for a car. That means a blockade, probably an accident on the track, as the conductor knows that he is running on a three-minute headway. He knows nothing about the blockade, nothing about how long you have been waiting. He refuses your transfer, not because he doubts your word, but because he knows that he is not the proper person to adjust your grievance. He knows that the Head Office has men for that purpose. He directs you there. If there is to be any redress, that is the only place to get it.

Like every other large business enterprise, the Toronto Railway Company is obliged to have certain cast-iron rules for its employes. Circumstances may arise some time in which a general rule works a hardship in a specific case. When this happens to a street car passenger the Head Office will do everything in its power to set the matter right.

All you have to do is to make your report there. You will find you are dealing with reasonable people, whose sincere desire is to do what is fair by the public.

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